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Courtesy of the Edgar Allan Poe Memorial Association, Baltimore

EDGAR ALLAN POE

The new statue of Edgar Allan Poe, completed in Rome by Sir Moses Ezekiel of Richmond, Virginia. It is to be brought to Baltimore as soon as the war is over.

AMERICAN LITERARY READINGS

With

INTRODUCTORY HISTORY
OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

Edited

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL
SKETCHES, SOME THOUGHT QUESTIONS,
AN OUTLINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE
AND A BRIEF ESSAY ON ENGLISH METRICS

By

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OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

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RUINS OF CHURCH TOWER, JAMESTOWN

INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

I. THE COLONIAL PERIOD, 1607-1765

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

Historical background. The colonial period of our literature extends from the first permanent settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, to the calling of the Stamp Act Congress in 1765. It is the period of beginnings, the seedtime, as it were, for the later growth into flower and fruitage during the period of our independent national life. The first business of the colonists was to establish themselves on the new continent—to clear the forests and build homes, open up farms and pasture lands, construct roads and establish means of transportation and communication, overcome the hostile Indian tribes, and organize all the forces for a new religious, social, and economic life. This constructive and formative work naturally consumed the interests and energies of the colonists so largely that little time was left for the development of literature. Moreover, there was no unity of government or of purpose in the earlier part of the colonial period. Different European nations had established colonies on the new continent, and a struggle for supremacy inevitably followed. The history of the colonial period gives us the details of this struggle for supremacy, a struggle which, after narrowing down to a fierce conflict between France and England, was finally settled in England's favor by the treaty of Paris in 1763.

Tendencies toward union. Naturally during the latter part of this struggle the English colonies were drawn into a closer union for defense against their common enemy, the French and their Indian allies; and this tendency toward union and self-defense very soon began to express itself in opposition to the restrictive and oppressive policies of government imposed upon the colonies by the mother country, England. The second large task of the American colonists, then, was that of consolidation and united action

for the purpose of obtaining absolute independence from foreign domination. In 1765, two years after the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris, the Stamp Act was passed by the English Parliament, and within a few months a colonial congress, called the Stamp Act Congress, met in Philadelphia to protest against this unjust method of taxation. This significant event may be said to mark the beginning of formal opposition to English sovereignty over the American colonies, and may be considered as marking the close of the colonial period.

Nature of colonial literature. The literature of the colonial period is, as we might expect, given over largely to purely descriptive, historical, and theological writing. The new country, the strange kinds of life revealed here, and the incidents attendant upon the hardships and dangers of pioneer settlement furnished the first material for record. Geographical and descriptive narratives and theological discussions, then, make up the great body of the written record of the period. Practically no purely artistic literature was produced. The little poetry that was composed was for the most part crude and bungling and based on artificial foreign models. No purely imaginative literature was written during these strenuous times, and hence the written records which have come down to us, important as they are from a purely historical or antiquarian standpoint, have little or no artistic value or purely literary appeal for modern readers.

Method of treatment. In a brief survey of the principal literary products of the colonial period, we may conveniently consider them under three groups—namely, those in the Southern Colonies, in the New England Colonies, and in the Middle Colonies. We must constantly bear in mind the significant fact that during this period there was not one central government in any of the geographical divisions, but many and diverse governments in each of them. Hence we need not look for a national or American spirit in our literature until the colonies shall have become united in the struggle against foreign domination. The early literature was quite as largely English as American, but we may call it American because it deals with American scene and history, and because it was written by English settlers on American soil, and partially, particularly in the last half of the period, by writers born and educated in America.

LITERATURE IN THE SOUTHERN COLONIES

Captain John Smith: "A True Relation." To the Southern Colonies belongs the primary place in date, though not in importance, in our early literature. The first writer of note whose work may be called American in color and subject-matter was Captain John Smith (1579-1631), a native of Lincolnshire, England. Moved by the typical Elizabethan spirit of adventure and daring, he ran away from home when he was fifteen years old and became a soldier of fortune. After passing through numerous perilous and romantic adventures in Europe, Asia, and Africa during the first ten years of his travels, he returned to England in time to join the Virginia expedition in 1607. The next year he sent back to England a long letter, which was published under the title *A True Relation of Some Occurrences and Accidents of Noate as Hath Hapned Since the First Planting of the Colony*. This pamphlet is now usually regarded as the first book in American literature. It contains an account of the first year in the life of the Virginia Colony, with much information about the new country, its inhabitants, its geography, and the hardships and dangers suffered by the colonists, particularly in their contact with the savage Indians. Naturally, Captain Smith is the hero of many of the incidents recorded. The account is written in a vivacious, picturesque, and forceful style, and the book is on the whole, perhaps, the most trustworthy of all the writings of this remarkable man.

Smith's other works. Among Captain Smith's numerous later publications may be mentioned *A Map of Virginia* (1612), *A Description of New England* (1616), *New England's Trials* (1620-1622), and *The General Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles* (1624). It is interesting to note that Smith wrote his *Description of New England* before the first permanent settlement had been established in that part of America. The title of "Admiral of New England" was conferred upon him by the English government, but even though he proudly bore the designation during the remainder of his life, it amounted to nothing more than an empty honor. Only one of Smith's later works needs to be mentioned in more detail.

The General Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles is an enlarged and doubtless more highly

colored account than *A True Relation*, and was written long after Captain Smith had returned to England. In this later volume the account of Captain Smith's rescue by the intercession of the Indian princess, Pocahontas, is given, and the romantic nature of this incident, no mention of which is made in Smith's earlier work, *A True Relation*, nor in any other early narrative, has caused some critics to question the authenticity of the Pocahontas story and even the historical value of all Captain Smith's writings. In fact, *The General Historie* is so unreliable that nothing in it can be accepted unless supported by other evidence. We should not hesitate, however, to give John Smith credit for the exceedingly interesting and informing nature of his material and for the vivid and dramatic style in which he has presented it. While he cannot in any sense be classed among the great writers, he unquestionably will be remembered as the first Englishman who successfully made literary capital of American scene and life.

William Strachey. Another early work remarkable for its vivid and powerful prose description is a *True Reportory of the Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Knight, upon and from the Ilands of the Bermudas* (1610). The expedition under Sir Thomas Gates arrived at Jamestown in 1610 after a stormy voyage and a shipwreck on the Bermuda Islands. William Strachey, who seems to have been secretary of the expedition, wrote this remarkably realistic account of the sea storm and the wreck, and it is not at all to be wondered at that Shakespeare made use of some of the picturesque and dramatic phrases of this narrative when he came to describe the storm at sea in *The Tempest*, written about 1611.

George Sandys. The first ambitious effort in poetical composition and scholarly attainment in America must be accredited to George Sandys (1577-1644), who, in the face of almost insuperable obstacles in the newly settled continent, made a rimed translation of fifteen books of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and published it in London in 1626. It is a noteworthy fact that this translation was made in the heroic couplet, the vehicle afterward widely used by Dryden, Pope, and their followers, in the translations and satirical poems of the classical age in English literature. Both Dryden and Pope read Sandys's translation and commented favorably upon the colonist's work. Professor Moses



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

From the margin of his map of New England in "A Description of New England," London, 1616; this map now hangs in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston.

Coit Tyler in his *History of American Literature, Colonial Period (1607-1765)*, speaks of Sandys's translation as "the first monument of English poetry, of classical scholarship, and of deliberate literary art reared on these shores."

"Epitaph on Nathaniel Bacon." The single noteworthy original poem that has come down to us from the Southern Colonies is the "Epitaph on Nathaniel Bacon," composed by some unknown person. This dirge was discovered in the *Burwell Papers*, so called from the name of the distinguished Virginia family who secured the papers and first gave them to the public. The manuscripts dealing with the so-called Bacon's Rebellion (1676) were revealed about a century after the stirring events which they chronicle. The "Epitaph" is said to have been written by Bacon's body servant. This might well have been true, for in those days many white persons of excellent education were indentured to service to the richer colonists. Professor Tyler speaks enthusiastically of this noble dirge, saying that it has stateliness, energy, and a mournful eloquence, reminding one of the commemorative verse of Ben Jonson.¹

Southern chroniclers. In the latter part of the colonial period, several worthy chroniclers arose in the Southern Colonies, notably Robert Beverly, author of *The History and Present State of Virginia* (1705); William Stith, president of William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia, and author of the *History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia* (1747); and Colonel William Byrd (1674-1744), a highly cultured and wealthy Virginia planter, author of the *History of the Dividing Line Run in 1728*.

William Byrd. Colonel Byrd deserves special mention as an example of the Cavalier type in the Southern Colonies, for he is thoroughly typical of the high-class Virginia gentleman of the pre-Revolutionary times. He was well educated by both travel and study, and he collected around him all the evidences of comfort and culture that wealth and social standing could at that time attract to American shores. His library was perhaps the largest in America during colonial times. His daughter, the accomplished Evelyn Byrd, one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, not only in the colonies but in England as well, shared with him

¹ Moses Coit Tyler, *History of American Literature, Colonial Period (1607-1765)*, page 18. The "Epitaph" has been frequently reprinted in collections of American verse.

the pleasure he took in collecting books, prints, and other evidences of culture. The extensive correspondence and methodical journals of Colonel Byrd, though not published in his own day, give evidence of the influence of the select literature with which his wide reading made him familiar. Like his Cavalier ancestors, Colonel Byrd cultivated literature as an elegant pastime rather than for the fame which publication would have brought him. His literary remains lay in manuscript until 1841, and it was not until the beginning of the twentieth century that his productions were given to the public in carefully edited form. Since his work was first published, Colonel Byrd's reputation as an entertaining writer and an excellent prose stylist has grown to such proportions that he is now placed in the first rank of colonial prose writers. The *Westover Mss.*, or the *History of the Dividing Line Run in 1728*, is a record of his experiences with a surveying party as a member of the commission appointed to settle the disputed boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia. Naturally the Colonel was more or less a partisan for Virginia, and his sprightly and vivacious descriptions of the dismal North Carolina swamps and especially his witty and satiric portraits of the uncultured North Carolinians still provoke lively mirth in all readers who dip into his narrative.

LITERATURE IN THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES

Character of the Puritans. Both the Plymouth (1620) and the Massachusetts Bay (1630) colonies were settled by the Puritans, those of the Plymouth colony being called Pilgrim Fathers. The Puritans received their name because they demanded a purer form of religion than was afforded by the established church of England. They insisted that the will of God, as revealed through the Scriptures and the consciences of men, should be the supreme authority in all religious matters. Hence they were opposed to all prescribed church forms and religious ceremonies. They held to the Calvinistic system of theology, proclaiming that man was created with full freedom of will, and that after the fall of Adam, God had provided a means through the substitution of Christ, whereby the chosen ones might be saved from the penalties of sin and received up into heaven. The whole purpose of man's life on earth was, first, to make

his salvation sure; and second, to subdue the body in order to prepare the soul for the joys of heaven. All the frivolities and pleasures of life ought to be suppressed, they believed, and all men ought to engage in religious activities, such as reading the Scriptures, attending divine worship, and praising God and praying continually, and so strive in every way to bring the human will into harmony with the will of God. This austere and serious attitude toward life dominated the temper of the early Puritan settlers in Massachusetts, and in it we shall find the key to the interpretation of our early literature in the New England colonies.

Their self-dependency. The Puritans took life seriously. They kept fuller and more trustworthy records of their history than did the Cavaliers in Virginia. Forced out of England because of their non-conformity in religious matters, they were practically cut off from the mother country and made almost wholly self-dependent. They developed their own system of education, founding Harvard College as early as 1636 and establishing a system of public education at a similarly early date. They read few English books, and presently were supplying themselves with their own newspapers, almanacs, and home-made text-books, such as the famous *New England Primer*. In 1639 the first printing press in this country was set up at Cambridge, and on it the *Bay Psalm Book* was printed in 1640. Their historians kept painstaking and extensive records, their preachers wrote many long sermons and theological works, their leaders enacted many restrictive personal laws, and as a whole the New England settlers soon developed a more or less complete and independent system of social and religious life.

Homogeneity of their literature. Moreover, the Puritans were more alike in their ideals and more unified and determined in their purposes than were the Southern colonists. They planned a sort of ideal government with God as the invisible ruler, desiring to perfect and try out their plan far away from England on the free shores of the wild, new continent. They wished to attract recruits from England; however, and so they were constantly advertising among the dissenters in England the advantages of their form of worship and their absolute freedom from English domination on the distant American shores. But in reality there was little true religious freedom offered, for the Puritans

wanted everybody in their colony to submit to their religious ideas, as is clearly shown by their severe treatment of the Quakers, Roger Williams, and the Episcopalians. The dominant ideals of the New England Colonies, then, were based on their Calvinistic theology. Their histories are largely the record of their religious activities; the main body of their literature is made up of sermons and theological works; and what little poetry they produced was also written in their characteristic tone of Calvinistic theology, as is shown in "The Day of Doom" by Michael Wigglesworth, as an example of the worst, or in "Contemplations" by Anne Bradstreet, as an example of the best.

Quality of their literature. The quality of this kind of literature is not very high if judged on purely esthetic grounds. There is no real poetry, no drama, no purely imaginative literature; and except for its historical, theological, and antiquarian interest, and its revelation of the religious, political, and social life of our Puritan ancestors, the literature of the colonial period presents little that need detain the young student. Comparatively, however, the works produced in New England are more important than those produced in the other colonies. For our present purposes we may speak of the New England authors in three groups, the chief annalists and historians, the most notable verse makers, and the great preachers and theologians.

NEW ENGLAND ANNALISTS AND HISTORIANS

William Bradford. Among the New England annalists the first name is that of Governor William Bradford (1588-1657). He came over with the Plymouth Colony in 1620, and for a number of years kept a careful journal of the early activities of the settlers. He was assisted in this work by Edward Winslow, another prominent member of the colony, and in 1622 there appeared in London a part of their journal, which became known as *Mourt's Relation*, so called because the prefatory note was signed by "G. Mourt." Bradford's great work, *The History of Plymouth Plantation*, was begun in 1630 and continued through twenty years. It lay in manuscript for over two hundred years, during which time it had quite a romantic series of travels, landing finally in the library of the Bishop of London and remaining there many years before it was printed in the *Annals of the*

Massachusetts Historical Society about the middle of the nineteenth century. The manuscript was given to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1896, and it is now carefully guarded as one of the chief historical treasures in the possession of the State Library at Boston.

John Winthrop. Governor John Winthrop (1588-1649), of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, also kept a careful journal, beginning his record with the sailing of his vessel from England in 1630 and continuing it to the end of his life. This journal also lay in manuscript until the nineteenth century, when it was published under the comprehensive title of *The History of New England*. There is some excellent prose in this extensive history, notably the elaborate and sound definition of true liberty; but the work as a whole is, like Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*, far more interesting as a source book of historical facts than as a product of literary value. As a sample of the historical and theological prose style of the colonial period we may quote Winthrop's paragraph on the nature of liberty.

For the other point concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt) and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists: it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time to be worse than brute beasts: *omnes sumus licentia deteriores*. This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal: it may also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and man, in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions, amongst men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for with the hazard (not only of your goods, but) of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. . . . If you stand for your natural corrupt liberties, and will do what is good in your own eyes, you will not endure the least weight of authority, but will murmur and oppose, and be always striving to shake off that yoke; but if you will be satisfied to enjoy such civil and lawful liberties, such as Christ allows you, then will you quietly and cheerfully submit unto that authority which is set over you, in all the administrations of it, for your good. Wherein, if we fail at any time, we hope we shall be willing (by God's assistance)

to hearken to good advice from any of you, or in any other way of God; so shall your liberties be preserved, in upholding the honor and power of authority amongst you.

Judge Sewall's Diary. Among the later colonial annalists, Judge Samuel Sewall (1652-1730) should receive special mention. He was brought to America when he was about nine years old, and hence he may be said to have been reared and educated in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. He was a man of exemplary character, being esteemed as a typical Puritan gentleman of his time. He accumulated considerable wealth, became first a minister and then a judge, and finally rose to be the chief justice of the colony. He took part as one of the seven judges in the arraignment and condemnation of the Salem witches, but he afterward publicly acknowledged his error in so doing and prayed God to forgive him for this grievous sin. He kept a fairly complete diary from 1673 to 1729, and it is upon this that his fame chiefly rests. His minute records of the political, religious, and social life of his times make a veritable mine for the students of the history of this period. The quaint reference to the punishment of his children for playing at prayer time and eating during the "Return Thanks," and especially his naïve account of his courtship of several estimable ladies, make entertaining reading even in the present day. The value of a personal diary must be estimated on the frankness and fullness of the picture of life presented rather than upon formal literary excellences; as a diary Judge Sewall's account ranks among the best of its kind. Another work written and printed by Judge Sewall in Boston, a pamphlet entitled *The Selling of Joseph, a Memorial* (1700), attacks the custom of buying and selling slaves in Massachusetts colony. This tract is now remembered as the first anti-slavery document produced in America.

THE NEW ENGLAND POETS

The "Bay Psalm Book." There was little or no poetry worthy of the name in the New England colonies. The Puritan mind was averse to works of pure imagination in any form, and verse was tolerated only as a handmaiden of religious instruction and admonition. A few stiff eulogies in the form of memorial verses have survived in New England, but they are hardly worth reading. The *Bay Psalm Book* is a typical example of the crude and almost barbarous

literary taste of the early divines. A number of the leading ministers, among them Richard Mather, Thomas Welde, and John Eliot, were appointed to translate the Psalms for use in the song service of the churches. The volume was issued from the Cambridge printing press in 1640, and thus has the distinction of being the first important book published within the present limits of the United States. The following sample of the awkward and ineuphonious translation will illustrate what the New England minister accepted as poetry:

23 A PSALME OF DAVID

- The Lord to mee a shepheard is,
want therefore shall not I.
2 Hee in the folds of tender-grasse,
doth cause mee downe to lie:
To waters calme me gently leads .
3 Restore my soule doth hee:
he doth in paths of righteousness:
for his names sake leade mee.
4 Yea though in valley of deaths shade
I walk, none ill I'le feare:
because thou art with mee, thy rod,
and staffe my comfort are.
5 For mee a table thou hast spread,
in presence of my foes:
thou dost annoynt my head with oyle,
my cup it over-flows.
6 Goodnes & mercy surely shall
all my dayes follow mee:
and in the Lords house I shall dwell
so long as dayes shall bee.

Let it be remembered, however, that this sing-song verse rendering of the finely modulated prose of the Bible was written to be sung rather than read.

Anne Bradstreet. But there was one New England writer who possessed a genuine poetical talent, a woman, Anne Bradstreet, known as the "tenth Muse." She was born in England, but came to America with her father, Thomas Dudley, who afterward became governor of Massachusetts, and her husband, Simon Bradstreet, who also became governor of the colony. She was a woman of fine qualities, making her personality felt in the life of the colony as well as in her own household of eight children. With all of her other duties, and in spite of ill health brought on

because of the exposure and hardships incident to colonial life, she found time to compose a considerable volume of poems. Her manuscripts were carried to England, and in 1650 they were published under the title, *The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung up in America: Or Several Poems, Compiled with Great Variety of Wit and Learning*. We are pleased to know that the lady is not herself responsible for this aspiring and self-laudatory title, but that her London publisher thus elaborated it to meet the demands of his trade. There are included in this volume five long poems in heroic couplets on the four elements, the four humors in man, the four ages of man, the four seasons, the four monarchies;¹ and several other shorter poems, among them "Contemplations," which is considered her best production. The fourth, eighth, and ninth stanzas from the last-named poem will show, in spite of certain strained conceits, that Anne Bradstreet took real delight in nature, that she was genuinely sincere in her moral sentiments, and that she had a fairly good ear for rhythm.

Then higher on the glistening Sun I gaz'd,
Whose beams was shaded by the leavie Tree,
The more I look'd the more I grew amaz'd,
And softly said, what glory's like to thee?
Soul of this world, this Universes Eye,
No wonder, some made thee a Deity:
Had I not better known, (alas) the same had I.

.

Silent alone, where none or saw, or heard,
In pathless paths I lead my wandring feet;
My humble Eyes to lofty Skyes I rear'd
To sing some Song, my masèd Muse thought meet.
My great Creator I would magnifie,
That nature had, thus deckèd liberally
But Ah, and Ah, again, my imbecility!

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black clad Cricket bear a second part,
They kept one tune, and plaid on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little Art.
Shall Creatures abject, thus their voices raise?
And in their kind resound their makers praise:
Whilst I as mute, can warble forth no higher layes.

Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom." The most characteristic Puritan poem, and the most popular one of its time if we may judge from its numerous editions, was "The Day

¹ Some one has called these five poems "The Quintet of Quarternions."

of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment," by Michael Wigglesworth (1631-1705). Judged by the standards of his own times, Wigglesworth was a great poet, but the modern world has practically reversed this decision. In colonial homes "The Day of Doom" was circulated perhaps more widely than any other poetical composition. Children were required to memorize long passages from it in order to ground themselves in the Calvinistic doctrines elaborately rimed into the two hundred and twenty-four stanzas of this so-called poem. To the modern mind theological doctrines are not, in the first place, suitable material to be put into a poem; and in the second place, a double ballad stanza with jingling internal rime is not a fit vehicle in which to express dignified thought or religious emotion. A brief sample of this sort of theological argument in ballad meter will probably satisfy most modern readers.¹ The "Plea of the Infants" is the title of the section which deals with the problem of the damnation of those who die in the innocence of infancy. The children make a plea to the Lord for mercy, arguing that since they were immediately carried "from the womb unto the tomb" they had no chance either to sin or repent; they urge that Adam's sin should not be visited on them, since they had neither the power nor the opportunity to resist or prevent his action. God replies in a long argument and concludes:

"You sinners are, and such a share
as sinners, may expect;
Such you shall have, for I do save
none but mine own Elect.
Yet to compare your sin with their
who liv'd a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
though every sin's a crime.

"A crime it is, therefore in bliss
you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
the easiest room in Hell."
The glorious King thus answering,
they cease, and plead no longer;
Their Consciences must needs confess
his Reasons are the stronger.

¹Professor Percy H. Boynton thinks that Wigglesworth consciously wrote his poem in this jingling measure to attract popular attention, and argues that this poet was capable of a higher strain, as is proved by certain lines written in heroic couplets and printed at the end of "The Day of Doom." See *American Poetry*, p. 600.

THE NEW ENGLAND THEOLOGIANS

Theological writings. While the historical records and the poetical productions may be more frequently consulted by modern readers, there is no doubt that it is the theological literature—the sermons, philosophical and religious tracts, and ecclesiastical histories—that most characteristically represents our Puritan forefathers. As literature, most of these productions are now worthless; but as representative products of the Puritan mind and temper, they are invaluable. A long list of influential divines with their extensive religious publications might be compiled, but we can get a fairly adequate conception of the theological writing of the time by considering the work of the most prominent of them.

Nathaniel Ward's "The Simple Cobler of Aggawamm." Before taking up the theological works proper, however, we may consider briefly one peculiar prose composition called *The Simple Cobler of Aggawamm* (1647). Nathaniel Ward, the author of this curious book, was an Englishman who came to America under the persecutions of Laud and became a Puritan minister at Aggawamm (later called Ipswich) in what is now Essex County, Massachusetts. *The Simple Cobler* was published in London after Ward's return to England and was really addressed to English rather than American readers. It is a prose satire, sprinkled here and there with heroic couplets, attacking religious toleration, fashions in dress, and the general political conditions of the times. There is no great literary merit in the work, but it struck an original note and attracted considerable attention in its day, passing through four editions within the first year of its publication. Because of his satiric vein, his peculiar verbal coinages, and his original phraseology, Ward has been called an early American Carlyle, but he is perhaps quite as much an early English Carlyle, and besides, he hardly deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with the great nineteenth-century English writer.

The Mather family: Richard Mather. The Mather family furnished by far the most distinguished and influential group of ministers in New England. A famous old epitaph written for the tomb of the first representative of the family who came to America reads as follows:

Under this stone lies Richard Mather
Who had a son greater than his father,
And eke a grandson greater than either.

This Richard Mather, a non-Conformist minister in England, was forbidden to preach and practically forced to emigrate to America. He settled at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1635, and at once took rank with the influential ministers of the colony. It is said that out of his loins sprang more than fourscore preachers.

Increase Mather. All four of Richard Mather's sons became ministers, and of these, the youngest, Increase Mather (1639-1723), became the most prominent man of his time. He was graduated from Harvard College and became a preacher at once, but decided to go abroad for further study at Dublin before beginning his active ministry. Upon his return he married the daughter of John Cotton, another famous Puritan divine, and thus united in his distinguished offspring, Cotton Mather, two famous New England families of preachers. He became minister of the old North Church in Boston, and in addition to his ministerial duties, which were later shared by his son Cotton, he was called to the presidency of Harvard College. In this double position of preacher and college president, he exerted an enormous influence. He was not only the most distinguished minister and educator of his time, but the most powerful force in the political life of the colony. He was sent to England to renew the provisions of the royal charter under King William III, and his success in obtaining favorable modifications in the interest of the colony is said to mark him as a skillful statesman. The only work of his that is now usually referred to by literary historians is his *Essay for Recording of Illustrious Providences* (1684), a work eminently characteristic of our Puritan ancestors in their credulity respecting supernatural occurrences. He also wrote *Cases of Conscience Concerning Witchcraft*, which is of interest in connection with the famous work on a similar subject by his son (see next paragraph).

Cotton Mather. If Increase Mather is reckoned as a voluminous writer with his hundred and fifty publications, what shall we say of Cotton Mather (1663-1728) with his nearly four hundred books, tracts, and sermons? The younger Mather was exceedingly precocious in his religious and literary development. He confesses that he began to engage in prayer from the time that he learned to speak, and he spent the greater part of his life poring over his books and his own compositions — most of which were of a religious

character. He was graduated from Harvard College when he was seventeen, and even then was looked upon as a master in the whole realm of knowledge. He had an enormous capacity for languages, being able to put his compositions into five or six different foreign tongues. His literary output seems almost superhuman. On an average, he put forth something like a dozen publications a year, besides keeping innumerable fasts, spending many hours in private prayer, attending public services of all kinds, preaching hundreds of sermons, and faithfully attending to the numerous other pastoral duties of his charge. One of his books, *Memorable Providences Relating to Witchcraft*, was unfortunately quoted as an authority during the later cruel persecutions at Salem. He is not to be so greatly blamed for his connection with witchcraft, however, as his detractors have maintained, for he was but inquiring in a careful manner into a commonly accepted mystery of his time, and his personal attitude toward the unfortunate persons who were thought to be "possessed" was eminently kindly and humane.

"*Magnalia Christi Americana*." The work upon which Cotton Mather expended his best talents, the *magnum opus* of Puritanism in America in fact, was his *Magnalia Christi Americana, or the Ecclesiastical History of New England* (1702). It was composed in seven books containing (1) the antiquities or the founding of the colonies; (2) the lives of the governors; (3) the lives of sixty famous divines; (4) an account of Harvard College and the lives of its eminent graduates; (5) the ecclesiastical history of the churches of New England; (6) a record of many illustrious providences; and (7) the various wars of the Lord, or the conflicts of the church against spiritual adversaries, Indians, and the like. This great book has become a veritable storehouse of information and suggestion for later annalists, historians, and students of colonial times. Though altogether untrustworthy unless supported by some other authority, it is indispensable for an understanding of the Puritan temper and mind. Professor Barrett Wendell, the author of the standard life of Cotton Mather, says of the *Magnalia*: "The prose epic of New England Puritanism it has been called, setting forth in heroic mood the principles, the history, and the personal character of the fathers. The principles, theological and disciplinary alike, are stated with clearness, dignity, and fervor. The history, though its less welcome

phases are often highly emphasized and its details are hampered by no deep regard for minor accuracy, is set forth with sincere ardor which makes its temper more instructive than that of many more trustworthy records. And the life-like portraits of the Lord's chosen, though full of quaintly fantastic phrases and artless pedantries, are often drawn with touches of enthusiastic beauty."¹

Jonathan Edwards. The greatest single figure produced by Puritanism and the Calvinistic theology was Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758). His intellect is recognized as the profoundest of the colonial period, and he is still ranked as a prominent philosophical thinker of the eighteenth century. In comparison with the Mathers and other noted New England divines, he lived a quiet and uneventful life, entering but slightly into the social and political conflicts of his times. Born in Connecticut in 1703 and descended from a family of distinguished preachers, it was but natural that he should be educated for the ministry at Yale College in New Haven. He was extremely precocious, especially in his early interest in philosophical treatises, such as John Locke's "Essay Concerning Human Understanding," which he read with delight at fourteen. Before he was twelve, he had himself written a controversial letter on the nature of spiritual as opposed to materialistic opinions and a rather pretentious scientific paper on the habits of spiders. He entered college at thirteen and was graduated with first honors at seventeen. For a time he continued his studies along with his duties as a tutor at Yale, and shortly afterward he was ordained as a minister. He accepted the pastorate of the Northampton church, and his preaching here is said to have prepared the way for two notable revivals, the second one, in connection with Whitefield's visit to New England in 1740, being known as the "Great Awakening." He finally became so severe in his ideas of church discipline that a division arose in his congregation, and after almost a quarter of a century of service he was forced to withdraw from the Northampton church. He took up mission work among the Indians in the frontier town of Stockbridge, and continued to preach and write. Here he composed his great work on the *Freedom of the Will*. It was published in 1754, and so profound was its effect at home and abroad, especially in Scotland, where philosophic writing and Calvinistic

¹A *Literary History of America*, p. 50.

theology were highly esteemed, that Edwards was at once recognized as one of the great thinkers of his day. After about seven years of seclusion at Stockbridge, he was called to be president of the College of New Jersey, now Princeton University. But his election to this position was but the prelude to his death, for in an epidemic of smallpox, which broke out in the college about the time of his election, he felt it to be his duty to set an example to the students by submitting to the then little understood method of treating the disease by inoculation. Though every known precaution was taken to prevent fatal results, the distinguished patient, never in robust health, died from the effects of the inoculation.

His marriage. One of the most pleasing chapters of Edwards's life is that pertaining to his courtship and marriage. His own description (written when he was twenty) of the beautiful girl of thirteen, Sarah Pierpont, of New Haven, who was soon to become his bride, is illustrative of the best prose of the colonial period. It admirably shows Edwards's tendency toward mysticism and idealism, and it is clearly suggestive of the highly spiritualized sentiment which we find so prominent in the later New England school of writers, known as transcendentalists.

They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of the Great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on him—that she expects after a while to be received up where he is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him, and to be ravished with his love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it, and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure; and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her.

"The Freedom of the Will." *The Freedom of the Will* is a masterpiece of subtle reasoning and a recognized classic

in philosophical literature. Though it is not so vital to us, inasmuch as the trend of modern thought seems to be adverse to the discussion of such unsolvable theological problems, the apparent contradiction of the doctrine of the freedom of man's will with the doctrine of God's preordained plan and foreknowledge of the progress of the universe was one of profound interest to our Puritan fathers. Edwards assumed the position of the subordination of man's will to the play of circumstance, and argued for the complete ascendancy of God's will. Just about a century after the publication of *The Freedom of the Will*, Oliver Wendell Holmes, as Professor Barrett Wendell has shown, severely satirized the whole system of logic whereby Edwards proved the soundness of his position. In "The Deacon's Master-piece," Holmes proved that a chaise built of equal strength in all its parts would wear out all at once. The absurdity of the conclusion is evident, and yet the logic is unanswerable if you admit the premises. So it is with Edwards's Calvinistic theology; if you accept his premises, you will be forced to admit the justness of his conclusions. Holmes implies that Edwards's influence lasted just about a hundred years and then suddenly collapsed. The chaise was Calvinism, and Jonathan Edwards was the deacon who built the "wonderful one-hoss shay." The poet ironically concludes his satire with the following couplet:

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

The style of *The Freedom of the Will* is clear and forceful, even though the abstruseness of the subject-matter sometimes makes the thought hard to grasp. The few readers who are attracted to this philosophical treatise readily and even enthusiastically affirm their admiration of the logical force of its thought and the clearness of its style, and critics do not hesitate to describe it as "the one large contribution that America has made to the deeper philosophic thought of the world."

His Sermons: "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." Much has been written of Edwards's sermons and the peculiar powers of his public delivery. The theme most frequently adverted to by our historians in writing about Edwards as a preacher is that illustrated in the fearful sermon called "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." It is said that so vivid was the preacher's imagery and so

real was the terrible punishment he portrayed, that his auditors trembled and cried out in distress even in the midst of his discourse. He was himself quiet and calm in the reading of his sermons—he almost always spoke with his manuscript before him—but the clearness and vividness of his portrayals and the terrible sincerity of his utterances wrought his hearers into a frenzy of excitement. Another theme which Edwards occasionally dwelt upon was the goodness, mercy, and tender love of God toward sinful man, and if he excited his hearers to frenzy in his portrayal of the tortures of the doomed sinner, he also wrought them into an ecstasy of delight at the prospect of a spiritual union with a Being of such loving tenderness, marvellous beauty, and infinite mercy. He was, of course, a strict Calvinist in his theology, and he gave all the powers of his great mind to prove by logic the truth of the Calvinistic doctrines; but it must not be forgotten that he was a man of wonderful sweetness, purity, and spiritual power in his private life. In him were concentrated all of the higher ideals of his Puritan ancestors. Though his works are beyond the interest and capacity of most young readers, we may safely assume that his is the profoundest mind that expressed itself in our early literature.

LITERATURE IN THE MIDDLE COLONIES

Characteristics of the literature of the Middle Colonies.

With two notable exceptions, namely, Woolman's *Journal* and Franklin's *Autobiography*, the literary productions in the Middle Colonies were rather mediocre. New York was settled by the Dutch, and so played little or no part in the early development of American literature in English, though its early history later furnished Washington Irving with a theme for his delightful burlesque called *Knickerbocker's History of New York* and also with material for some of his best tales and sketches. Pennsylvania and New Jersey produced a number of fairly good writers, and when Franklin began his successful publishing business, Philadelphia became the rival of Boston as the intellectual center of the colonies. William Penn, the founder of the Quaker colony in Pennsylvania, himself wrote some letters worth reading as a revelation of his equable and peace-loving nature. In fact, the whole influence of Penn's colony was

toward material comfort, spiritual freedom, and popular education, all of which are conducive to the development of literature and the other arts of peace. Not entirely in contrast with the Quaker spirit was the extreme utilitarian philosophy of Benjamin Franklin; for industry, frugality, prudence in business, and practical honesty are quite as distinctive of the Quaker's character as are purity, simplicity, and spirituality. But undoubtedly the Quaker spirit is most perfectly represented in the eighteenth century by John Woolman, just as in the nineteenth century it is best represented by his admiring and sympathetic editor, John Greenleaf Whittier.

John Woolman's "Journal." The saintly Quaker preacher, John Woolman (1720-1772), was born on a New Jersey farm. He became an early advocate of the abolition of slavery, and his whole life was a protest against all kinds of cruelty and oppression. Though Woolman was an uneducated man, he felt called by "the inner voice" to go about the colonies preaching the beautiful Quaker doctrines of obedience to the spirit of God as revealed by conscience, purity of life, evenness of temper, non-resistance to evil, and tenderness and kindness toward all of God's creatures. By his preaching and especially by the purity and sanity of his own example, he attracted many adherents to the anti-slavery cause and led many souls to accept his own Quaker doctrines. In a characteristic sentence he says, "I have often felt a motion of love to leave some hints in writing of my experience of the goodness of God," and so, early in his career, he began to record his spiritual and temporal experiences in his *Journal*. The book has been called "the sweetest and purest autobiography in the language." Charles Lamb advised his readers to "get the writings of John Woolman by heart"; Henry Crabb Robinson spoke of the style of Woolman's *Journal* as one "of the most exquisite purity and grace"; and Whittier in his preface to his edition of the *Journal* says of it that one becomes "sensible, as he reads, of a sweetness as of violets." In spite of these encomiums, the average young reader of today will hardly find the subtle spirituality of the style and subject-matter of this quiet record of a Quaker soul to be suited to his interests and tastes. However, Woolman's life was so pure and his soul was so sensitive to the finer spiritual influences that we may unhesitatingly pronounce

this uneducated tailor to be an early American apostle of "sweetness and light." The following excerpt from the *Journal* will illustrate Woolman's quality.

I kept steadily to meetings; spent first-days afternoons chiefly in reading the scriptures and other good books; and was early convinced in my mind, that true religion consisted in an inward life, wherein the heart doth love and reverence God the Creator, and learns to exercise true justice and goodness, not only toward all men, but also toward the brute creatures—that as the mind was moved by an inward principle to love God as an invisible incomprehensible Being, by the same principle it was moved to love him in all his manifestations in the visible world—that, as by his breath the flame of life was kindled in all animal sensible creatures, to say we love God as unseen and at the same time exercise cruelty toward the least creature moving by his life, or by life derived from him, was a contradiction in itself. I found no narrowness respecting sects and opinions, but believed that sincere, upright-hearted people, in every society, who truly love God, were accepted of him.

Thomas Godfrey. One poet of the Middle Colonies deserves to be remembered not only as the author of the first tragedy written and acted in America, but for the real merit and high promise of some of his juvenile poetical efforts. Thomas Godfrey (1736-1763) was born in Philadelphia. After attending school for a few months, he was apprenticed to a watchmaker. He took an active part in the French and Indian War, serving under Colonel George Washington, and was later engaged in business in Wilmington, North Carolina. He seems to have been steadily attracted toward literature. He studied and found inspiration in the works of Chaucer, wrote heroic couplets in the manner of Pope and Dryden, and composed a tragedy in blank verse after the manner of the Elizabethan dramatists. This last, "The Prince of Parthia,"¹ has become noteworthy as the first serious dramatic composition produced in America. It was composed in 1759, published in 1765, and played by a professional company at Philadelphia in 1767. It is written in somewhat high-sounding and extravagant blank verse, but it has in it some good qualities as a poetical tragedy and as an acting play. It shows unmistakable evidences of close imitation of Shakespeare's tragedies; we must remember, however, that it was the work of a very young man. In its purely artistic and literary appeal it

¹ This play was reprinted twice in 1917, in A. H. Quinn's *Representative American Plays* and in a separate volume edited by Archibald Henderson, and again in 1918 in M. J. Moses's *Representative Plays by American Dramatists*, Vol. I.

is certainly a distinct advance upon the somber and terrifying poetry of the Puritan muse as represented by Wigglesworth in "The Day of Doom." It displays a knowledge of the requirements of plot and a real skill in character portrayal.

Benjamin Franklin. If Jonathan Edwards represents the highest attainment of the Puritan mind in the metaphysical and spiritual realm, Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) represents the highest success in the practical affairs of life. Though born and reared in Boston, Franklin spent the most productive period of his life in Philadelphia, and hence we may speak of him as the representative of the Middle Colonies. The larger part of his enduring literary productions properly belongs to the Revolutionary period, but his early connection with journalism in the colonies, his publication of *Poor Richard's Almanac* from 1732 to 1757 (for the years 1733 to 1758), his numerous essays, his papers on scientific and practical subjects, his humorous and satiric sketches, his reports of his experiences before the English Parliament, all written before 1765, make it advisable to discuss this great man—printer, inventor, statesman, patriot, philosopher, philanthropist, and writer—in the colonial rather than in the Revolutionary period.

His early life. The facts of Franklin's life are well known. The eleventh and youngest son of a soap boiler and tallow candler, he was born in Boston, January 17, 1706. He was sent to school during parts of two years and then apprenticed to the printer's trade under his eldest brother, owner of one of the earliest of American newspapers, *The New England Courant*. While Franklin had little formal education, he was a close student and a careful and tireless reader; and naturally in his trade of printer he soon acquired a good practical English education. He wrote some brief essays in imitation of Addison's *Spectator Papers*, a volume of which he found in his father's library. During the night he slipped them under the door of his brother's printing shop, and was pleased to find that his compositions were deemed worthy of publication and that they attracted considerable favorable comment when they appeared in print. Dissatisfied with the treatment he was receiving at the hands of his brother, Franklin, having been accidentally freed from the bonds of his apprenticeship by a legal ruse of his brother's, ran away when he was seventeen years old, passed through

New York, and landed in Philadelphia, where he found employment in his trade. Everyone knows the story of his ludicrous entry into Philadelphia, as it is described in the *Autobiography*. Franklin seems to take keen delight in telling how he walked down Market Street, his pockets stuffed with his extra shirt and stockings, a big puffy roll under each arm, while he was eating on a third, thus provoking by his comical appearance the laughter of Miss Deborah Read, the young woman who seven years later became his wife.

His later attainments. By his industry and energy, Franklin prospered in his trade and presently attracted the attention of Governor Keith, who promised him letters of credit and sent him to England to buy a printing outfit. The governor failed him, and Franklin found himself in London without money or credit. He managed to get work at his trade, and was thus enabled to make a study of the most advanced methods of printing as practiced in England. After eighteen months he returned to Philadelphia, bought the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, and began a publishing business on his own account. He soon rose to a position of influence and prominence in the colony. His almanacs, the first of which was printed in 1732 for the year 1733, contained, besides the regular information in such publications, a lot of useful and entertaining matter, including the quaint proverbs and humorous sayings of Richard Saunders, or "Poor Richard," the supposed author of the almanacs. The publications became exceedingly popular and profitable, and eventually as many as 10,000 copies were sold annually. Franklin's success as a publisher was now assured. Presently he had accumulated a comfortable fortune, and he was able to retire from active business and devote himself to public services of one kind or another. He projected many schemes for bettering the life of his city and the colonies generally. He was especially interested in various educational projects, and he is now revered as the founder of the Philadelphia Library, of the academy which eventually became the University of Pennsylvania, and of the American Philosophical Society. He greatly improved the postal service of the city when he became postmaster of Philadelphia, and later, when he was appointed postmaster-general, of the whole colony. He invented many useful devices, among them the Franklin stove and the lightning



Courtesy of the Bostonian Society

THE PRESS AND TYPE CASES USED BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

rod, and he generously refused to take out patents, preferring to give his inventions to the public without restrictions. In scientific investigations he made notable advances, particularly in his electrical experiments, in which he demonstrated that lightning was but one manifestation of electricity. He was regarded as one of the wisest investigators of his day, and the leading foreign nations vied with each other in awarding him distinguished honors for his scientific discoveries.

His services to the government. His participation in the foreign and domestic politics of his country was so large that we can merely glance at his activities in this sphere. He was sent to England to represent the colony in several disputes that had arisen with the proprietors, and his success in clearing up these troubles led to his appointment on a commission to protest against the policy of the English government in enforcing the Stamp Act and other obnoxious laws. He remained in England for about eighteen years in all, and during this time he served well the interests of the colonies. While he made a profound impression upon the English government and succeeded for a time in preventing drastic action against the colonists, he was unable to secure permanent relief, and he finally returned to America to become an ardent supporter of the Revolution and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Perhaps the best service he rendered to the cause was his successful mission to France to secure the aid of that country in our struggle against England. He remained in France for a number of years, representing later the new government at the French court, where he was by far the most admired and courted man in the diplomatic circle. Upon his return to America in 1785, he was chosen governor of Pennsylvania, elected to the Constitutional Convention in 1787, and honored in many other ways by his countrymen. He died February 12, 1790, one of the best-loved and most highly respected citizens of the new republic. Among our Revolutionary heroes, he shares with Washington the love and gratitude of the nation, and doubtless, through the familiar proverbs of the almanacs and the widely read *Autobiography*, his personality is even better known than that of the "Father of his Country."

His philosophy: The almanacs. Franklin's philosophy of life has been sometimes condemned as entirely too prac-

tical and utilitarian. There is no question but that there is too much emphasis on the material and too little on the spiritual in his view of life; but we must remember that such a practical philosophy as Franklin preached from his pulpits of newspaper and almanac was needed to balance the extreme idealism of such men as Jonathan Edwards among the Puritans and John Woolman among the Quakers. It was through the almanacs that Franklin reached his largest audience, for his publications in this kind were well thumbed in practically every household of the colonies. The selections of verse, witty sayings, amusing sketches, and bits of superstitious lore added something to the popularity of the almanacs, but it was the practical proverbs and utilitarian philosophy which made the deepest and most abiding impression on the colonial mind. In the last of the almanacs, the one for 1758, *Poor Richard* gathered up the best of all the proverbs in a final discourse in the form of a report of "Father Abraham's Speech." It is said that this compendium of *Poor Richard's* sayings was by far the most widely read piece of colonial literature. It was translated into practically every modern foreign language; since its first publication it has been printed in more than four hundred editions. Under various titles the discourse was struck off on broadsheets and freely distributed among the poorer working classes to encourage thrift, industry, frugality, prudence, perseverance, and honesty. The following proverbs taken from "Father Abraham's Speech," though by no means all original, will illustrate the kind of maxims which Franklin was constantly repeating in his almanacs.

1. Be ashamed to catch yourself idle.
2. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee.
3. Light strokes fell great oaks.
4. Three removes are as bad as a fire.
5. He that by the plow would thrive
Himself must either hold or drive.
6. At a great pennyworth, pause awhile.
7. Plow deep while sluggards sleep
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.
8. A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.
9. If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow
some; for he who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.
10. Creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and
times.
11. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.
12. Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,
and scarce in that.

The "Autobiography." Though Franklin was not primarily an author—for the best efforts of his life were given to business, diplomacy, statesmanship, and practical philanthropy—he succeeded in writing the one universally read classic of the two literary periods in which his life falls. The *Autobiography* is a book which everyone, particularly every American, should read. It is full of practical wisdom, sound advice, and the revelation of a fascinating personality—all presented in an admirably lively, forceful, and simple prose style. The book is preëminently human and natural, and richly deserves the high rank it has attained. It is unquestionably the one outstanding masterpiece of our early literature. Further analysis of, or quotation from, this "classic" is unnecessary, for every American boy and girl should read the entire book.¹

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHIES SUITABLE FOR HIGH-SCHOOL LIBRARIES AND OUTSIDE READING

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- *S. L. WHITCOMB, *Chronological Outlines of American Literature*; Macmillan, N. Y., 1894.
- *W. P. TRENT, *A History of American Literature*; Appleton, N. Y., 1904.
- *THEODORE STANTON, editor, *A Manual of American Literature*; Putnam, N. Y., 1909. (This volume contains in greatly reduced form Moses Coit Tyler's four volumes on the history of colonial and Revolutionary literature, together with chapters by various hands on the different classes of American writers of the nineteenth century. Valuable as a reference volume or handbook.)
- *W. B. CAIRNS, *A History of American Literature*, Oxford University Press, N. Y., 1916.
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- *STEDMAN AND HUTCHINSON, *Library of American Literature*; 11 vols., Benjamin, N. Y., 1888-90.

¹See the excellent illustrated school edition edited by George B. Aiton, in the Canterbury Classics, Rand McNally & Co., Chicago.

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ALDERMAN, HARRIS, AND KENT, *Library of Southern Literature*; 16 vols., Martin and Hoyt, Atlanta, 1907-1913.

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STEDMAN AND HUTCHINSON, *Library of American Literature*, Vols. I and II.

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2. Later Poetry Dealing with Colonial Times

LONGFELLOW, "The Skeleton in Armor," "Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Evangeline," etc.

SCOLLARD, "The First Thanksgiving."

HOLMES, "The Pilgrim's Vision," "On Lending a Punch Bowl," "Song for the Centennial Celebration of Harvard," "The Deacon's Masterpiece," "The Broomstick Train; or, The Return of the Witches," etc.

ENGLISH, "The Burning of Jamestown."

WHITTIER, "The Preacher."

THACKERAY, "Pocahontas."

LANIER, "Psalm of the West."

(See Burton E. Stevenson's *Poems of American History*, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1908, for fuller list of poems dealing with the colonial period.)

3. Later Fiction Dealing with Colonial Times

IRVING, *Knickerbocker's History of New York* (humorous), "Rip Van Winkle," etc.

¹The important works named in the body of the text are not listed here.

COOPER, *The Leatherstocking Tales* — *The Pioneers*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Prairie*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Deerslayer* (some of these may be classed in Revolutionary times) — *The Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish* (War of King Philip of Pokanoket), *The Red Skins*, *The Red Rover*.

SIMMS, *The Yemassee, a Romance of Carolina*.

COOKE, *My Lady Pocahontas, Fairfax*.

HAWTHORNE, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Grandfather's Chair*, *Mosses from an Old Manse*, and *Twice-Told Tales* (especially "The Gray Champion," "The Gentle Boy," "The Maypole of Merry Mount," and "Legends of the Province House," including "Howe's Masquerade," "Edward Randolph's Portrait," "Lady Eleanore's Mantle," "Old Esther Dudley," etc.)

PAULDING, *The Dutchman's Fireside*.

STIMSON, *King Noanett, a Story of the Devon Settlers in Old Virginia and Massachusetts Bay*.

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EGGLESTON, *Pocahontas and Powhatan*.

AUSTIN, *Standish of Standish*, *Betty Alden*, etc.

BARR, *A Bow of Orange Ribbon* (Dutch New York), *Black Shilling* (Salem witchcraft).

JOHNSTON, *To Have and To Hold*, *Prisoners of Hope*, *Audrey*, etc.

SEDGWICK, *Hope Leslie, or Early Times in Massachusetts*, etc.

4. Essays and Historical Works Dealing with Colonial Times

EMERSON, "Historical Discourse on the Second Centennial of the Incorporation of the Town of Concord."

LOWELL, "New England Two Centuries Ago," and "Witchcraft" (in *Literary Essays*, Vol. II).

LODGE, *English Colonies in America*.

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DRAKE, *The Making of New England*, *The Making of Virginia*, *The Middle Colonies*.

FISKE, *Old Virginia and Her Neighbors*, *The Beginnings of New England*, *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*.

EARLE, *Colonial Days in Old New York*, *Costume of Colonial Times*, *Customs and Fashions in Old New England*.

PARKMAN, *Historical Works*. (These give a trustworthy and entertaining account of the struggle for supremacy in America, portraying particularly the French settlements and Indian life in connection. See the discussion of Parkman on p. 98.)

II. THE REVOLUTIONARY AND FORMATIVE PERIOD; 1765-1800

PRELIMINARY STATEMENT

The Revolutionary period. Strictly speaking, the Revolution extends from the beginning of hostilities in 1775 to the conclusion of peace in 1783; but for a survey of Revolutionary literature it is necessary, in order to get an adequate conception of the political, patriotic, and general literary productions incident to the period, to include the years immediately preceding and immediately following the actual conflict. We have therefore chosen the year of the Stamp Act Congress, 1765, which marks the first formal protest by the colonies against the mother country, and the year 1800, marking the turn of the century and the election of Thomas Jefferson, third president of the United States, as the inclusive dates of the Revolutionary and formative period of our literature.

General characteristics. The literature of these tumultuous and significant years in the history of our nation is naturally colored by the important activities of the times, and hence is largely controversial in nature, the first part of the period presenting the controversy between the colonies and the English government, or the Whigs and the Tories; and the second part of the period showing the controversy resulting from the conflicting interests of the various colonies, which finally crystallized in the two opposing political parties that arose out of the discussion of the nature and limitations of the newly formed constitutional government. Hence this is the age *par excellence* of the orator and the statesman. Patriotic speeches, state papers, governmental essays, and political pamphlets of every kind abound and make up the distinctive literature of the period. Poetry becomes more prominent than it was in the colonial period, but still takes a minor position, being largely satirical or national and patriotic in tendency, and strongly colored by the prevailing political problems of the times. Very little purely artistic literature of any kind was produced; native drama was in its infancy; not until the very end

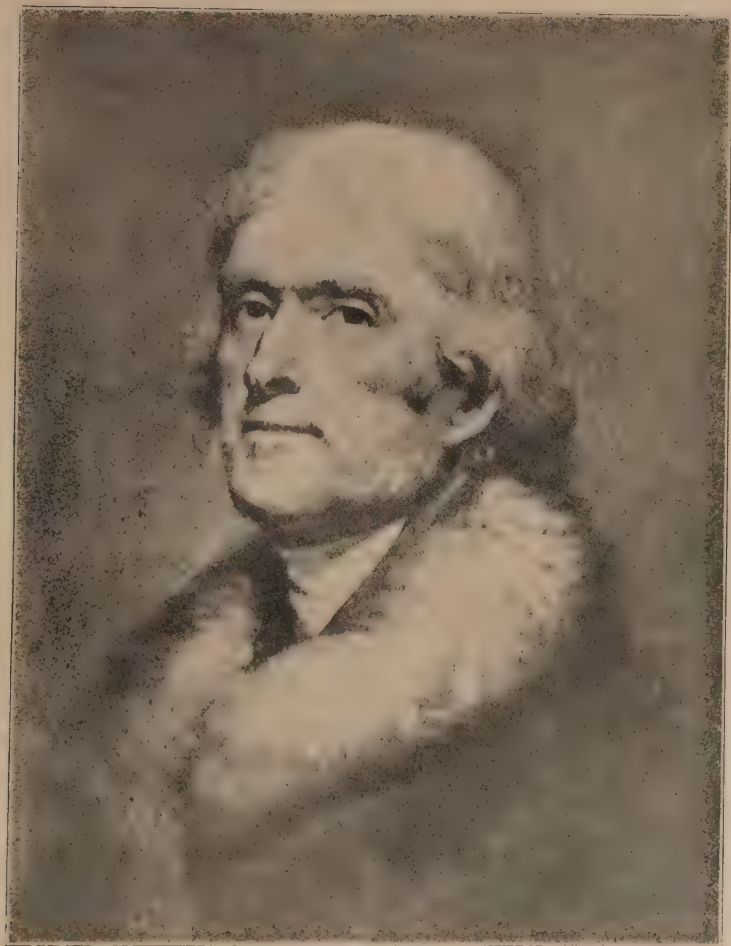
of the period did imaginative poetry and fiction emerge, and even then only two names stand out with any distinct prominence or promise—namely, Philip Freneau in poetry and Charles Brockden Brown in prose fiction. Practically all the important writers of the period are satirists, political essayists, publicists, and statesmen. While this controversial and political literature of Revolutionary times is extremely valuable as a basis of historical interpretation, and while some of it by virtue of the sincere passion, patriotic fervor, and moral earnestness which gave it birth approaches the borders of art, yet it is not purely artistic literature, and the high-school student may pass rapidly over this period of our literary history so far as making a minute study of its products is concerned. He should not, however, forget that these products, unimportant as they now seem when compared with those of later periods, marked a very distinct advance.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

Growth of the opposition to British rule. To enable one to gain a satisfactory comprehension of the literature of the Revolutionary period, a brief résumé of the events leading toward a firmer union of the various colonies will be essential. Though as early as 1760 some distinct mutterings were heard, it was not until 1765 that the condemnation of England's governmental policies became open and formidable. About this time the agitation concerning the method by which the colonies should be governed crystallized itself in the colonial mind in the familiar phrase "no taxation without representation." The Navigation Acts, Acts of Trade, and other forms of restrictive legislation aimed at the colonies were resisted by open violation and smuggling operations. The British government issued Writs of Assistance in 1761, giving authority to customs officials to search for smuggled goods in any suspected place. This aroused immense indignation in the colonies (see the account of Otis's speech, p. 40). The Stamp Act was passed in 1765, and in October of that year the different colonies sent representatives to New York to consider the situation and make a formal protest. This convention was known as the Stamp Act Congress. It drew up a "Declaration of Rights and Grievances of the Colonists," and sent it, along

with a petition for relief, to the English government. The Stamp Act was repealed, but Parliament declared its right to tax the colonies, and passed a new tariff or excise tax measure almost immediately. This measure brought forth an increasing storm of protest from the colonists, and as a compromise all the duties imposed, except that on tea, were repealed. The British government sent troops to Massachusetts to enforce its authority, and in 1770 open violence between the citizens and the soldiers resulted in the death of five colonists. The English authorities shortly afterward withdrew the troops from Boston, where the massacre occurred, and thus avoided further immediate trouble. Committees of Correspondence between the different colonial governments were appointed, and under the leadership of such men as Samuel Adams in Massachusetts and Patrick Henry in Virginia the spirit of united resistance against the mother country was kept alive. The First Continental Congress met in Philadelphia in 1774. In 1775 the famous Boston Tea Party took place, and conflict of arms between the colonists and the British soldiers became at once imminent. Hostilities began almost immediately, the celebrated fights at Concord and Lexington taking place on April 19, 1775. The Second Continental Congress convened at Philadelphia in 1775, and on July 4, 1776, independence was declared. The war was brought to a successful conclusion with the defeat of Cornwallis in 1781, and in the treaty of peace which followed in 1783, England recognized the complete independence of the thirteen American colonies.

Formation of the Union. Then came the period of the formation of the new government. The Continental Congress was acknowledged to be but a makeshift to meet the needs of the colonists during the war. The Articles of Confederation under which Congress operated were but a loosely defined set of agreements, with no means of enforcement except through the acquiescence and voluntary support of the various colonies. So long as the war lasted, the spirit of mutual protection banded the colonies together; and the final success of the Revolution undoubtedly gave a strong impetus toward the continuation of centralized power in the federal government. But naturally differences of opinion and jealousies between the different governments arose, and the confederation was seriously threatened. From 1783



THOMAS JEFFERSON

to 1788, indeed, the life of the new government hung in the balance.

Under the influence of Washington, Hamilton, Samuel Adams, and others, agitation for a convention began, and in 1787 the Federal Constitutional Convention assembled in Philadelphia. The many differences of opinion were finally settled, and the Constitution was framed upon the tri-partite plan of executive, legislative, and judiciary functions. The instrument was submitted to the states for ratification in the latter part of 1787, and during the next year occurred the great popular discussion of the merits and defects of the new scheme of federal government. The Constitution was finally adopted by eleven states, and Washington was the unanimous choice for the first president. During the following years there gradually sprang up two opposing parties, led respectively by Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. "The final form taken by these two parties depended much upon the character of their leaders. Hamilton, a man of great personal force and of strong aristocratic feeling, represented the principle of authority, of government framed and administered by a select few for the benefit of their fellows. Jefferson, an advocate of popular government extended to a point never before reached, declared that his party was made up of those 'who identified themselves with the people, have confidence in them, cherish and consider them as the most honest and safe, although not the most wise, depositary of the public interest.'"¹

An estimate of Revolutionary literature. Upon and around these historical facts revolves the great mass of our controversial literature which sprang up during this period. As Professor Moses Coit Tyler says, "The literature of our Revolution has everywhere the combative note, its habitual method is argumentative, persuasive, appealing, rasping, retaliatory; the very brain seems to be in armor; his wit is in the gladiator's attitude of offense and defense. It is a literature indulging itself in grimaces, in mockery, in scowls; a literature accented by earnest gestures meant to convince the people, or by fierce blows meant to smite them down. In this literature we must not expect to find art used for art's sake."²

¹A. B. Hart, *Formation of the Union*, p. 155.

²Moses Coit Tyler, *Literary History of the American Revolution, 1763-1783*, Vol. I, p. 6.

THE ORATORS

Nature of the oratory. Among the chief orators who supported the cause of the colonists were James Otis (1725-1783), Samuel Adams (1722-1803), and John Adams (1735-1826), all of Massachusetts, and Patrick Henry (1736-1799), of Virginia. Of these James Otis and Patrick Henry are typical Revolutionary orators. Oratory is usually born of an occasion, and when the occasion has passed the oration becomes largely a mere memory to those who heard the spoken words. Hence there is little literary permanency in the popular oratory born of a moment and uttered under the stress of fiery emotion. The reputation of the orator survives, but his extemporaneous speeches, delivered under the excitement and inspiration of the occasion, usually pass away with the breath which gives them utterance. This is precisely what happened in the case of Otis, and it is almost precisely what happened in the case of Henry's passionate orations. For Henry, like Otis, did not write his speeches, trusting to the inspiration of the moment and the sympathy of his audience to suggest the right words.

James Otis. The most famous of Otis's speeches is the one delivered in 1761 at Boston in opposition to the Writs of Assistance or warrants of search in private homes for smuggled goods. No authentic reproduction has come down to us, but John Adams, who heard the speech, made notes of it, and in his later reminiscences he spoke of Otis on this occasion as a flame of fire, and the hour of the delivery of his speech as the real birth hour of American independence. In the course of his argument Otis declared that the Navigation Acts were "a taxation law made by a foreign legislature without our consent," and this phrase in a slightly changed form became the chief slogan of the Revolutionary agitators. Otis was advocate-general of the colony, but he gave up this lucrative position under the crown rather than support the nefarious Writs of Assistance. He threw himself wholly into the cause of the colonists in their resistance to these oppressive laws and wrote several pamphlets distinguished by calmness and judicial poise quite in contrast with the passionate eloquence in his speeches; among them is the sound and conservative argument called "The Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved" (1764).

In a personal affray with some of his political enemies, Otis suffered injuries from which he later lost his mind and died, and thus he may be counted among the very earliest martyrs to the cause of American liberty.

Patrick Henry: His "Speech on Liberty." Patrick Henry was a typical Southern statesman, born of good family and representing the conservative and independent and at the same time emotional ideals of Virginia. He was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1765, and here he first won fame in the discussion of the Stamp Act by making the famous comparison which brought out the cry of "Treason! Treason!" from the loyalist members—"Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First had his Cromwell; and George the Third"—here the speaker was interrupted, but he calmly concluded in the midst of the cries of "Treason"—"may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it." In 1775 he made another famous speech, which has come down to us through the report given by William Wirt, himself an excellent orator and prose writer of the early nineteenth century. How much of Henry's "Speech on Liberty" is due to Wirt's own composition from his memory of the speech, it is impossible to tell, but there is no question of the masterly style, ardent passion, and moving power exhibited in Henry's famous oration now made almost universally familiar by innumerable declamatory repetitions. It begins, "Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope," and ends with the magnificent peroration,

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, "peace, peace!"—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

Henry's later speeches. In the discussions which followed the submitting of the Constitution to the several colonies for ratification, Henry opposed the adoption of the new form of federal government. He feared the results of too much concentration or centralization of power. He even went so far as to suggest that under the proposed plan the president might easily make himself king, and the colonies

would again be subjected to the yoke of a monarchical form of government. In spite of Henry's opposition, however, Virginia finally adopted the Constitution. The later speeches of the great orator were more authentically recorded than the earlier famous one reported by Wirt, for they were taken down in shorthand, with perhaps a few verbal inaccuracies, as they were delivered to the Virginia Convention. The style shows all the powerful appeal of the traditional orator—climactic periods, exclamatory sentences, rhetorical questions, and passionate outbursts—but the quality is more purely argumentative and less perfervid than the highly emotional style of the "Speech on Liberty." All in all, we may rank Patrick Henry as the most illustrious of our Revolutionary orators.

PUBLICISTS AND ANNALISTS

Samuel Adams. Samuel Adams (1722-1803) and his kinsman John Adams have been named among the orators, but their influence was probably greater as political writers than as speakers. Samuel Adams has been singled out by Englishmen as the man who was the greatest obstacle in the way of a peaceful adjustment between England and the colonies. He was an untiring enemy of compromise, and he wrote perhaps more—though he signed his name to very little of what he published—than any other of the early agitators. He prepared many reports, memorials, articles for the press, and state papers, all of which show his clear and convincing style as a controversial writer. He directed the work of the Committee of Correspondence for Massachusetts, and became so vigorously aggressive in his opposition to England that he was not included in the general pardon which that country declared in 1775, a fact of which he was always exceedingly proud. He was a skillful politician, a successful party manipulator, and a powerful political journalist, and he has been adjudged by historians to have been the most influential of the Revolutionary agitators. He was neglected and unappreciated in his later years, but posterity has known how to value his work and words.

John Adams. John Adams (1735-1826), the cousin of Samuel Adams, was perhaps a more profound thinker and a more careful writer than his kinsman, and he eventually

received higher political reward, being elected president in 1796 to succeed Washington, but his popular influence was not nearly so great as that of the elder Adams. He was what we may call a constitutional lawyer, basing his orations and pamphlets on the profound underlying principles of government rather than upon the principle of expediency and popular appeal. Though his writings command respect and admiration, the strong legal and logical bent of his mind robs them of much of that human element which is essential to literature.

Tory pamphleteers. It must not be assumed that all the good controversial writing was on one side of the questions at issue. There were some excellent loyalist pamphleteers, among them being Samuel Seabury (1729-1796), an Episcopal minister, later consecrated in Connecticut as the first bishop of the American Episcopal Church, the author of a number of attractive letters written under the pen-name of "A Westchester Farmer"; Daniel Leonard, a graduate of Harvard College and a Boston lawyer, author of strong loyalist newspaper articles signed "Massachusettsensis"; and Joseph Galloway (1729-1803), a native of Maryland who moved to Philadelphia to practice law and there wrote a conservative pamphlet, widely read in its day, under the title of "Examination of the Mutual Claims of Great Britain and the Colonies."

John Dickinson. Along with these writers, though not of them, should be mentioned John Dickinson (1732-1808), of Philadelphia, author of many excellent conservative articles and pamphlets. The best known of his writings is a series of newspaper articles called "Letters from a Pennsylvania Farmer to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies" (1767-68). In these articles he tried to show the merits of both sides of the controversy and thus lead to a friendly settlement of the difficulties confronting the people. Professor Tyler says, "No other serious political essays of the Revolution equalled the 'Farmer's Letters' in literary merit, including in that term the merit of substance as well as of form."¹ These letters were published in practically all of the newspapers of the colonies and attracted a great deal of attention; they were also widely published in Europe, where they received serious consideration. When the war

¹Moses Coit Tyler, *Literary History of the American Revolution, 1763-1783*, Vol. I, p. 236.

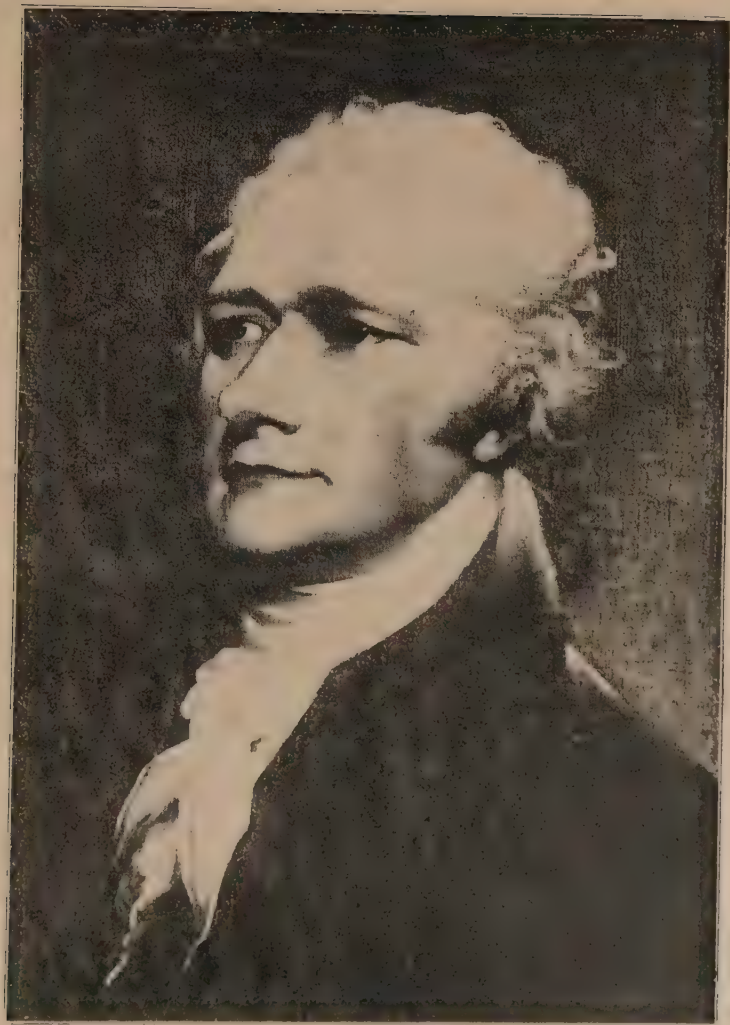
broke out, Dickinson became a staunch supporter of the colonial cause. He was also the author of a stilted but at one time highly admired Revolutionary ode known as "The Song for American Liberty."

Alexander Hamilton. When he was a boy of seventeen studying at King's College (now Columbia University) in New York City, Alexander Hamilton (1757-1804) began his career as a political writer by his successful answers to the letters of "A Westchester Farmer"¹ in a series called "The Farmer Refuted." Hamilton was born in the West Indies and was at an early age thrown on his own resources. He entered business, but showed such precocious literary abilities that he was urged by admiring friends to go to New York to seek an education. He entered heartily into the pre-Revolutionary agitation as orator, pamphleteer, and statesman, and later became a powerful force in the formation and adoption of the Constitution and in the actual management of the government in the various important public offices which he held.

"*The Federalist*." The greatest service that Hamilton rendered to the new government was through a series of papers planned by him and written largely by him and James Madison, and now known as *The Federalist*. It was in 1787-88 that these papers first appeared in newspapers, but they were afterward collected into a volume, and this controversial document, written to explain and defend the new constitution, has become an authoritative statement of the nature and principles of constitutional government. The style of the work is restrained and dignified, striking in its simplicity and directness, and overwhelmingly convincing in its clearness and logical force. So uniform and decisive is the style that it is difficult to determine the authorship of the letters without direct outside information. John Jay wrote a few numbers, but to Hamilton and Madison belongs the credit of composing the great majority of the papers, and to Hamilton must be given the greater praise, because he conceived the plan and wrote the first, and at least three-fifths of the whole number, of the papers. About fifty of the eighty-five papers are credited to him.

Thomas Jefferson. Upon Thomas Jefferson's tomb at Monticello, his home near Charlottesville, Virginia, are inscribed the following words, composed by himself:

¹ See *Tory Pamphleteers*, p. 43.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

HERE LIES BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON

AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,
OF THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM,
AND FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

These three items may be summarized in the single idea of human liberty; for the first represents political liberty, the second religious liberty, and the third intellectual liberty. Jefferson was not primarily nor intentionally an author in the restricted sense of that term, but he was well prepared to become one both by temperament and by training. In another age and country he might have become a great romantic writer as easily as he did become a great idealist in politics in the age and land in which he happened to live. Born in Albemarle County in 1743 and educated in the best schools of his day under the classical ideals, he naturally turned to politics as a career in the tumultuous times when the colonies were arrayed against foreign domination in the conduct of their local governments. He was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1769, and from this time on to the end of his life he devoted himself to the service of his country in one way or another. It is useless to review his public career, for the main items are known to all who read the elemental facts of our national history. It is to his writings and cultural interests that we must devote our attention.

Jefferson's state papers: "*The Declaration of Independence.*" The first important state paper of Jefferson's which had any direct influence on the course of events was his "Instructions to the Virginia Delegates to the Congress of 1774." This was reprinted and sent abroad under the title "*A Summary View of the Rights of America,*" and it is said that in this form it suggested to Edmund Burke some of the arguments he used in his great speech on "*Conciliation with the American Colonies.*" The two other state papers by Jefferson which should not be omitted from any survey of our political classics are "*The Declaration of Independence,*" composed in 1776, and the "*First Inaugural Address,*" delivered in 1801 when he became third president of the United States. The last of these is a fine example of the formal political address, but it is to the first that we must give especial attention. The fact that Jefferson, one of the youngest

men in the convention, should have been selected to draft the Declaration of Independence is sufficient proof of the confidence which his contemporaries had in his literary abilities, and his success in the task is attested by the universal esteem in which that document is still held, not only for its historical value as a landmark in the establishment of our nation, but for its excellent literary form. Jefferson succeeded in crystallizing in this great state paper the thought and emotion of a whole people, and at the same time he put the stamp of his own personality upon the instrument. The phraseology of the Declaration is, of course, partially borrowed from similar earlier declarations or bills of rights, and it is well known that there were numerous changes and corrections made when the paper was subjected to the revision of the convention. But the genius and spirit of the whole, the literary form and the passion which underlie it, belong to Jefferson, and to him we may unhesitatingly ascribe the authorship of the noblest political classic of our nation. The style is dignified and sonorous and unmistakably clear and decisive, but at times somewhat stilted in its diction and somewhat formal in its excessive parallelism. The first paragraph and the opening lines of the second illustrate the quality of the style at its best.

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

His notes on Virginia and his "Autobiography." Most of the material in the ten large volumes of Jefferson's collected works consists of letters and state papers. There are several works, however, which rise to the importance of formal volumes. The *Notes on Virginia* (1784), prepared in response to a request from the French government, is perhaps Jefferson's most ambitious book. It is carefully written and is full of interesting facts, figures, and descriptions of the country and the customs of those early days, but it is not to be classed as literature in the restricted sense. Jefferson's *Autobiography*, too, written after he had retired from active public life and was devoting himself to

his estate, "Monticello," and to fostering the growth of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, is chiefly valuable as a storehouse of information concerning the public events in which the great commoner took part. But even if Jefferson's work as a whole is not primarily literary, there is in his personality a certain cultural richness which lends importance to him as a literary figure. He wrote an Anglo-Saxon grammar; he was a great reader; he was interested in music and painting; and he was especially devoted to architecture, as is evidenced by the charming beauty of his own home and by the elaborate drawings which he prepared in his scheme for the buildings of the University of Virginia. In fact, it is largely due to the idealism and culture of its aspiring and art-loving patron that the University of Virginia today enjoys the distinction of a unique cultural atmosphere.

George Washington: "The Farewell Address." George Washington (1732-1799) was more of a soldier and a statesman than a writer or orator, but on certain impressive occasions in his life he delivered addresses which rise to the plane of noble political literature. The first of these public utterances which should be remembered is his brief "Address Delivered upon Surrendering to Congress his Commission as Commander in Chief of the Revolutionary Army" (1783); and another is the universally esteemed "Farewell Address to the American People" (1796). The last is in reality a state paper in the form of a dignified personal address by the great president to his friends and fellow-citizens. It comes as a fitting climax to Washington's public career. At the end of his first term as president (1792) he asked James Madison to prepare for him a draft of a farewell address to the people, but when he accepted the nomination for a second term he put off the final preparation of the address until 1796. He then called Alexander Hamilton into consultation and prepared the great "Farewell Address." It is customary for our chief executives to get advice and suggestions from their cabinet officers in the preparation of practically all important state papers; hence there is no reason for depriving Washington of due credit for the composition of the "Farewell Address." The quiet dignity, lofty ideals, and inherent modesty of expression in the Address are characteristic of the great personality who signed it. In the "Farewell Address" Washington strongly

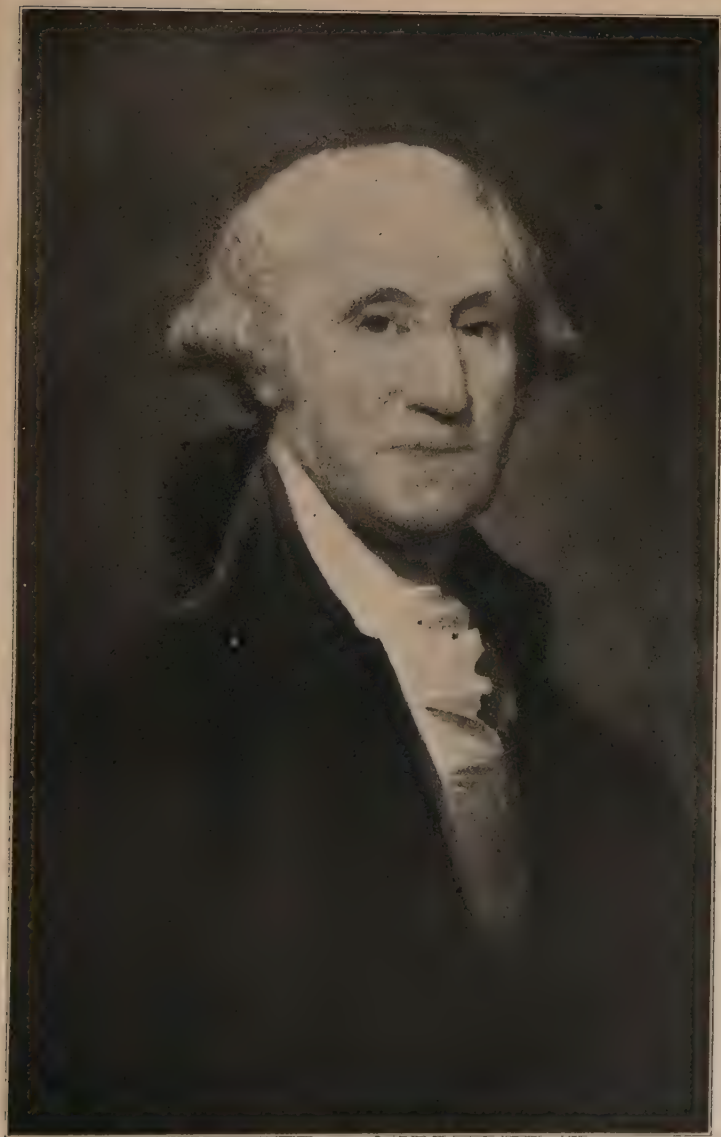
advocated the doctrine of the isolation of the American republic from European politics. In particular he warned the young nation to avoid permanent alliances¹ with European governments. It is worth while to note, in passing, that we have entirely outgrown this policy, as is clearly evidenced by the prominent part America played in the great World War and the events which followed it.

Thomas Paine: "Common Sense" and "The Crisis."

Among the essayists and journalists who took part in the agitation for American independence, Thomas Paine (1737-1809) deserves to be remembered as one of the most influential and, from a literary point of view, one of the best. A native of England, in 1774 he came to America near middle life, bearing a letter of recommendation from Benjamin Franklin. He secured journalistic employment in Philadelphia and at once plunged into the agitation for complete independence by writing his powerful pamphlet called "Common Sense" (1776). Tyler designates it as "the first open and unqualified argument in championship of the doctrine of American independence." It took the public by storm. Every one was asking who could be the author of this impressive and bold pamphlet. Some attributed it to Samuel Adams and some to Benjamin Franklin. Paine kept his identity concealed, for it might have cost him his life to have acknowledged the authorship of this bold appeal to the colonists. He accepted employment in some clerical capacity in the army, and in this connection, soon after the appearance of his first pamphlet, he projected a series of articles under the general title of "The Crisis," the numbers to appear whenever he could bring them out. The first number, published in 1776, opened with the now familiar sentence, "These are the times that try men's souls." The first paragraph, because of its stirring qualities a passage worth repeating in any period of national crisis, reads as follows:

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered, yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more

¹Not *entangling* alliances. Thomas Jefferson, in his "First Inaugural Address," reiterated this doctrine in the familiar phrase, "peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none."



George Washington

glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated.

This is good, strong prose. The steady flow of the language and the nervous energy of the thought give the style a vitality and piquancy that make it at once attractive and convincing. There is no subtlety, no subterfuge, but a frank and direct, if somewhat rhetorical, appeal to the common sense of all readers. There is no doubt that at the critical time when they were put forth, Paine's pamphlets, as Washington himself acknowledged, were of great value in nerving the patriots to fight on against the terrible odds which confronted them, and they have lived, as has little else of their type. There were sixteen numbers of "The Crisis" from 1776 to 1783, and together they make up a valuable contribution to our political literature.

Paine's later works: "*The Rights of Man*" and "*The Age of Reason*." In his later life Paine lost much of the prestige which his Revolutionary pamphlets had won for him in this country. He went to England and published a sharp reply to Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, calling it *The Rights of Man* (1791). Then he slipped away to France, as if to avoid the storm which the publication of his reply raised in England. In France he mingled freely with the revolutionists in the terrible days of bloodshed and destruction, and was himself imprisoned and sentenced to be executed. While in prison he wrote *The Age of Reason* (1794), an attack on the Bible and the Christian religion, and thus brought on himself the opprobrium which has followed him to this day. After his release from prison he returned to America, where he died in 1809. Unfortunately Paine is more frequently referred to as an enemy of Christianity than as a patriot. He was undoubtedly a sincere lover of liberty, and we should give him full credit for the bold fight he made for our own independence and for human rights in general.

St. John de Crèvecoeur. One more prose work deserves mention here—namely, "The Letters from an American Farmer" (1782), by Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur. Born of a noble family in Normandy in 1731, Crèvecoeur was educated in England from his sixteenth to his twenty-third

year, when he removed to America to engage in farming in New England and later in Pennsylvania. His "Letters from an American Farmer" represent an entirely different type of prose from the pamphlets we have been considering. Crèvecoeur had no special plea to make either for religious or political liberty or to encourage immigrants to the colonies. What he attempted to do was to give a pleasing literary portrayal of rural life and scenes in America. There is an idyllic simplicity and charm in his treatment of the natural beauties of American scenery and of the simple pastoral life of the American farmer. His interpretation is that of a pleased and interested observer rather than that of an advocate or partisan. From an esthetic and literary point of view Crèvecoeur's book is of its kind superior to any other prose volume written in America during the eighteenth century. In these stirring years of the twentieth century we may read with peculiar interest Crèvecoeur's definition of an American and his prophecy of the future greatness of the American people.

What, then, is the American, this new man? He is neither an European, nor the descendent of an European: hence that strange mixture of blood, which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations. He is an American, who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great "alma mater." Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men,¹ whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry, which began long since in the east. They will finish the great circle. The Americans were once scattered all over Europe. Here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love his country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born. Here the rewards of his industry follow, with equal steps, the progress of his labor. His labor is founded on the basis of nature—self-interest: Can it want a stronger allurements? Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now, fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise, to feed and to clothe them all, without any part being claimed either by a despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a

¹ This is doubtless the first use of the familiar metaphor, "America, the melting-pot of the nations."

mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him,—a small voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God: can he refuse these? The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas, and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence. This is an American.

THE POETRY

Revolutionary ballads. The poetry of the Revolutionary period seldom rises above mediocrity. There were a number of ballads and patriotic songs which were popular in their day, and served well their purpose of amusing and cheering our ancestors, but hardly one of them is worthy of a permanent place in our literature. "The Song for American Liberty" by John Dickinson has already been mentioned. "Yankee Doodle," or "The Yankee's Return from Camp," originally written by Edward Bangs, a Harvard student, had a typical ballad experience in its transitions, being sung in several varied versions to the delight of citizens and soldiers during the hard struggle for independence. As a tune and as a popular ballad it still retains its hold on the public. As commonly sung, the first stanzas of the ballad run as follows:

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

(CHORUS)

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as squire David;
And what they wasted ev'ry day,
I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat ev'ry day
Would keep a house a winter;
They have so much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they've mind ter.

Another typical ballad in the meter of "Yankee Doodle," literally bubbling over with satisfaction and delight at the discomfiture of the British general, the Earl of Cornwallis, is called "The Dance," and begins,

Cornwallis led a country dance,
 The like was never seen, sir,
 Much retrograde and much advance,
 And all with General Greene, sir.

They rambled up and rambled down,
 Joined hands and off they run, sir,
 Our General Greene to Charlestown,
 The earl to Wilmington, sir.

The ballad of "Nathan Hale," or "Hale in the Bush," is a sort of refined or dressed-up literary ballad, more dignified and self-conscious, and hence less truly a popular ballad. It relates in a remarkably stimulating strain the capture and execution of the Revolutionary hero named in the title.

The breezes went steadily through the tall pines,
 A-saying "oh! hu-ush!" a-saying "oh! hu-ush!"
 As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
 For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush as she nestled her young,
 In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road.
 "For the tyrants are near, and with them appear,
 What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer,
 In that little stone cell, in that little stone cell;
 But he trusted in love, from his Father above:
 In his heart all was well, in his heart all was well.

Francis Hopkinson: "The Battle of the Kegs." Francis Hopkinson (1737-1791), of Philadelphia, signer of the Declaration of Independence from New Jersey and holder of important political offices in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, among them the United States district judgeship for Pennsylvania, was the author of numerous satiric trifles and extended political allegories which brought him wide popularity in his own day. His satirical ballad, "The Battle of the Kegs," is still delightful reading. It was written to satirize the British troops who, when they discovered certain "infernal machines" in the form of kegs sent down the river by the patriots to annoy the British ships at Philadelphia, bravely began to fire on every floating object which they saw in the river.



INDEPENDENCE HALL AS SEEN FROM INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

The cannons roar from shore to shore;
The small-arms make a rattle,
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle. . . .

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant wood, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter;
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, Sir,
Could not oppose their pow'rful foes,
The conqu'ring British troops, Sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porrage. . . .

Such feats did they perform that day
Against these wicked kegs, Sir,
That years to come, *if they get home*,
They'll make their boast and brags, Sir.

His prose. Two of Judge Hopkinson's political allegories in prose were decidedly amusing to his contemporaries, and though they are rarely read today, they were of considerable importance in the development of American prose. "The Pretty Story" deals with the conflict between England, "the old farm," and America, "the new farm," and their "wives," the English Parliament and the colonial governments respectively. "The New Roof" is a presentation of the new form of government under the federal Constitution. Francis Hopkinson's son, Joseph Hopkinson (1770-1842), wrote in 1798 the well-known patriotic song "Hail, Columbia."

The Hartford Wits. A school of writers with a more or less well-defined literary purpose sprang up in Connecticut during the Revolution. There were ten or a dozen ambitious young college men, well versed in the classics and in the literary methods of the English writers of the eighteenth century, particularly those of Pope and Samuel Butler. They wrote political satires, long allegories and epics, and some religious poetry, and tried in a sort of concerted way

to establish a standard of formal literature in America similar to the classical school in England. Most of these young literary aspirants were Yale men. Hartford rather than New Haven was the chief center of their later activities, and so they came to be known as the "Hartford Wits." Only three of them were of enough importance to demand our attention here—John Trumbull, Timothy Dwight, and Joel Barlow.

John Trumbull. John Trumbull (1750-1831) was the most popular and probably the most gifted of these three Hartford Wits. He was born in Connecticut in 1750. He showed remarkable precocity, learning to read before he was three years old, completing the Bible at the age of four, and learning many of Watts's hymns and composing similar verses himself even before he had learned to write. When his father was tutoring a lad of seventeen who was preparing to enter Yale College, the boy of seven, loitering about the room, showed more proficiency in his ability to read and construe Latin than did the youth of seventeen. He was allowed to take the lessons regularly thereafter, and he passed the entrance examinations at Yale with apparent ease at this early age. He did not enter college until he was thirteen, however, spending the intervening years in doing a considerable amount of reading in the classics. He graduated at Yale when he was seventeen, and then spent three years more in general reading and study, taking his master's degree when he was twenty. During these years he began to write both poetry and prose, mostly in imitation of the eighteenth-century English writers. With his friend Timothy Dwight he contributed essays to two periodicals in imitation of Addison's *Spectator*, namely, *The Medler* and *The Correspondent*. Shortly after graduation Trumbull became a tutor at Yale, and during this period he wrote a long satiric poem on the hollow and impractical type of education then offered, especially for ministers and women, calling his production *The Progress of Dulness*. It consisted of three cantos, the first on "The Adventures of Tom Brainless," the second on "The Life and Character of Dick Hairbrain," and the third on "The Adventures of Miss Harriet Simper."¹

¹Professor Boynton suggests that the names typify three types of young people—Tom, Dick, and Harry, the last becoming Harriet to fit the coquette. *American Poetry*, p. 608.

"*McFingal*." Trumbull's most famous work, *McFingal*, was begun in 1776 but not completed until 1782. It is a burlesque epic, written in the sing-song octosyllabic couplets which the English writer Samuel Butler had so successfully employed in *Hudibras*, his satire on the Puritans. So accurate was the imitation that several of Trumbull's couplets have been quoted as Butler's, especially this one:

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.

McFingal is a long-winded Tory constable, or squire, who thinks he is a great orator and a great power in colonial politics. Trumbull puts some extraordinarily ridiculous and blatant speeches into the pseudo-hero's mouth, and finally makes him the butt of the patriots' humorous wrath. In its finished form *McFingal* consists of four cantos, the first two being devoted to the "Town Meeting," morning and afternoon; the third, to "The Liberty Pole" or *McFingal*'s attack on the patriots' flag pole, his elevation to the top of it by a rope hooked to his middle, and his subsequent tarring and feathering; the fourth, to "The Vision," or *McFingal*'s "second sight" in a dark cellar, in which he is forewarned of all the defeats and disasters which were to befall the Tories during the coming years. Fortunately for the accuracy of this so-called "vision," Trumbull waited until the defeat of Cornwallis in 1782 to write this canto, thus learning the actual sequence of events before making his prophecies.

Nature of the satire. The poem is full of classical and historical lore and contains many allusions now unintelligible except with the help of the footnotes. Particularly effective are the burlesque imitations of and allusions to the great world epics, such as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, the *Aeneid* of Virgil, and the *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* of Milton. The following passage from the third canto, describing *McFingal*'s capture and elevation on the liberty pole, will illustrate the mock-epic style and the broad humor of the famous old political satire which so greatly amused our Revolutionary sires.

Swift turn'd M'Fingal at the view,
And call'd to aid th' attendant crew,
In vain; the Tories all had run,
When scarce the fight was well begun;
Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd
Far in th' horizon tow'rd the west.
Amazed he view'd the shameful sight,
And saw no refuge, but in flight:

But age unwieldy check'd his pace,
 Though fear had wing'd his flying race;
 For not a trifling prize at stake;
 No less than great M'Fingal's back.
 With legs and arms he work'd his course,
 Like rider that outgoes his horse,
 And labor'd hard to get away, as
 Old Satan struggling on through chaos;
 'Till looking back, he spied in rear
 The spade-arm'd chief advanced too near;
 Then stopp'd and seized a stone, that lay
 An ancient landmark near the way;
 Nor shall we as old Bards have done,
 Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton:
 But such a stone, as at a shift
 A modern might suffice to lift,
 Since men, to credit their enigmas,
 Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies,
 And giants exiled with their cronies
 To Brobdignags and Patagonias.
 But while our Hero turn'd him round,
 And tugg'd to raise it from the ground,
 The fatal spade discharged a blow
 Tremendous on his rear below:
 His bent knee fail'd, and void of strength,
 Stretch'd on the ground his manly length.
 Like ancient oak o'erturn'd, he lay,
 Or tower to tempests fall'n a prey,
 Or mountain sunk with all his pines,
 Or flow'r the plow to dust consigns,
 And more things else — but all men know 'em,
 If slightly versed in epic poem.
 At once the crew, at this dread crisis,
 Fall on, and bind him ere he rises,
 And with loud shouts and joyful soul,
 Conduct him prisoner to the pole.
 When now the mob in lucky hour
 Had got their en'mies in their power,
 They first proceed, by grave command,
 To take the Constable in hand.
 Then from the pole's sublimest top
 The active crew let down the rope,
 At once its other end in haste bind
 And make it fast upon his waistband;
 Till like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,
 He hung self-balanced on his center.
 Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,
 They swung him, like a keg of ale,
 Till to the pinnacle in height
 He vaulted, like balloon or kite.

Timothy Dwight. Timothy Dwight (1752-1817), another of the Hartford Wits, was associated with Trumbull in his

early literary efforts. A grandson of Jonathan Edwards, Dwight was born in Massachusetts in 1752; was educated at Yale, where he was for a time a tutor; and finally became a chaplain in the Continental Army. At the end of the Revolutionary War he became the pastor of the church at Greenfield Hill, Fairfield, Connecticut, and from 1795 to his death in 1817 he was the president of Yale College. He was a profuse prose writer, committing many of his sermons, the records of his travels, and his commonplace observations on contemporary life to paper, and a good portion of them also to print. He was an ambitious poet, composing a long Biblical epic in heroic couplets, *The Conquest of Canaan*, and another long poem of seven parts which he called *Greenfield Hill*. The different parts of this last-named work were professedly written in imitation of well-known English poets, such as Pope, Butler, Goldsmith, and others. None of Dwight's poetry is read today by any except specialists, with perhaps a single exception in the instance of the patriotic lyric "Columbia," which was highly admired during the Revolution and which has since been frequently reprinted in lyric and patriotic collections. The first and last stanzas will illustrate the somewhat vaunting rhetorical style.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed,
The gloom from the face of fair heav'n retired;
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunders expired;
Perfumes as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!

Still better known, because it has been preserved in our familiar church songs, is Dwight's devotional hymn, "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord."

Joel Barlow. Joel Barlow (1754-1812), the third important member of the Yale group, was born in Connecticut, was graduated at Yale in 1778, and before the end of the Revolution became a chaplain in a Massachusetts brigade.

He engaged in several business enterprises connected with publication and book selling, compiling, among other things, a psalm book for use in Congregational churches. He began a patriotic epic called *The Vision of Columbus*, and published it in 1787, and twenty years later expanded it into the *Columbiad* (1807), a poem in eleven long books written in heroic couplets. In its style this so-called epic is more bombastic and rhetorical than sublime or inspired. Professor Bronson calls it "a stage-coach epic, lumbering and slow." In this ambitious effort, which he innocently compared with the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, Barlow has become the stock example of an author who overestimates his strength and attempts things entirely beyond his compass. In his later years Barlow went abroad and engaged in pamphleteering in England and in political intrigues in France. He was appointed to several diplomatic posts, finally losing his life in the famous retreat from Moscow, where he had gone in an effort to reach Napoleon and present his credentials as a representative from the United States. A few years before his death Barlow was living in France, and in Savoy he was served with a portion of his favorite dish made from American maize, or Indian corn, and he at once composed "The Hasty Pudding," a long mock-heroic poem. It seems that he could write the mock-epic better than the serious epic, for by the irony of fate, this playful bit of fancy, because of the fact that it is lighted up by a touch of the comic, is today far better known than the epic upon which Barlow based his hope for fame. The following quotation suggests strongly that the meter and style are modeled on Goldsmith's "The Traveller," though the mock-heroic tone is evident:

Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy
Expands my heart to meet thee in Savoy!
Doom'd o'er the earth through devious paths to roam,
Each clime my country and each house my home,
My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end,
I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.
For thee through Paris, that corrupted town,
How long in vain I wandered up and down,
Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard,
Cold from his cave usurps the morning board.
London is lost in smoke and steep'd in tea;
No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee;
The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
Would call a proclamation from the crown.

Philip Freneau: His early life. If Yale was the source of the most notable school of poets during the Revolutionary period, Princeton deserves the credit of sending forth the one poet of real genius whom America produced before the nineteenth century—namely, Philip Freneau (1752–1832). Of Huguenot descent, Freneau was born in New York City, but at an early age he was taken to New Jersey, and he is therefore usually reckoned among the worthies of the last-named state. He was educated in the schools of New York and at the College of New Jersey (Princeton), where he was graduated with distinction in 1771. He began writing poetry while he was in college, composing a long poem in heroic couplets on “The Prophet Jonah”; and collaborating with his classmate, Hugh Henry Brackenridge, the author of *Modern Chivalry*,¹ he composed a patriotic poem called “The Rising Glory of America,” in the form of a colloquy, which Brackenridge read as a commencement ode at their graduation exercises. These two friends with other classmates, William Bradford and James Madison, were intensely American in their sympathies, and together they formed a Whig society and wrote satires against the Tories.

Sailor, Editor, and Poet. Freneau engaged in teaching for some time after his graduation, and then went to New York, where he published a number of polemical and political essays and many satires against the Tories and patriotic poems in favor of American liberty. Being of an adventurous turn of mind, he determined to go to sea. He shipped for Jamaica and soon became a proficient sailor. He continued to write poetry, composing several long poems on subjects suggested by his travels, as for example, “The Jamaica Funeral” and “The Beauties of Santa Cruz.” “The House of Night,” an imaginative poem on death, is another notable production which belongs to this period. Finally he was captured by the British and confined for nearly two months in prison ships, an experience which inspired one of his most graphic and savage satires, “The British Prison Ship”—

These Prison Ships where pain and horror dwell,
Where death in tenfold vengeance holds his reign,
And injur'd ghosts, yet unaveng'd, complain.

No masts or sails these crowded ships adorn,

¹ See p. 63.

Dismal to view, neglected and forlorn!
 Here, mighty ills oppress the imprison'd throng.
 Dull were our slumbers, and our nights too long —
 From morn to eve along the decks we lay
 Scorch'd into fevers by the solar ray.

After his release he returned to Mount Pleasant, the family estate near Middletown Point, New Jersey, and again took up editorial work, becoming for several years the chief contributor to the *Freeman's Journal* published at Philadelphia. About this time he composed some of his best poems, notably the lament for the patriots who fell under General Greene at Eutaw Springs, and some of his best sea poems, including "Captain Jones's Invitation," "The Sea Voyage," and "The Hurricane." After another period of adventurous sea-faring as captain of several trading vessels, about 1791 Freneau returned to the shore to take up editorial work, first on the *New York Daily Advertiser* and shortly afterward on the *National Gazette*, a journal which he founded in Philadelphia. He naturally became involved in the bitter political discussions of the times, taking sides with Jefferson and against Hamilton, and later, on account of his pro-French sentiments in connection with the Genet affair, arousing the enmity of Washington himself. Freneau sought relief from these political turmoils by going once more to sea. He eventually returned to Mount Pleasant and lived on through the War of 1812 and the two following decades, finally losing his life in a fierce snow storm in 1832.

Freneau's nature lyrics. Freneau's most purely poetical work is a number of really excellent nature lyrics and imaginative poems. Professor Pattee¹ speaks eloquently of the evidences of early romanticism in Freneau's poetry, pointing out examples of early romantic influences in "The House of Night," "one of the earliest poems in that dimly lighted region which was soon to be exploited by Coleridge and Poe"; in his sea poems; in his imaginative treatment of Indian life, as in his "Indian Death Song" and "The Indian Burying-Ground"; and above all in his nature lyrics, which were distinctly in the Wordsworthian vein, as "The Dying Elm," "The Sleep of Plants," "To a Honey Bee," "To a Caty-did," and particularly in "The Wild Honeysuckle," a flawless nature lyric written in 1786, at least a dozen years

¹*Poems of Philip Freneau*, 3 vols. Ed. by F. L. Pattee, Princeton, 1902.

before Wordsworth and Coleridge published the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798). "The Wild Honeysuckle," his one almost perfect art lyric, is worthy of full quotation here.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet;
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died — nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

Estimate of Freneau. In our enthusiasm for the good qualities of this poem and other excellent lyrics of Freneau's, we are likely to overestimate the work of this early American, especially when we recall that the English poet Campbell borrowed a line from "The Indian Burying-Ground,"

The hunter and the deer — a shade,

and Scott enthusiastically praised "The Lament on the Patriots Who Fell at Eutaw Springs," himself using a line from this poem in the third canto of *Marmion*; but Freneau must after all be ranked as a minor poet. The following paragraph from Professor Pattee's introduction to his excellent edition of Freneau's *Poems* is a judicious summary: "As to the absolute literary value of Freneau's literary remains, there is room for honest difference of

opinion. He certainly is not, if we judge him from what he actually produced, a great poet. But he must in fairness be viewed against the background of his age and environment. Nature had equipped him as she has equipped few other men. He had the poet's creative imagination; he had an exquisite sense of the beautiful; and he had a realization of his own poetic endowments that kept him during a long life constantly true to the muse. Scarcely a month went by in all his life, from his early boyhood, that was not marked by poetic composition. Few poets, even in later and more auspicious days, have devoted their lives more assiduously to song."¹

DRAMA AND FICTION

National drama. The drama of the Revolutionary era is mainly significant for its historical value in reflecting the spirit of the times. Thomas Godfrey's *The Prince of Parthia*, written about 1759 and published in 1765, we mentioned at the close of the colonial period as the first literary drama composed in America. It was played at Philadelphia in 1767, and was, according to Seilhamer, author of *History of the American Theatre*, the first American play that was actually staged by a professional company. In the meantime, of course, many English plays had been acted much earlier; as early as 1715 some references to a theater and plays acted in Williamsburg, Virginia, have been noted; and English plays by a regular company were acted in New York as early as 1732, in Charleston, South Carolina, as early as 1734, and in Philadelphia as early as 1749.

Plays on American subjects. Numerous plays dealing with American subjects were written during the period of the Revolution. "Ponteach, or The Savages of America," a play appearing in 1766 and dealing in a satiric way with the white man's cruel and unjust treatment of the simple-minded Indians, has been ascribed on uncertain evidence to Robert Rogers, an English officer in the French and Indian War. Mrs. Mercy Warren (1728-1814), of Massachusetts, the sister of James Otis, wrote several plays on American subjects, the best of which is "The Group" (1775), a comedy satirizing the loyalists. Hugh Henry Brackenridge (1748-

¹*Poems of Philip Freneau*, Vol. I, Introduction, p. xcvi.

1816), of Pennsylvania, the friend and classmate of Philip Freneau and James Madison at the College of New Jersey, was the author of the best literary dramas that appeared in the period of the actual struggle for independence; they are, however, more properly dramatic poems or closet plays than acting dramas. The titles of his plays are "The Battle of Bunker's Hill" (1776) and "The Death of General Montgomery" (1777). Brackenridge is also the author of *Modern Chivalry*, or *The Adventures of Captain Farrago and Teague O'Regan, His Servant* (1792-93-97), a burlesque after the manner of *Don Quixote*, satirizing post-Revolutionary customs and events. This prose narrative, and Jeremy Belknap's *The Foresters* (1792), an allegorical narrative dealing with the relations of the colonies to the English government, have been pointed out as the best examples of early fiction in America.

William Dunlap. Another dramatist of some distinction was William Dunlap (1766-1839), of New York. He was a practical playwright and theater manager and our first historian of the drama, and his influence was considerable in his day. He wrote thirty original plays, among them "The Father; or, American Shandyism" (1789), a comedy, and "André" (1798),¹ a historical play in blank verse, and made many adaptations of foreign plays for the American stage; he was a portrait painter of distinction; and he wrote a dozen or more biographies and critical works.

Royall Tyler. One other name should be mentioned in connection with early American drama, that of Royall Tyler (1757-1826), who was born and educated in Massachusetts, and later became chief justice of Vermont. He wrote "The Contrast," a comedy which was acted with great success in New York in 1786 and published four years later. It is based on the contrast between native American worth and the silly imitation of foreign conventions. The first typical stage Yankee, in the person of the shrewd New England farmer, Jonathan, speaking in his native dialect, appears in this play. Tyler wrote a number of other plays and farces, and also a prose narrative of adventure called *The Algerine Captive* (1797), which may be classed with our early novels.

¹In an extensive monograph by Dr. D. S. Coad, "William Dunlap, a Study of his Life and Work and of his Place in Contemporary Culture," recently published by the Dunlap Society of New York, full lists of the works of this painter, manager, dramatist, and critic are made available.

Joseph Dennie. Joseph Dennie (1768-1812), whose work has been almost entirely forgotten, exerted considerable influence on the literature of his day, and in particular he deserves to be remembered as the forerunner of Irving. He was called the "American Addison," probably because he imitated Addison in a series of periodical essays published under the title of the *Farrago* (a medley) in several village newspapers in New England. Then he published *The Lay Preacher* (1796), a series of essays, in *The Farmer's Museum* at Walpole, New Hampshire, and later collected them in a volume. In 1801 Dennie became the founder and editor of a literary periodical published in Philadelphia and called *The Port Folio*. This magazine was one of the most important early literary periodicals published in America, and the longest-lived, its publication being continued until 1827. In *The Port Folio* Dennie reprinted many of his previously published essays and some new ones. He encouraged the development of polite literature and was generally looked upon as the central figure in the literary circles of Philadelphia.¹

Sentimental novels. A number of tearful and highly sentimental novels had already been published, principally by a school of women writers. Among these were Sarah Morton's *The Power of Sympathy, or The Triumph of Nature Founded in Truth* (1789); Susanna Rowson's *Charlotte Temple, a Tale of Truth* (1790), *Trials of the Human Heart* (1795), and many other stories; and Hannah Foster's *The Coquette, or The History of Eliza Wharton, a Novel Founded on Fact* (1797). Of the many sentimental novels of the time, *Charlotte Temple*, which was the most popular in its day and which has proved the most tenacious of life, being republished in over one hundred editions up to 1905, is typical. It is the pathetic story of love and innocence, betrayal, desertion, and death from a broken heart. These highly colored and overwrought narratives, made up largely of unreal characters and unnatural situations usually said to be based on truth, and designed to move the reader to tears and at the same time teach some moral or inculcate some paramount virtue, are now solely valuable as an indication of the taste of the times and as an American example

¹See Dr. H. M. Ellis's extensive monograph, "Joseph Dennie and His Circle, a Study in American Literature from 1792 to 1812." Bulletin, 1915: No. 40, University of Texas, Austin.

of the English sentimental school led by Samuel Richardson, the author of *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*.

Charles Brockden Brown: The mystery and horror school.

Before the end of the century the American novel was to find its first serious exponent in a Philadelphian, Charles Brockden Brown (1771-1810). He was descended from a Quaker family, educated in the schools of Philadelphia, and prepared for the profession of law. Being strongly drawn toward literature, he deserted the law and turned to writing as a means of earning his livelihood, thus becoming one of the first men in America to adopt literature as a profession. He was never robust, and he devoted himself so steadily to study, even from his early boyhood, that his health was permanently impaired. He moved to New York for a time, and here published his first work, *The Dialogue of Alcuin* (1797), a vigorous pamphlet on the rights of woman. He was professedly writing under the influence of William Godwin, the bold English radical thinker, the author of *Political Justice*, a pamphlet, and *Caleb Williams*, a romance in which the miscarriage of justice is discussed. The influence of Godwin and other members of the highly romantic school of English novelists known as the horror school is, in fact, evident in all of Brown's work. Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto, a Gothic Romance*, Lewis's *The Monk*, and Mrs. Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho* are the stock examples of this English horror school. Brown follows them in conjuring up mysteries and supernatural situations based on some reasonable or pseudo-scientific grounds. His first novel, *Wieland, or The Transformation* (1798), belongs distinctly to the horror school, and we may analyze it as a typical illustration of the five other novels which followed from his pen in rapid succession.

"*Wieland*." This novel, usually considered as Brown's most powerful work, is the story of a cultured family of Germans who live in Philadelphia and whose happy domestic life is interrupted by certain strange and apparently supernatural sounds. These distressing circumstances are partially compensated for by the appearance of a pleasing and polite stranger named Carwin. *Wieland*'s father, a religious enthusiast, is said to have died from spontaneous combustion, an uncanny and really impossible form of disease in which the body becomes so violently heated from within

that it is set on fire and consumed. The son inherits a superstitious trend of mind and becomes himself a religious fanatic. Hence he is well prepared by heredity and temperament to answer the strange and seductive voices heard throughout the dwelling. Wieland is called upon to sacrifice his beautiful wife and daughter, and he proceeds to these crimes on the supposition that he is answering the commands of God. After committing the double murder, Wieland is confined in a madman's cell, from which he eventually escapes and attempts to murder other members of his family. He then learns that he has been duped by the mysterious stranger Carwin, who through his powers of ventriloquism has led Wieland to murder his family. When he realizes what he has done, Wieland kills himself, and the stranger disappears. The story ends with the marriage of Wieland's sister, the narrator of the tale, to one of the minor characters. It can be readily discerned by even a casual reader that the plot is loosely constructed and that the motivation of the action is entirely insufficient and unconvincing. But Brown's power of portraying the horrible, the supernatural, the terrible, is natural and spontaneous, and there is no lack of interest and excitement in the reading of his story.

Brown's other tales. Brown's *Ormond, or The Secret Witness*, appeared in 1799, and *Arthur Mervyn, or Memoirs of the Year 1793*, in two volumes in 1799 and 1800. These stories deal with the terrible yellow fever epidemics which ravaged Philadelphia in the last decade of the century. Brown had personally experienced the horrors of the disease, being attacked by it while he was living in New York, and his descriptions are extremely powerful and realistic. Poe himself has hardly surpassed Brown in the portrayal of these hideous and repulsive scenes of disease and death, though Poe's artistic sense, of course, is superior to Brown's. *Edgar Huntly, or The Adventures of a Sleep-Walker*, published in 1801, shows Brown's descriptive powers to the best advantage, especially in the portrayal of the gloomy caves and wild natural scenes which the author had visited in his long walks about the environs of Philadelphia. In this novel Brown clearly intended, as he states in a prefatory note, to make his work distinctly American in every particular. He introduced romantic incidents from Indian life and warfare, thus preceding Cooper in this field; described with most

accurate details the exact flora and fauna of the wild American background; and gave vivid pictures of primitive customs of both the Indian and the European population of America. *Clara Howard* (1801) and *Jane Talbot* (1801) complete the list of Brown's novels. These last two are loosely constructed love stories and are distinctly inferior to the earlier romances of their author.

Last days: General estimate of Brown. Brown was engaged in editorial work on magazines and annuals at Philadelphia, and during his later years he occupied himself with the compilation of geographical and historical works which he left unfinished at his death in 1810. He had long been a sufferer from consumption, and in the later years his creative powers seem to have been largely sapped by the disease. While he was not a great writer, he was our first notable novelist, a forerunner of Cooper, Poe, and Hawthorne. He deserves to be remembered also as our first purely professional author. His romances are still read to some extent by the general reader, and his work has been generously praised by his early biographers, William Dunlap and W. H. Prescott, and by the later historians of our literature. After Franklin, who must be excepted on account of his immortal *Autobiography*, we may place the novelist Charles Brockden Brown beside the poet Philip Freneau, as one of the two most important literary figures in the first two centuries of our history.

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHIES SUITABLE FOR HIGH-SCHOOL LIBRARIES AND OUTSIDE READING

Special Reference Books for Revolutionary Literature ¹

(For General Reference Books, see p. 33)

1. *History of Literature and Selections*

*TYLER, *Literary History of the American Revolution, 1763-1783*; 2 vols., Putnam, N. Y., 1897.

PATTERSON, *The Spirit of the American Revolution as Revealed in the Poetry of the Period, a Study of American Patriotic Verse from 1760 to 1783*; Badger, Boston, 1915.

LOSHE, *The Early American Novel*; Lemcke & Buechner, N. Y., 1908.

¹ The important works of authors treated in the body of the text are not listed here.

* These volumes are especially valuable for high-school libraries.

- *CAIRNS, *Selections from Early American Writers, 1607-1800*. (See p. 34.)
- DUYCKINCK, *Cyclopædia of American Literature*. (See p. 33.)
- *STEDMAN AND HUTCHINSON, *Library of American Literature*, Vols. III and IV.
- *QUINN, *Representative American Plays*; Century, N. Y., 1917. (The first three plays are from the colonial and Revolutionary periods.)
- *MOSES, *Representative Plays by American Dramatists*; 3 vols., Dutton, N. Y., 1918.
- **The American Dramatist*; Little, Brown, Boston, 1911.
- SEILHAMER, *History of the American Theatre*; 3 vols., Philadelphia, 1888-91.
- *STEDMAN, *An American Anthology, 1787-1900*; Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1900.
- STEDMAN, *Poets of America*; Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1899.
- MOORE, *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution*; Appleton, N. Y., 1856.
- EGGLESTON, *American War Ballads and Lyrics*; Putnam, N. Y., 1889.
- *STEVENSON, *Poems of American History*; Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1908.
- MATTHEWS, *Poems of American Patriotism*; Scribner, N. Y., 1898.
- ERSKINE, *The Leading American Novelists*; Henry Holt, New York, 1910. (Contains a chapter on Charles Brockden Brown.)

2. Later Poetry Dealing with Revolutionary Times

- LONGFELLOW, "Paul Revere's Ride."
- BRYANT, "Song of Marion's Men." (Compare Simms's song, "The Swamp Fox," in *The Partisan*.)
- READ, "The Rising."
- EMERSON, "Concord Hymn," "Boston Hymn."
- WHITTIER, "Lexington," "Centennial Hymn."
- HOLMES, "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill," "Ballad of the Boston Tea-Party," "Lexington."
- FINCH, "Nathan Hale."
- LANIER, "Psalm of the West."
- HAYNE, "Macdonald's Raid — 1780."

(See Burton E. Stevenson's *Poems of American History*, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1908, for fuller list of poems dealing with the Revolutionary period.) •

3. Later Fiction Dealing with Revolutionary Times

- COOPER, *The Spy*, *The Pilot*, *Lionel Lincoln*; or, *The Leaguer of Boston*.
- KENNEDY, *Horse-Shoe Robinson: A Tale of the Tory Ascendancy*.
- SIMMS, *The Partisan: A Tale of the Revolution*, *The Scout*, *Eutaw*, *Katherine Walton*, etc.
- COOKE, *The Virginia Comedians*, *Henry St. John*.

THOMPSON, *Green Mountain Boys, The Rangers.*

COFFIN, *The Boys of '76.*

BUTTERWORTH, *The Patriot Schoolmaster.*

EGGLESTON, *A Carolina Cavalier.*

THACKERAY, *The Virginians.*

CRADDOCK, *The Story of Old Fort Loudon.*

FORD, *Janice Meredith.*

JEWETT, *The Tory Lover.*

ATHERTON, *The Conqueror* (Alexander Hamilton).

ALLEN, *The Choir Invisible.*

CHURCHILL, *Richard Carvel.*

MITCHELL, *Hugh Wynne, The Red City.*

FREDERIC, *In the Valley.*

HENTY, *True to the Old Flag.*

STEVENSON, B. G., *A Soldier of Virginia.*

4. *Essays and Historical Works Dealing with Revolutionary Times*

FISKE, *American Revolution*; also, for young readers, *The War of Independence.*

HART, *Formation of the Union, Camp and Fireside of the Revolution.*

EARLE, *Stage Coach and Tavern Days.*

JENKS, *When America Won Liberty.*

American Statesmen Series (including biographies of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Henry, Madison, etc.).

(Dates and places of publication are hardly necessary for the later poetry and fiction.)

III. ARTISTIC OR CREATIVE PERIOD

1800-19—

INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT

Glancing back over the whole course of our literature up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, we observe that the earliest American writings were produced by the Southern Colonies with Virginia as the center and Captain John Smith and Colonel William Byrd as the chief representatives of what we may term the Cavalier chroniclers; that the primacy of literary production of the theological type belongs to the New England Colonies with Boston and its environs as the chief center and the Reverend Cotton Mather and the Reverend Jonathan Edwards as the chief literary exponents of the Calvinistic theology of our Puritan forefathers; that during the later struggle between the French and the English colonies and between the English colonies and the mother country, the Middle Colonies with Philadelphia as the chief city came to the front as the principal center of the controversial literature of the period, with orators and pamphleteers and publicists, such as Otis and Henry, Thomas Paine and John Dickinson, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson and George Washington as typical figures, and with the beginnings of a more personal and permanent type of literature in the *Autobiography* of Franklin, the nature poetry of Philip Freneau, and the novels of Charles Brockden Brown. During the first quarter of the nineteenth century we must note the shift of the center of commercial and literary activities to the growing metropolis of New York City, where Washington Irving and his associates founded what has later become known as the Knickerbocker School.

In a brief survey of the artistic and creative literature of the nineteenth century in America, we shall find that several distinct schools or movements are to be recorded, but these schools or movements have revolved pretty definitely around the Middle Atlantic States including New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, with New York City as the center; New England with Boston and its environs as the center; the more distinctly local or regional literary



SUNNYSIDE, WASHINGTON IRVING'S HOME ON THE HUDSON

expression in the South, as illustrated in the distinct school at Charleston, South Carolina; and the Central and Far West coming to the front in the last quarter of the century as the section in which the most uniformly democratic and purely national literary expression has taken rise. Hence we may readily and conveniently group our chief authors under four sectional divisions, and at the same time preserve the general integrity of the various schools and distinct movements and also the general chronological order—namely: (1) The New York and Middle Atlantic States Group; (2) The New England Group; (3) The Southern Group; and (4) The Central and Far Western Group. The main purpose of the following sections will be to give a rapid survey of the writers of these groups, with some analysis of the distinct movements and general influences and tendencies in each. We shall merely mention the major writers in their proper relations, leaving a fuller discussion of their lives and literary attainments to be taken up in connection with the selections from their works which are given in *American Literary Readings*.

I. THE NEW YORK AND MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES GROUP

The major writers. WASHINGTON IRVING,¹ the genial essayist, story-teller, biographer, and historian, is frequently called "The Father of American Literature." With him are grouped the three other major writers: JAMES FENIMORE COOPER,¹ the romancer, who was born in New Jersey but lived from his infancy in New York and was intimately associated with the history and life of his adopted state; and the two poets, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,¹ who was born in western Massachusetts but was for more than half a century the most prominent figure in the journalistic, literary, and cultural life of New York City, and later in the century WALT WHITMAN,¹ who was born on Long Island and lived almost entirely in the Middle Atlantic States, for the most part in the neighborhood of New York, calling it "Mannahatta, my city." With these four major writers we may associate a large company of minor writers whose work, especially when compared with much of our earlier

¹ See the biographical sections on these writers in *American Literary Readings*, pp. 1, 38, 56, 70 respectively.

literature, is highly meritorious. It will be convenient to group these minor writers under the headings of The Poets, The Essayists and General Prose Writers, and The Novelists and Story Writers.

THE NEW YORK POETS

The grouping of the poets. Bryant and Whitman have already been mentioned as major poets of the New York group. Besides these, the two most important poets of the first half of the century were the two friends who are always associated in literature, Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake. James K. Paulding and Nathaniel Parker Willis, two all-round literary men of mediocre talent, were extremely active in popularizing literature through the periodicals of the day. They are much better known as prose writers than as poets, although both of them wrote verse.

These earlier New York writers, including the poets and the prose writers, were largely dominated by Washington Irving, and hence they have become known as the Knickerbocker school, taking their name from Irving's fictitious historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker. In 1833 *The Knickerbocker Magazine* was founded as a medium for the publication of the productions of this school of writers. In the latter half of the century the two most distinguished poets were Bayard Taylor and Edmund Clarence Stedman. Finally, we may single out Richard Hovey as the most important of the younger poets who have made New York the center of their literary activities.

Halleck and Drake: "The Croakers." Fitz-Greene Halleck (1790-1867) was born in Connecticut, but came to New York in his twenty-second year to engage in business. He had secured a fairly good education in his youth and had taught school in New England a year or two before he removed to New York. He was intensely interested in the new poetry of the early nineteenth century as it appeared under the democratic and romantic impulses which swept over England. Thomas Campbell and Lord Byron were his especial favorites at the time he met Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820), a young New York physician. The two have become inseparably associated in literature because they wrote together some playful satires in a series of light verses which they published for three months in 1819,

mainly in *The New York Evening Post*, under the signature of "The Croakers," or "Croaker and Company."

Drake's "*The Culprit Fay*." Drake was attacked by consumption and died at the early age of twenty-five. He left in manuscript a romantic poem called "*The Culprit Fay*," a remarkable piece of work dashed off in the brief space of three days during the summer of 1816, but not published until several years after his death. It is the story of a fairy knight who fell in love with a mortal maiden and was doomed to suffer various penalties because of this breaking of fairy law. The poem is a remarkable production for so young a man, for Drake was only twenty-one when he wrote it. Because of its lack of the careful organization, the well-defined evolution that art demands of long imaginative poems of its kind, "*The Culprit Fay*" is not of any great permanent value. It is full of pleasing fanciful descriptions, however, and it has a decidedly attractive lilt in its rhythm. Also in its aim to people the American woods and streams with a company of fairies and to create a native supernatural background, the poem is distinctly noteworthy. The influence of English fairy lore, such as is found in Shakespeare's and Herrick's descriptions of Queen Mab and her court, and in Coleridge's "*Christabel*," is easily discernible; but despite these evidences of foreign influence Drake shows considerable originality and great promise in this fanciful field of fairy land.

"*The American Flag*." One other poem by Drake is still frequently read—namely, his intensely patriotic lyric, "*The American Flag*." This song, unfortunately not set to a popular tune, should be classed with Timothy Dwight's "*Columbia*," Joseph Hopkinson's "*Hail, Columbia*," and Francis Scott Key's "*The Star-Spangled Banner*," as one of the choicest of our patriotic lyrics. The noteworthy fact about it is that it was not written in any period of war excitement, being first published as one of the "*Croaker*" papers in 1819, and hence it is universal in its appeal to Americans and is appropriate to any period of our history. The lyric is given here in full.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

I

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,
 And striped its pure celestial white,
 With streakings of the morning light;
 Then from his mansion in the sun
 She called her eagle bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand,
 The symbol of her chosen land.

II

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest trummings loud
 And see the lightning lances driven,
 When strive the warriors of the storm,
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
 Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free,
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows of the cloud of War,
 The harbingers of victory!

III

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high,
 When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on.
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
 Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,
 And as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

IV

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendours fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to valour given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Halleck's popular poems. Though Drake seemed to give more promise of developing into a first-rate poet, Halleck lived longer and reached a wider popular audience. His best known lyric is the lament he wrote upon the death of his dear friend Drake, a part of which, at least, remains familiar through popular quotation:

Green be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days;
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 None named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep,
 And long, where thou art lying,
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
 Like thine, are laid in earth,
 There should a wreath be woven
 To tell the world their worth.

While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free,—
 The grief is fixed too deeply
 That mourns a man like thee.

One other piece by Halleck, well known because it was formerly extremely popular as a declamation, is his "Marco Bozzaris," a patriotic narrative poem dealing with the Greek struggle to throw off the hated sovereignty of Turkey. It will be remembered that Byron—who, by the way, exerted a strong influence on Halleck, as is evidenced both by the quality of "Marco Bozzaris" and by Halleck's long poem "Fanny," a satire on New York society written in imitation of Byron's "Don Juan"—lost his life in his efforts to aid the Greek patriots. "Marco Bozzaris" opens with the lines:

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour

When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power;
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
 Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird;

contains in its climax the fiery lines,

"Strike — till the last armed foe expires!
 Strike — for your altars and your fires!
 Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
 God, and your native land!"

and concludes, after the death of the hero, with the often-quoted passage,

For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's,
 One of the few, the immortal names
 That were not born to die.

N. P. Willis. Nathaniel Parker Willis (1806-1867) belongs to that group of authors who enjoy wide popularity in their lifetime only to be speedily neglected or forgotten by posterity. He was born in Portland, Maine, was educated at Yale, and started his journalistic career in Boston; but he early came to New York to become one of the editors of *The New York Mirror*; and through this periodical and other New York literary journals he built up his wide influence and reputation as a poet, critic, and writer of tales, sketches, and travel pictures. He also wrote one novel, two dramas, and several ambitious longer poems. His early poems were mostly on Bible subjects, as represented by "David's Lament for Absalom," "Hagar in the Wilderness," and "Jephtha's Daughter," and these naturally gave Willis a wide vogue among the deeply religious Americans of his day. But posterity has almost entirely neglected all that he wrote except one chance lyric called "Unseen Spirits," which Poe called the best of Willis's productions. Willis possessed a charming personality and was a genial patron of literature. He deserves to be remembered for the encouragement he offered to young American writers and for the impetus he gave to the appreciation of good literature among all classes.

Bayard Taylor: His poetry. Another poet of the middle states to be remembered as one who rose almost to the first rank of creative writers and certainly to the first rank of poetical translators is Bayard Taylor (1825-1878). He was born in Pennsylvania, and began at an early age to compose verse, a volume of which he published before he was twenty. Being possessed of a strong desire to go abroad, he undertook, at the age of nineteen, practically without money, to travel on foot throughout Europe. His newspaper travel letters were so well received that he published a volume of them in 1846 under the title of *Views Afoot*. This book gave him a considerable reputation as a pleasing prose stylist, and he was in consequence employed as a member of the staff of the *New York Tribune*. He later traveled practically all over the eastern world, writing long descriptive letters, many of which he afterward collected into books. The best of his original poetry perhaps is that inspired by the Orient; most of this he gathered together in the volume called *Poems of the Orient* (1854). "The Quaker Widow" has a tenderness and charm all its own which make it particularly appealing. The "Bedouin Song" is worthy of complete quotation as an example of Bayard Taylor's lyric gift at its best.

BEDOUIN SONG

From the Desert I come to thee
 On a stallion shod with fire;
 And the winds are left behind
 In the speed of my desire.
 Under thy window I stand,
 And the midnight hears my cry:
 I love thee, I love but thee,
 With a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
 My passion and my pain;
 I lie on the sands below,
 And I faint in thy disdain.
 Let the night-winds touch thy brow
 With the heat of my burning sigh,
 And melt thee to hear the vow
 Of a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
 By the fever in my breast,
 To hear from thy lattice breathed
 The word that shall give me rest.
 Open the door of thy heart,
 And open thy chamber door,
 And my kisses shall teach thy lips
 The love that shall fade no more
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

His translation of Faust. Taylor was a most industrious writer of books, publishing some thirty-five or more volumes of varied character during his active career as poet, journalist, and professional traveler; but he wrote too much and too fast to meet the severe demands of permanent literature. Perhaps his most signal service to English literature is his well-known metrical translation of the great German masterpiece of the nineteenth century—namely, Goethe's *Faust*. He had been strongly attracted to the German language even from his early youth, and after his travels in Germany, his extensive study of German literature at first hand, and his marriage to Marie Hansen, the daughter of a German astronomer, he undertook, with a high sense of the seriousness and importance of his task, to translate into English the greatest of all German poems. It is generally recognized that Taylor's is the best metrical rendering of *Faust* into English that has yet been made, ranking with Bryant's Homer and Longfellow's Dante.

Summary. No man ever had a higher conception of the poetic art than did Taylor, but he failed to reach his own highest standards, chiefly because he was too prolific and too anxious to give the public what it desired.

Edmund Clarence Stedman. It is difficult to say whether Edmund Clarence Stedman (1833–1908) deserves higher praise as a critic of poetry or as a poet. He had a rather odd career for a literary man of any type. He was dismissed from Yale because of some wild pranks. He then wandered about, becoming in succession the editor of several country newspapers. He traveled around selling clocks, and then became a real estate broker in New York, where he won some notice by his lively poetical contributions to the *New York Tribune*. He acted as a reporter for several New York dailies, went to the front as a war correspondent during the Civil War, obtained a government clerkship in the

department of the Attorney-General at Washington, and finally gave up this position to return to New York. He later secured a seat on the New York Exchange and held it until 1900, at which time he retired from business to devote his last years entirely to literature. He had never during all these years of active business life given up his study of literature nor the production of original poetry. He was a persistent reader of American and Victorian poetry, and his services to literature in his generous appreciation of many younger authors, in his own creative work, and in his efforts in behalf of the cause of international copyright should give him the right to honorable mention in any history of our literature.

Stedman as a poet. Stedman began writing verse while he was in college, winning a prize at Yale with his poem "Westminster Abbey." He wrote many poems on the stirring events of his time, notably his patriotic lyrics on John Brown and on Abraham Lincoln. He boldly included fifteen of his poems in his *American Anthology*, and his collected volume equals in bulk the work of most of the other American poets. Still there are none of his poems that may be classed among the permanent masterpieces of our literature. His "Pan in Wall Street" shows how the appeal of pastoral music came to him in the midst of his business career, but it also indicates that poetry is a jealous and severe mistress, and that no one who allows any large part of his energy to be absorbed in business can hope to rise to a position of great eminence in the arts, no matter how high his aims may be. In general it may be said that there is a growing disposition among readers as well as among critics to neglect Stedman's more ambitious, scholarly poems and find pleasure in his simple lyrics.

Stedman as a critic. Doubtless Stedman will be longer remembered as a critic than as a poet. Among his anthologies and critical productions should be mentioned first of all *A Library of American Literature* (1888), a standard reference work in eleven volumes edited by Stedman in collaboration with Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson; and next to this ambitious anthology should be mentioned *A Victorian Anthology* (1895) and *An American Anthology* (1901), both standard books in their fields; *Victorian Poets* (1875) and *Poets of America* (1885), two of the most dependable, incisive, and stimulating critical works in our literature;

and *The Nature and Elements of Poetry* (1892), a series of lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins University, containing a great deal of informing and suggestive criticism for the student of poetry. Practically all general libraries which make any pretension to completeness possess some or all of these books.

Richard Hovey. Though born in Illinois, Richard Hovey (1864-1900) belongs by training and residence to the East, and since the better part of his work was done after he became a teacher of English literature at Barnard College and Columbia University, we may place him in the New York group. He prepared himself for the ministry, but turned to newspaper work and the stage, and finally to teaching. He was the most aspiring of all our younger poets, though his achievement was cut short by an early death. He attempted to rival the greatest poets both in choice of subjects and in treatment. He wrote Greek odes, Arcadian lyrics, stirring patriotic hymns, and many occasional poems; he dared to add a new canto to Byron's "Don Juan"; he entered Tennyson's field of Arthurian legends and planned a series of nine dramatic poems, which, had he lived to complete them—though they are cast in a different form from Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*—might have challenged comparison with the greater poet's work. Besides three volumes of *Songs from Vagabondia* (1894-1896-1900), written in collaboration with his friend Bliss Carman, the Canadian poet, *Along the Trail: a Book of Lyrics* (1898), and *To the End of the Trail* (1908), Hovey completed four of the nine dramas planned to be included under the general title *Lancelot and Guenevere; a Poem in Dramas*. These were "The Quest of Merlin, a Masque"; "The Marriage of Guenevere, a Tragedy," "The Birth of Galahad, a Romantic Drama"; and "Taleisin, a Masque." A considerable part of the fifth piece, which was to be called "The Graal, a Tragedy," was left in fragmentary form, along with outline sketches and fragments for the four remaining dramas. This sequence, even in its incomplete form, is undoubtedly the most notable piece of work yet done by an American in the field of Arthurian romance. As has been said, Hovey certainly deserves to be placed among "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown." His war poems, written during the Spanish-American War, found a new and interested audience after America became involved in the

great European War. The following passage from "The Call of the Bugles" will illustrate Hovey's enthusiastic patriotism, and at the same time show how well parts of this poem fit recent conditions. It would be difficult, indeed, for a reader to tell that these quoted lines did not have reference to the Great War.

Not against war,
But against wrong
League we in mighty bonds from sea to sea!
Peace, when the world is free!
Peace, when there is no thong,
Fetter, nor bar!
No scourges for men's backs,
No thumbscrews and no racks —
For body or soul!
No unjust law!
No Tyrannous control
Of brawn or maw!
But, though the day be far,
Till then, war!

Blow, bugles!
Over the rumbling drum and marching feet
Sound your high, sweet defiance to the air!
Great is war — great and fair!
The terrors of his face are grand and sweet,
And to the wise, the calm of God is there.
God clothes himself in darkness as in light,
—The God of love, but still the God of might.
Nor love they least
Who strike with right good will
To vanquish ill
And fight God's battle upward from the beast.

There is perhaps a touch of "jingoism" in Hovey's war poetry, but it must be remembered that he was still a young man when he died. If he had lived he would doubtless have moved on into a higher type of philosophic and unselfish patriotism.

Other poets. It will be impossible here to give a full discussion of the remaining New York and Middle States poets, though there are many others that should be mentioned both for the excellency of their technique and in some cases, particularly among the more recent poets, for the freshness and modernity of their lyric notes. Among the best known of these poets of the central section may be named the following: Thomas Buchanan Read (1822-1872), author of "Sheridan's Ride," "The Closing Scene," and

many other longer and shorter poems; Hans Breitman, whose real name was Charles Godfrey Leland (1824-1903), writer of humorous ballads in a sort of broken German-English, or Pennsylvania Dutch, dialect; Richard Henry Stoddard (1825-1903), a prolific but unequal writer of narrative and lyric verse; Alice (1820-1871) and Phoebe Cary (1824-1871), authors of many child lyrics and religious songs, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" being the best known of the younger sister's hymns; Richard Watson Gilder (1844-1909), for many years editor of the *Century Magazine* and author of numerous poems of a deeply religious or spiritual character; George H. Boker (1823-1890), writer of good lyrics and also the author of what has been pronounced the finest acting tragedy produced in America, "Francesca da Rimini"; Emma Lazarus (1849-1887), the widely admired young Jewish poetess; the Reverend Henry van Dyke (1852-), writer of excellent idyllic prose and polished verse; Clinton Scollard (1860-) and Frank Dempster Sherman (1860-), both excellent technicians in their lyric verse; Josephine Preston Peabody (1874-), author of delightful child verses and of a prize drama, "The Piper"; Percy Mackaye (1875-), descended from a family of famous actors in New York City, author of "The Scarecrow" and a dozen or more other successful stage plays, a number of masques and one-act plays, and also some patriotic odes and other literary lyrics of merit; and Witter Bynner (1881-), author of "An Ode to Harvard," "The New World," and "Iphigenia in Tauris."

The song writers. New York and the middle states have furnished a number of our most successful popular song writers. Samuel Woodworth (1785-1842) was born in Massachusetts, but he spent a large part of his life in New York as an editor. He is remembered for the sentimental ballad "The Old Oaken Bucket." John Howard Payne (1791-1852) was born in New York, but he lived a sort of nomadic life as an actor, dramatist, dramatic critic, and foreign consul, sojourning in many cities in many different lands. He is now remembered almost solely for the sincere and pathetic song "Home, Sweet Home," which was inserted as a lyric in "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," a sentimental light opera otherwise of little literary worth. Payne's best drama is his blank-verse tragedy called "Brutus, or The Fall of Tarquin." George Pope Morris (1802-1864)

and Dr. Thomas Dunn English (1819-1902), both of Philadelphia, are remembered respectively for a single successful lyric of a simple and reminiscent or sentimental type, Morris being the author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," and Dr. English of the well-known song "Ben Bolt." Pennsylvania may also lay claim to Stephen C. Foster (1826-1864), since he was born in Pittsburgh, though he lived most of his life in Cincinnati and is frequently thought of as a Middle Westerner. Foster had a fine sense for simple heart melodies, and several of his songs have become fixed in the American popular ear more securely than any other native song except perhaps "Home, Sweet Home." The best known of his songs are "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Folks at Home," or "Way Down upon the Suwanee River."

THE NEW YORK ESSAYISTS AND GENERAL PROSE WRITERS

The more important prose writers. The most important of the New York and Middle Atlantic States prose writers may be grouped in two classes—namely, the essayists and general prose stylists, and the story writers and novelists. Nathaniel Parker Willis, Bayard Taylor, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Henry van Dyke, of all whom wrote good prose, have already been named among the poets. While dozens of additional names might be mentioned, the three writers of general prose that deserve special attention in the Middle States group are George William Curtis, Charles Dudley Warner, and John Burroughs.

George William Curtis. George William Curtis (1824-1892) was born in Rhode Island, but when he was fifteen he was carried to New York by his family and set to work as a clerk in a business establishment. Later he came under the influence of the Transcendental Movement¹ which swept over New England, and for a time he lived at Brook Farm as one of the students or boarders. Then he took up his residence at Concord, in order to be near Emerson and some of the other noted transcendentalists there. After several years of travel abroad, during which period he wrote some good travel sketches, Curtis finally settled down to editorial work in New York City, being engaged principally on the publications issued by Harper and Brothers. His best

¹See p. 92.

prose work is contained in the idyllic *Prue and I* (1856); in the *Potiphar Papers* (1854); in the essays collected from the Editor's Easy Chair, which he conducted for a number of years for *Harper's Magazine*; and in his popular *Orations and Addresses*. He carried his idealistic philosophy into politics and business in such a way as to set a very high standard for his contemporaries and at the same time to give a more than temporary value to his writings. He wrote one novel, *Trumps* (1862), but the delicate and fanciful *Prue and I*, in which the imaginative element of fiction and the intimate personal tone of the familiar essay are mingled, stands out above all Curtis's other productions, and may be classed as one of the distinctive American prose masterpieces of the mid-nineteenth century.

Charles Dudley Warner. Charles Dudley Warner (1829-1900) was born and reared in Massachusetts, but he was educated at Hamilton College, Clinton, New York, and in law at the University of Pennsylvania; and after practicing his profession for a year in Chicago, he settled in New York to engage in editorial and literary work. His principal prose works are *My Summer in a Garden* (1870), a collection of light essays and sketches; *Backlog Studies* (1872), treating largely of outdoor material; several novels, among them *The Gilded Age* (1873), written in collaboration with Mark Twain; and *Being a Boy* (1877), a delightfully reminiscent book of his own boyhood. Warner's chief claim to literary distinction is in his genial humor, kindly sentimentality, and the perfect sincerity and naturalness of style. Many a young reader has learned to appreciate the art of restrained and yet effective prose through such sketches as "How I Killed a Bear" and "Camping Out." Warner is also often referred to as the editor of *The Library of the World's Best Literature* (1897). He edited the American Men of Letters Series and contributed to it an excellent and sympathetic life of Washington Irving.

John Burroughs. Among the recent writers of essays dealing with natural history and outdoor life in a sympathetic and more or less scientific spirit, the most prominent is John Burroughs (1837-). He was born in Roxbury, New York, and except for a few years devoted to business and travel, he has spent his entire life in his rural retreats near New York City, studying outdoor life at first hand. He has published a number of excellent books on nature and some



Courtesy of King-Brown Company

JOHN BURROUGHS AND JOHN MUIR

discriminating critical essays. Among the dozen or more volumes on nature which Burroughs has produced, perhaps the best are *Wake Robin* (1871), *Birds and Poets* (1877), and *Locusts and Wild Honey* (1879). Though not so well known as a writer of literary criticism, Burroughs is in reality one of our best critics. A recent writer has said that Burroughs's essays on literary subjects "may be classed with the sanest and most illuminating critical work in American literature."¹ His essays have been collected in a volume called *Indoor Studies* (1889). Burroughs was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic friends and champions of Walt Whitman, and his *Notes on Walt Whitman, as Poet and Person* and *Walt Whitman, a Study* are important contributions to the large amount of Whitman criticism which has appeared in England and America in recent years.

Other essayists. To this earlier group of general essayists may be added the names of several writers who have gained distinction by a steady adherence to the more distinctly literary type of essays: William Winter (1836-1917), the distinguished dramatic critic, author of *Shakespeare's England* (1888) and *Gray Days and Gold* (1891); Hamilton Wright Mabie (1845-1916), literary editor of *The Outlook* and author of many books, among them *My Study Fire* in three volumes, dated respectively 1890, 1891, 1899; Miss Agnes Repplier (1858-), of Philadelphia, who has published more than a dozen volumes, among them *Books and Men* (1888), *Essays in Idleness* (1893), *Americans and Others* (1912); and Paul Elmer More (1864-), whose *Shelburne Essays* are held by discerning critics to be the most discriminating American critical work of recent years. Mr. More was born in St. Louis and partly educated there, but his best work has been done under the influence of New England and New York environments. To these may be added the names of two of our later presidents—Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919), who was born and reared in New York City, but who spent several years of his life in Montana and the Middle West; and Woodrow Wilson (1856-), who was born in Virginia, but who has lived the greater part of his mature life in New Jersey, where he was for a number of years president of Princeton University and later governor of the state. Roosevelt's best work is to be found in his *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman* (1885), *Ranch*

¹ F. L. Pattee, *A History of American Literature Since 1870*, p. 153.

Life and Hunting Trail (1888), and *The Winning of the West* (1889-1896), all of which reflect his interest in Western life. After he became famous in the Spanish-American War, he published *The Rough Riders* (1899) and *The Strenuous Life* (1900). He also wrote many volumes dealing with his hunting and exploring trips in foreign lands. His last volume, *The Great Adventure* (1918), is perhaps the best of several books of his dealing with the World War. Wilson has published a number of volumes treating mainly political and historical subjects, among them *An Old Master and Other Political Essays* (1893), *Mere Literature and Other Essays* (1893), *A History of the American People* (1907), and *The New Freedom* (1913).

THE NEW YORK NOVELISTS AND STORY WRITERS

The more important writers of fiction. A long chapter might be devoted to the New York and Middle States writers of fiction, but we shall have to limit our brief comment to a very few among the most notable. In *American Literary Readings*, to be studied in conjunction with this, will be found a fuller treatment of Irving and Cooper, the two major writers of fiction in the early New York school. To these we may add from the recent school the names of F. Marion Crawford, who is perhaps the best known of the later New York writers both for the amount and for the literary value of his fiction; and Stephen Crane, who if not in attainment at least in promise should be given a high rank among our later writers of fiction. O. Henry (Sydney Porter), one of the most widely read of the twentieth-century writers, is connected, in his later years at least, with the New York group; but since he began his career in the South, we have preferred to classify him as one of the major writers of that section. To Philadelphia we may assign S. Weir Mitchell and Frank R. Stockton as the most important of the later writers of fiction in that center, and since they antedate Crawford and Crane, we may take them up before we do those two writers.

S. Weir Mitchell. Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell (1829-1914), though born in Virginia, was educated at the University of Pennsylvania and at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, and practically his whole life was spent in the city of his adoption. Not satisfied with winning fame as a physician, he determined to develop his literary gifts also.

He began writing stories just after the Civil War, but it was not until he published *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker* in 1897 that he attained a national popularity. The scene of this story was laid in Philadelphia during the "days that tried men's souls," and it is now generally recognized as one of the very best of American historical novels. Other novels by Dr. Mitchell worthy of special mention are *The Adventures of François* (1898), *Dr. North and his Friends* (1900), *Circumstance* (1901), *Constance Trescot* (1905), and *The Red City* (1907).

Frank R. Stockton. Frank Richard Stockton (1834-1902) was born and educated in Philadelphia and is usually associated with that city, though much of his literary work was done in connection with editorial positions which he held in New York City. The story that brought him fame, "The Lady, or the Tiger?" was first published in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1882, and has since been reprinted many times as the standard of the type of short story distinguished by peculiarity of situation and doubtful outcome. Stockton was possessed of a whimsical or quizzical turn of mind, and he seemed to take delight in creating odd and striking situations and in making humorous and tantalizing conclusions. He is always entertaining, but there is no great constructive power and no profound and searching character analysis in his works. *Rudder Grange* (1879) and *The Late Mrs. Null* (1886) are perhaps his best longer stories. His fame will doubtless rest upon his ingenious short stories depicting ludicrous and yet more or less convincing situations, such as may be found in "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Negative Gravity," "The Transferred Ghost," and "My Wife's Deceased Sister."

F. Marion Crawford. Francis Marion Crawford (1854-1909), though descended from a distinguished American family, was born in Italy and really spent most of his life abroad. He was educated partly in New England and partly in English and German universities; and he began his literary career at Harvard University. He was, however, associated with New York life more intimately in his later literary career than with any other part of America, writing several novels depicting society life in the American metropolis and himself living mostly in New York whenever he visited this country. Hence, though he is quite as much a cosmopolitan as an American writer, we may place Crawford

among the New York novelists. He wrote an enormous number of entertaining volumes of fiction, publishing forty-five novels in all, and as many as five in one year, during his active literary career of twenty-seven years. His first book was *Mr. Isaacs* (1882), a story dealing with life in India, but it is generally conceded that his best stories are those which deal with Italian life and scene. The four novels with Italian coloring, *Saracinesca* (1887), *Sant' Ilario* (1889), *Don Orsino* (1892), and *Corleone, a Sicilian Story* (1897), a continuous sequence, rank among the most delightfully entertaining novels written during the late nineteenth century. Many other of Crawford's novels are equally popular, however, such stories as *Dr. Claudius* (1883), *A Roman Singer* (1884), *Greifenstein* (1889), and *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance* (1890) having one after the other attracted and held thousands of readers. Crawford was a true cosmopolite. He knew the life of many lands; he has portrayed scenes and characters in Italy, Germany, England, Turkey, India, ancient Persia and Arabia, and America, all with convincing and entertaining skill. *The Three Fates* (1892) is perhaps the best of his stories dealing with New York society life, though *Katharine Lauderdale* (1894) and its sequel, *The Ralstons* (1894), also give entertaining portraits of this same society. So wide is his range, so versatile his story-telling gift, and so adept his literary skill that he will probably long remain one of our most popular novelists.

Stephen Crane. Stephen Crane (1870-1900), the youngest of the late nineteenth-century New York group of novelists, was born in New Jersey and educated at Lafayette College and Syracuse University, entered journalism as a war correspondent of the *New York Journal* during the Spanish-American War, and rose rapidly to distinction in his profession. He wrote stories dealing with slum life in New York (*Bowery Tales*), and with child life (*Whilomville Stories*), and with New York society (*The Third Violet*), but his one notable production is *The Red Badge of Courage* (1895), a remarkable story centered around the battle of Chancellorsville in the Civil War. It is really astonishing how thirty years after the war a young man of twenty-five could have conjured up such realistic battle scenes as are contained in this book. When it first appeared critics were inclined to doubt whether he could have written it.

Minor fiction writers. Among the great number of novelists and short-story writers of the Middle Atlantic States group we may name the following with a typical work or works by each: Edward Payson Roe (1838-1888), *Barriers Burned Away* (1872), *The Opening of a Chestnut Burr* (1874); Edward Noyes Westcott (1847-1898), *David Harum* (1898); Henry van Dyke (1852-), *Little Rivers* (1895) and *Fisherman's Luck* (1899), two outdoor studies, and numerous short stories, among them "The Story of the Other Wise Man," perhaps the most beautiful Christmas story written in America; Henry Cuyler Bunner (1855-1896), *Short Sixes* (1891); Harold Frederic (1856-1898), *The Copperhead*, and *Other Stories of the North* (1893), and *The Damnation of Theron Ware* (1896); Kate Douglas Wiggin (1857-), *The Story of Patsy* (1889), *Timothy's Quest* (1890), *Penelope's Progress* (1898), *The Bird's Christmas Carol* (1888), *Rebecca* (1903), and *New Chronicles of Rebecca* (1907); Irving Bacheller (1859-), *Eben Holden* (1900), *Dri and I* (1900); Owen Wister (1860-), *The Virginian* (1900); Edith Wharton (1862-), *The House of Mirth* (1905), *The Fruit of the Tree* (1907); Richard Harding Davis (1864-1916), *Gallagher and Other Stories* (1891), *Van Bibber and Others* (1892); Paul Leicester Ford (1865-1902), *The Honorable Peter Stirling* (1894), *Janice Meredith, a Story of the American Revolution* (1894).

2. THE NEW ENGLAND GROUP

The major writers: Boston the center. The New England group of mid-nineteenth-century writers easily takes the place of first importance among all the groups or schools of writers in the history of our literature. It is perhaps true that Irving and Cooper and Walt Whitman of the New York group, Poe of the Southern group, and Mark Twain of the Western group may have attracted more attention abroad than any one of the New England writers during the nineteenth century; but when we estimate American literature as a whole, we are inevitably led to the conclusion that the productions of EMERSON, HAWTHORNE, LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, HOLMES, LOWELL, and THOREAU,¹ to say nothing of the work of a large number of minor authors to be classed

¹ See biographical sections on these writers in *American Literary Readings*, pp. 101, 143, 184, 266, 301, 344, and 325.

with them, make up the great body of our permanent nineteenth-century literature. Early in the second quarter of the century the literary center shifted from New York to Massachusetts, and for fifty or more years the New England school dominated the intellectual and cultural life of America. Boston with its environs was the center of our intellectual and literary life during these years; Cambridge, a suburb of Boston, was the site of Harvard, the oldest and most influential of American universities; and here lived Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes, and many others of distinction. Concord, the historic village less than twenty miles away, was the home at one time or another of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, the Channings, the Alcotts, and others of literary fame.

Three important movements: The New England Renaissance. Three well-defined and far-reaching intellectual movements took rise in New England during the second and third quarters of the century: first, the revolt against the Calvinistic theology of the Puritans, a movement which resulted in Unitarianism; second, the idealistic philosophy introduced from Europe and known in America as Transcendentalism; and third, the anti-slavery or abolition movement in politics, a movement which eventually divided the nation into two intensely antagonistic factions and led more or less directly to the Civil War. The whole intellectual movement in New England has been happily called "the New England Renaissance."¹ Before taking up a survey of the writers of this section, we may well attempt to explain briefly these three movements and thus present the general nature of the revival which came to dominate the thought of New England and of the whole nation, in fact, during this period.

THE RISE OF UNITARIANISM

The spirit of liberty. We have previously discussed the general characteristics of the thought and temper of the Puritan settlers of New England.² We come now to observe how the same spirit that led the Pilgrim Fathers to leave England in search of religious freedom animated the later New England thinkers in their gradual revolt against the narrowness and personal restraints inspired by the austere and repressive attitude toward life which characterized the

¹ By Professor Barrett Wendell in his *A Literary History of America*.

² See p. 14.



THE POET'S CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Puritan régime in America. The first form in which this revolt expressed itself was within the church. The spirit of the Revolution, which, as we have seen, eventually overthrew English political sovereignty, manifested itself also in the quiet revolution which took place in religious thought — namely, the dethronement of Calvinism and the gradual acceptance of Unitarianism in its stead.

Fundamental teachings of Unitarianism. Harvard College was in its early history the intellectual stronghold of Calvinistic theology, but during the eighteenth century Harvard gradually became more and more independent of this influence, while Yale College in Connecticut became the center of religious conservatism and orthodoxy. The history of the change at Harvard is significant. In 1805 Reverend Henry Ware, a Unitarian minister, was elected, over the protests of the orthodox Calvinistic party, to be professor of divinity at Harvard. The Unitarians hold that there is one God and that he made man in his own image; they deny that Jesus is the equal of God, accepting him, however, as the perfect man, or at least the perfect representative of what man may become. They profess to find in man's own nature certain tendencies toward the divine, and hence they declare that there is no need for a Redeemer and consequently no need for a Comforter, or Holy Spirit, to represent this Redeemer. The doctrine of the Trinity is thus gradually dethroned, and the doctrine of the one God, which is the fundamental idea of Unitarianism, as is indicated in the name itself, is accepted in its stead.

Channing's leadership. William Ellery Channing (1780–1842) was the chief spokesman of the new theology now rising into prominence in New England. He became the minister of the Federal Street Church in Boston in 1803 and remained its pastor for thirty-seven years. In 1819 he preached his famous sermon on Unitarian Christianity, in which he declared for intellectual freedom in religious matters, and particularly in the interpretation of the Scriptures, basing his argument on the text, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." He held that the Scriptures must be interpreted by man in the light of reason rather than blindly accepted as a matter of faith or mere traditional doctrine. He laid the foundation of virtue in the moral nature of man and held up the conscience as the supreme guide of conduct.

This spirit of liberalism in religious matters was in effect a reaction against the restraints set up by the strict Calvinistic tenets of the Puritans. One of the final reforms instituted in the new form of worship was the abandonment of the use of the sacrament of the Lord's supper. It will be remembered that Emerson, who was the minister of the old Second Church at Boston, retired from the pastorate because he had come to have conscientious scruples in regard to administering the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

Influence on the New England writers. Although the sect was at no period strong numerically, Unitarianism became the religious belief of the most distinguished element in New England during the first two decades of the nineteenth century, and held sway until well past the middle of the century, when its influence began to decline. It exerted a powerful force upon the literary products of this period, all of the New England writers having either accepted it as their faith or come strongly under its influence. In any interpretation of American literature in the nineteenth century, the remarkable change from the early strict Puritanism or Calvinistic theology to the liberalism of the Unitarian movement cannot be ignored. Unitarianism was more or less intimately connected with Transcendentalism, and also with the rise of the doctrine of the abolition of slavery, and hence it must be constantly kept in mind in interpreting these later phases of the intellectual awakening in New England.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL MOVEMENT

The origin and the meaning of Transcendentalism. There arose in middle Europe during the latter part of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries an idealistic type of philosophy which materially affected the literature of the time. The literary activity resulting partly from this idealistic philosophy and partly from other causes became known as the Romantic Movement. Its principal exponents in England were De Quincey, Coleridge, and Carlyle in prose, and Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats in poetry. Naturally the new impulse found followers in America, and what is known as the Transcendental Movement came into prominence, particularly in the work of Emerson, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller



THE MINUTE MAN, CONCORD

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world."

(Marquise d'Ossoli), and Bronson Alcott. It is difficult to define Transcendentalism, but in general it may be said to be the recognition of the supremacy of idealism in philosophy, literature, and conduct of life. It is, in fact, an exaltation of the ideal or spiritual over the real or material. Transcendentalism insists that certain of our more important general concepts arise through intuition and not through experience, and that these intuitional concepts transcend or take precedence over all concepts acquired through experience; that the spirit or soul is infinitely superior to material things; in other words that the ideal *transcends* the material. Hence not material things but our ideas of material things are the more important; in fact, the only real existence is the spiritual or ideal which lies back of every material object. The transcendentalists depended, then, not solely upon the revelation of God's will toward man as found in the Bible, nor upon the result of man's experience; but upon certain innate, that is inborn, instincts or concepts in man's nature or soul and the interpretation of these by the individual conscience. They believed that the soul of man was of the same essence as the divine soul, and hence that man's own nature was the source of his spiritual concepts. For example, they held that man realizes the difference between right and wrong by intuition or instinctive revelation in his own nature, rather than by revelation through experience or even through God's divine word. Emerson expressed the central idea of his philosophy in the little book called *Nature*, in which he drew the distinction between nature or the material world and the soul or the world of spirit, and in many of his most popular essays, such as "The Oversoul," "Self Reliance," "Experience," "Compensation."

The Dial. A good deal of vagueness naturally attends this idealistic philosophy, and it was necessary for the proponents of these vague and abstruse doctrines to have some medium in which to express their thought and bring it before the public for fuller acceptance and discussion. In 1840 *The Dial* was established, with a remarkable woman, Margaret Fuller—she later married an Italian nobleman named Ossoli—as editor. This quarterly journal continued for four years, part of the time under Emerson's direction. It is now highly prized as the chief repository of much of the contemporary expression of the transcendental notions then

in vogue. In fact, it was the journal that aided most in crystallizing and unifying the vague tendencies of the transcendental thinkers. Some of the extremists, such as Bronson Alcott, for example, became so intense and mystical and super-subtle in their expression of transcendental notions and so incredibly impractical in their mode of life as to attract the ridicule of the general public, and thus the saner work of Emerson with his pure white light of spirituality in his interpretation of life and of Thoreau with his minute interpretation of nature in her varying moods was somewhat discounted.

The Brook Farm experiment. In addition to *The Dial* another peculiar experiment helped to bring the ideals of the transcendentalists into public notice. This was the establishment in 1841 of a sort of idealistic community at West Roxbury, near Boston, known as Brook Farm. It was intended to afford a school for the training of bright young minds in the new transcendental philosophy, and at the same time to provide a retreat for adults who wished to live the ideal communistic life. The members of the community were to have equal privileges, and each one was expected to do his share of physical labor and also to join in the intellectual and literary activities of the group. It will be remembered that Hawthorne invested one thousand dollars of his savings in the project at its beginning, spent several months in residence at the farm, and later based one of his novels, *The Blithedale Romance*, on his experiences here. The phalanstery, or common home for all the members, was built later, and a number of men and women and younger students took up their residence here for longer or shorter periods. The experiment attracted widespread attention throughout New England and even in certain parts of the Old World. Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and many other prominent persons made occasional visits of several days' length to the community. From a practical point of view the experiment proved a complete failure, for the resident members knew too little about agriculture to make anything from the land, and the income from the school was insufficient to pay running expenses. When the main building burned in 1847, the community was broken up and the experiment abandoned. Little of purely literary value resulted directly from the Brook Farm experiment, but the influence of this effort to put the idealistic theories of the

transcendentalists into practical living must be taken into account in estimating the literary output of New England during this period.

THE RISE OF THE DOCTRINE OF ABOLITION

Introductory statement. The growth of the demand for the abolition of negro slavery in America is intimately interwoven with the rise of Unitarian theology and transcendental philosophy in New England. Abolition became later a political and social question, but in its beginning it was an offshoot of the new spirit for emancipation of mind and soul as announced in the religious and philosophic reforms just mentioned. Since the question finally became one of practical politics, its progress is usually more or less fully treated in school histories of the United States, and hence here we need only glance at its literary aspects.

Literary products: Pamphleteers and orators. Naturally a question of public policy like the abolition of slavery would call forth two distinct schools of orators and political writers, and naturally the North, animated by the influences for personal and intellectual liberty emanating from the two religious and intellectual movements just described, would stand for the complete emancipation of the negro slaves; naturally, too, the South, where slavery had proved to be most successful in the agricultural pursuits of that section, would favor the continuance of the institution of slavery. In New England, particularly, the aid of pure literature was also called in, and we have a great mass of anti-slavery poems, such as those of Whittier, Lowell, and Longfellow among the greater poets; and purpose novels, such as Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But the bulk of the literature connected with the movement for abolition consisted of patriotic orations and argumentative speeches, essays and polemical tracts, and the like. Whittier, Lowell, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, and many others contributed to the leading abolition journals, such as *The Liberator*, founded by Garrison in Boston in 1831, and *The Pennsylvania Freeman*, edited for a number of years by Whittier. The literary value of this controversial writing and this partisan oratory, as we have already shown in our discussion of the Revolutionary literature, is slight and transitory. We cannot pass over

this material, however, without mentioning the names of such orators as Daniel Webster (1782-1852), Edward Everett (1794-1865), Wendell Phillips (1811-1886), Theodore Parker (1810-1860), and Charles Sumner (1811-1874). The orations of some of these have reached a wider fame because of their more general patriotic or literary nature, such as Webster's great address at the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill monument, known as "The First Bunker Hill Oration," his speech on the American Constitution, usually called "Webster's Reply to Hayne," delivered in the "Great Debate" in Congress in 1830, and Everett's oft-repeated speech on "George Washington." Interesting also from the point of view of literary history is Everett's stimulating and suggestive "The Progress of Literature in America."

THE NEW ENGLAND HISTORIANS AND ESSAYISTS

The chief historians. The nineteenth-century New England historians who have achieved literary as well as scholarly success in their several fields are George Ticknor, William H. Prescott, John Lothrop Motley, George Bancroft, Francis Parkman, and John Fiske.

George Ticknor. George Ticknor (1791-1871), born at Boston and educated at Dartmouth, was one of the first of the American scholars to seek training abroad. He studied in Europe for four years, principally at Göttingen, Germany. He returned to America in 1815 to become Smith professor of modern languages at Harvard, a position which he held until 1834, when he was succeeded by Henry W. Longfellow. Ticknor deserves to be remembered not only as a productive historian and critical writer, but also as one of our first scholars to adopt advanced European methods of research. He did not begin to publish until several years after his retirement from active teaching, but the long period of preparation and the patient method of his composition are justified in the permanent character of his works. His *History of Spanish Literature* (1849) is one of the first great landmarks in American scholarly achievement. Besides this standard literary history, his *Life of William Hickling Prescott* (1864) and his own *Life, Letters, and Journals* (1876) are two additional productions of prime interest to the student of this period of American literature and history.

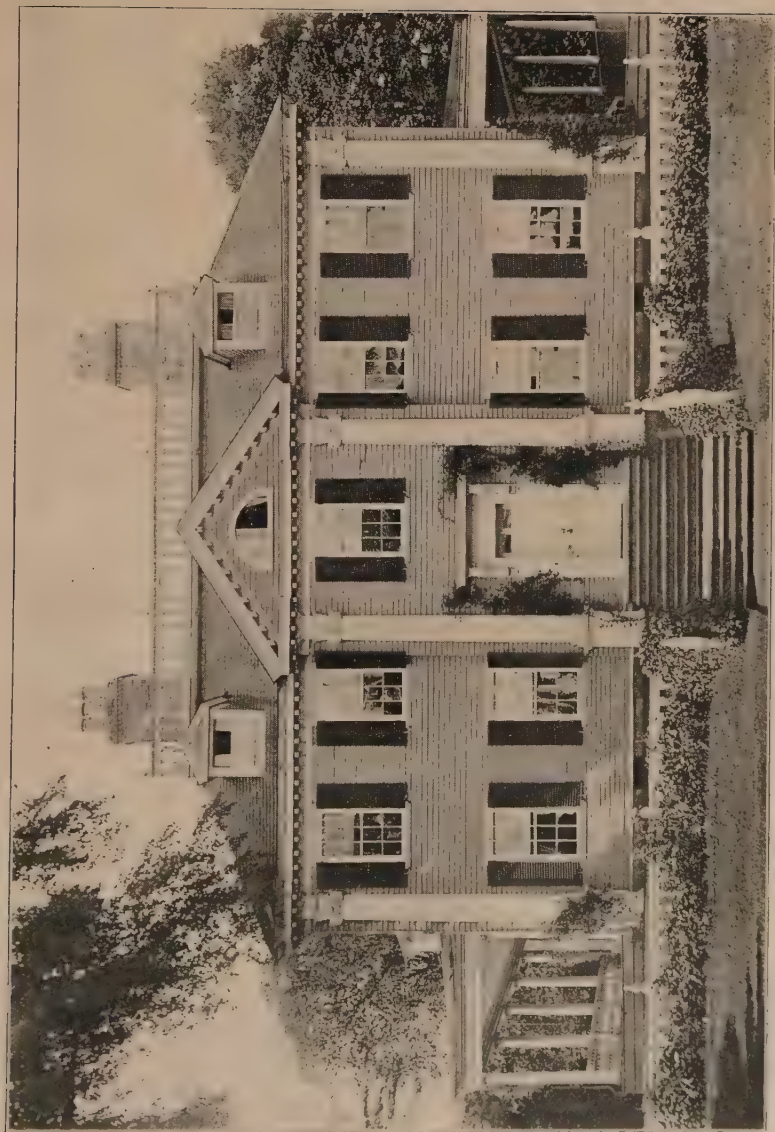
William H. Prescott. William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859) is one of the most fascinating of the New England historians. He had the misfortune to lose one of his eyes through an accident, and the sight of his other eye was almost entirely lost through sympathetic infection; but his determination to make a historian of himself was not to be broken by this handicap. He employed readers and continued to collect notes in his own particular field of research. His first work was in Spanish history, *The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella* (1837). He followed up this successful venture by his delightful *History of the Conquest of Mexico* (1844) and *The Conquest of Peru* (1847), two books that read like romance, and finally by an incomplete *History of the Reign of Philip the Second* (1855). The truth is that there is a good deal of highly romantic material in these histories, particularly in *The Conquest of Mexico* and *The Conquest of Peru*, for Prescott depended implicitly on the exaggerated and laudatory accounts of the Spanish conquerors of these countries; and besides, he was himself an adherent of the romantic rather than the strictly scientific school of historians. Hence, while his books are still delightful reading, Prescott's history is subject to correction by modern research. His imagination, his wonderfully vivid descriptions, and his attractive literary style are not to be discounted, however, and these characteristics, together with the inherently interesting and romantic nature of his material, have kept his books alive.

John Lothrop Motley. A more dependable recorder of facts and a profounder interpreter of the underlying philosophy of history was John Lothrop Motley (1814-1877). After studying in Göttingen, Germany, he returned to America to devote himself to writing history. His early efforts met with little encouragement, but he persisted until he won a well-deserved fame. He devoted ten full years of his life, partly in America and partly in Holland, to the study of Dutch history before he published his great work called *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* (1856). He continued his researches in this field, and in 1860 he duplicated the success of his first work by publishing the first two volumes of his *History of the United Netherlands*. It was eight years before the last two volumes were ready to be added to this monumental work. A few years later he completed his last contribution to Dutch history, *The Life and Death of*

John of Barneveld (1874). In Europe as well as in America Motley's histories are still recognized to be of the first class both for careful research and judicious analysis of causes and effects in history and for the brilliance and power of his style, and some critics go so far as to say that no finer examples of historical writing are to be found in any language. While the subject-matter of his histories is foreign to our own country, Motley's enthusiasm for democratic ideals and his zeal for human liberty and the heroic sacrifices men have made for it make his work thoroughly American in spirit.

George Bancroft and John Fiske. George Bancroft (1800-1891) and John Fiske (1842-1901) devoted themselves almost entirely to American history. Bancroft gave the best efforts of his life to his *History of the United States* (1834-1882), published in six volumes. This work is recognized both for its scholarly accuracy and for its simple and effective style. Fiske, though a younger writer than the other members of the school, holds a secure place as a scholarly historian and as an expository philosopher. His chief merit lies in his ability to present in clear and convincing style the complex problems of history and philosophy without unduly antagonizing the preconceived notions of his readers. His best works are *The Discovery of America*, *The Beginnings of New England*, *The American Revolution*, *The Idea of God*, and *Essays Historical and Literary*.

Francis Parkman. For younger readers the historical works of Francis Parkman (1823-1893) take precedence in interest over all others in this class of writing. His long series of volumes covering the struggle between the English and French colonists in North America and his entrancing first volume, detailing an adventurous trip made into the Western wilderness in 1846, make up the most fascinating and trustworthy historical narratives that have so far appeared in America. *The California and Oregon Trails* (1847-49), Parkman's first volume, is a good one for the young reader to begin with. It is as thrilling as an imaginative story of adventure, and yet it is all true to fact, being based on historical records and the actual personal experiences of the adventurous young historian. After the exposure incident to the collection of the material for his first volume, Parkman's health failed, and he suffered an affliction of the eyes which left him, like Prescott, almost



CRAIGIE HOUSE, LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE

blind. With a courage and fortitude born of genius, he overcame all obstacles and continued to gather material for his series of volumes dealing with the history of the colonial period and Indian life. He had already prepared the manuscript for the first of these volumes, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (1851), when another affliction left him lame for life. After an interval of fourteen years there began to appear in due succession seven other volumes dealing with the same general theme, "France and England in North America." Perhaps after the two books already mentioned, *Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884) and *A Half Century of Conflict* (1892) are the most entertaining of Parkman's output.

Summary. Looking back in a brief survey of this distinguished group of New England historians, we may conclude that Motley and Parkman are the greatest from the point of view of literary grace and power; that Prescott is the most romantic, and for that reason perhaps the most entertaining for the average reader; and that Bancroft and Fiske are the most scientific. For the young reader Parkman is far and away the most desirable one to begin with in the effort to cultivate a taste for historical reading.

Two later New England essayists. Among the skillful recent writers of prose in New England two seem to have emerged above the mass because of the peculiarly original and individual note in their productions—namely, Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers (1857–) and Gerald Stanley Lee (1862–). Dr. Crothers was born in Illinois, but he was educated in the East and became thoroughly inoculated with the New England spirit. After graduation at the Harvard Divinity School he spent about five years as a Presbyterian minister in the far West, and then became a Unitarian preacher and returned to New England to occupy several pulpits, the last and most important one being at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Rather late in life he began contributing essays to *The Atlantic Monthly*, and from time to time he has collected these into books, such as *The Gentle Reader* (1903), *The Pardoner's Wallet* (1905), *By the Christmas Fire* (1908), *Humanly Speaking* (1912). With his refinement of feeling, his charm of style, his gentle culture, and quiet yet pervasive humor, Dr. Crothers has endeared himself to a host of readers. One critic asserts that no essays since the days of the "Autocrat" have pleased the American public more

than have these essays by Dr. Crothers. Entirely different in style and general subject-matter is the work of Gerald Stanley Lee, another New England minister. He was born in Massachusetts and educated at Yale Divinity School, becoming a Congregational minister in 1888. Since 1898 he has been a lecturer and general writer on the arts in modern times. He is possessed of a vigorous, trenchant style, and at times he is emphatically modern in his diction. He has original ideas, also, and he rarely fails to attract and hold the attention of his readers. He is a milder, saner sort of twentieth-century Carlyle, interpreting human nature in new terms for the new age. His best works are *The Child and the Book, a Constructive Criticism of Education* (1902); *The Lost Art of Reading* (1902); *The Voice of the Machines, an Introduction to the Twentieth Century* (1906); *Crowds, a Moving Picture of Democracy* (1913); and *We, a Confession of Faith for Americans during and after the War* (1916).

THE NEW ENGLAND POETS

Introductory statement. The New England poets outside of the major group, including EMERSON, LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, HOLMES, and LOWELL,¹ are not of very great importance. One of them, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, however, approaches very nearly to the rank of the major group and deserves special mention here. After recording a few of the minor New England poets, we must make some brief mention of the so-called "New Poetry," which has taken its rise chiefly in New England and in the Middle West during the first two decades of the twentieth century.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1907) belongs with Edmund Clarence Stedman and Bayard Taylor in the group of literary men who deserve high commendation for their accomplishment in several spheres of literary activity, but who perhaps fall just a little short of that final attainment which would place them in the first rank. Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and though he lived for short periods in New Orleans and New York, he spent the happiest days of his boyhood in the New England town, as *The Story of a Bad Boy*, an autobiographical reminiscence, amply proves. He engaged in business in New York, but in 1855, upon the publication of "The

¹ See *American Literary Readings*, pp. 101, 184, 266, 301, 344.

Ballad of Baby Bell" and other poems which gained some popular success, he entered upon a literary career. He was connected with several New York papers, and published a number of volumes of prose and verse; but he seems to have failed to attract any large following. Just after the Civil War he removed to Boston to engage in editorial work, and here he made his home until his death in 1907. Between 1881 and 1890 he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a position which is usually recognized as the very highest attainable among literary journalists. Here he was associated with practically all of the chief New England writers, and he aspired in his own creative work to be ranked with the greatest. His early poetry was touched with a sort of extreme sentimentalism, "Baby Bell," the tearful ballad which first brought him popular applause, being typical. A strong inclination for the purely sensuous and beautiful no doubt led him into some early extravagances, but these he afterward carefully pruned away, so that his later work shows a marked restraint and refinement. He confesses that at one time he was entranced by mere external beauty of form and rhythm, but that in his maturer attitude toward his art he cared more for the grace and beauty that dwell with unadorned truth. There seems to be little question, however, but that Aldrich's work as a whole is overdone in its refinement, finish, and classic polish. Out of the many volumes of poetry and prose which he published, there must be selected a representative volume of his best songs and sonnets as his permanent contribution to our poetry. His two notable successes in prose, *The Story of a Bad Boy* and *Marjorie Daw*, both delightful narratives, will doubtless continue to hold a high place among the best American stories.

J. G. Holland. Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819-1881) belongs to the older school of New England poets, though he was born as late as 1819, the year in which Lowell was born. He wrote books of many kinds and was a successful lyceum lecturer. His long narrative poems, *Bitter-Sweet* (1858) and *Katrina* (1867), reached a circulation of more than a hundred thousand copies each, and it may be said that they deserve the broad popular approval which they attained. Some passages from his longer poems have become popular through frequent quotation, as, for example, the cradle song from *Bitter-Sweet*, which begins as follows:

What is the little one thinking about?
 Very wonderful things, no doubt!
 Unwritten history!
 Unfathomed mystery!
 Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
 And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
 As if his head were as full of kinks
 And curious riddles as any sphinx!
 Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
 Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
 Our little nephew will lose two years;
 And he'll never know
 Where the summers go:
 He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

and many of his shorter poems have secured a similar place of fixed popularity in the general mind of our citizenship, such, for example, as the following poem in irregular sonnet form:

WANTED

God give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor,—men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue,
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty, and in private thinking:
 For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
 Their large professions and their little deeds,—
 Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

After he was fifty Dr. Holland became editor of *Scribner's Monthly* and lived in New York, but his most significant work, that for which he is really remembered, was produced in New England.

Some minor poets. Among the minor poets of the New England states, mention should be made of Samuel Francis Smith (1808-1895), of Boston, a Baptist minister who wrote several familiar hymns but whose greatest success was his song which has become the best known of our patriotic hymns—namely, "America";¹ Jones Very (1813-1880),

¹S. F. Smith was a member of the famous Harvard class of 1829, and is referred to as follows by Oliver Wendell Holmes in the poem, "The Boys," read at the reunion of the class on its thirtieth anniversary:

a native of Salem, graduate of Harvard, member of the transcendental group, and author of a large number of graceful short poems and sonnets; John Godfrey Saxe (1816-1887), of Vermont, a clever writer of humorous verse; Thomas William Parsons (1819-1892), of Massachusetts, author of an excellent translation of Dante's *Inferno* and a number of other poetical works of a distinctly high quality; and George Edward Woodberry (1855-), of Massachusetts, for a number of years connected with Columbia University in New York as professor of comparative literature, equally famous as a critic and general essayist and as a poet, particularly as a poet of broad patriotism and philosophic insight into life.

Women poets. New England has been particularly productive of women poets of merit. Foremost among these should be named Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910), who was engaged in the abolition and other reform movements and wrote several plays, much general prose, and many poems. Her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," written early in the Civil War under the stress of intense emotion, patriotic fervor, and religious ecstasy, is the only production of Mrs. Howe's which has survived in popular favor. Other women poets are Lucy Larcom (1826-1893), a cotton-mill worker of Lowell, Massachusetts, who wrote many pleasing but light and sometimes over-sentimental poems for children; Emily Dickinson (1830-1886), a recluse of Amherst, Massachusetts, author of a number of very short, terse, and strikingly original lyrics; and Celia Thaxter (1836-1894), the daughter of a lighthouse keeper and author of highly colored but vivid prose in her volume called *Among the Isles of Shoals*, and of several well-nigh flawless sea poems, such as "The Sandpiper." Celia Thaxter's lyrics are especially suitable for young readers, and they have been frequently included in juvenile reading books.

THE NEW POETRY IN NEW ENGLAND

Edwin Arlington Robinson. Among the score or more of the recent New England poets, Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869-), Robert Frost, and Amy Lowell may be singled

• And here's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
 Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
 But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
 Just read on his medal, "My country of thee!"

out for special consideration. Mr. Robinson was born in Maine and educated at Harvard, though on account of the decline of his father's health he left college before he graduated. His first volume of poetry was called *The Children of the Night* (1897), a rather gloomy book, though full of promise. It contains some short character sketches in a somewhat cynical mood, suggestive of the later work of Edgar Lee Masters in this kind. Then he went to New York to try to make his way by writing. In 1902 he published a volume called *Captain Craig*, containing several long poems in blank verse and a sheaf of lyrics and sonnets and adaptations from the Greek. His third volume, *The Town Down the River*, made up chiefly of character studies, appeared in 1910, and his fourth, *The Man against the Sky*, in 1916. It will be seen that Mr. Robinson has published rather slowly, but he has shown a steady growth in his art, and in this last volume he has reached a decidedly high level of poetic power. Particularly in the poem "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford" has he succeeded in presenting a distinctly vigorous portrait of two notable characters in English literature—namely, Ben Jonson and William Shakespeare. The title poem, too, "The Man against the Sky," and the character sketch "Flammonde" are excellent poems. Says Miss Lowell, "Mr. Robinson deals with something which may fitly be called raw human nature, but human nature simple, direct, and as it is. Those last three words contain the gist of the whole matter. In them lies Mr. Robinson's gift to the 'New Poetry'; simple, direct, and as it is."¹

Robert Frost. Robert Frost (1875-), though born in California, was educated in New England and finally married and settled down as a farmer poet in New Hampshire; recently he has been called from his retirement to be professor of literature at Amherst College in Massachusetts. He has studied very closely the strange psychology and habits of the surviving types of the earlier New England rural population. In reading his two volumes, *North of Boston* (1914) and *Mountain Intervals* (1916), one is at first in doubt whether to consider the strange material as prose or poetry, for the author avoids sedulously all of the ordinary poetic diction and ornamentation, and his style is almost painfully bald and austere in the presentation of the simple New

¹*Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, p. 52.



AMY LOWELL

Hampshire rural life. But over all the crudeness and commonplace incidents which he chooses to write about, Mr. Frost manages to cast the soft light of genuine poetry. He merely portrays the ordinary daily tasks, such as the mending of a broken wall, harvesting the apples, or picking the blueberries, presenting them from the farmer's simple, human point of view; and under the realism of his homely style these incidents take on a genuine poetic coloring and prove to be worthy subjects for poetic treatment. It is the humanness of Frost more than any other quality which gives to his poetry its appeal.

Amy Lowell. Miss Lowell (1874-) is a member of the famous Abbott Lowell family. One of her brothers, A. L. Lowell, is the president of Harvard University; another brother, Percival Lowell, was the noted astronomer, and Miss Lowell herself is the best known of the modern school of imagists and free-verse poets. In her volumes *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass* (1912), *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed* (1914), and *Men, Women, and Ghosts* (1917), Miss Lowell has made her most distinctive contribution to the new school of free-verse known popularly as the school of imagists.

Many of the new poets have discarded the regular stereotyped forms of rhythm and rime, and adopted a sort of irregular phrasal rhythm, by which they claim to gain more freedom in unifying the image and more latitude in the choice of the exact word which will convey the poetic thought, mood, or symbol as conceived by the imagination. The influence of the imagists of the Far East, particularly the poets of Japan and China, is also acknowledged, and it is evident that Walt Whitman's free-rhythm verse has had considerable weight with the new poets in suggesting the invention of novel verse forms for their poems. In preparing their first anthology, *Some Imagist Poets*¹ (1915), they laid down the following principles:

1. To use the language of common speech, but to employ always the *exact* word, not the nearly-exact, nor the merely decorative word.
2. To create new rhythms—as the expression of new moods—and not to copy old rhythms, which merely echo old moods. We do not

¹Quoted from Miss Lowell's *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*. The English members of the imagist group represented in *Some Imagist Poets*, published successively in 1914, 1915, and 1916, are Richard Aldington, F. S. Flint, and D. H. Lawrence; and the American representatives are Amy Lowell, "H. D.," and John Gould Fletcher.

insist upon "free-verse" as the only method of writing poetry. We fight for it as for a principle of liberty. We believe that the individuality of a poet may often be better expressed in free-verse than in conventional forms. In poetry a new cadence means a new idea.

3. To allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject.
4. To present an image (hence the name: "Imagist").
5. To produce poetry that is hard and clear, never blurred nor indefinite.
6. Finally, most of us believe that concentration is of the very essence of poetry.

It will be observed that there is nothing very new in these principles. The essentials of the new poetry may be said to have been laid down by Poe in his essay on "The Poetic Principle." He argued for originality of expression, for the creation of new rhythms to express new moods, and for concentration or brevity of poetic expression; and all poets strive for the exact word, for vivid images, and for clear and distinct, if not "hard," effects in their verse. Whatever the worth or the final effects of this new type of verse may be, we must admit that the imagists have at least helped to bring about a marked revival of interest in poetry during the past decade, and we may confidently hope that out of this revival of interest there will eventually emerge some products of permanent value. The following poem by Miss Lowell will illustrate the imagists' art in its simpler forms.

THE GIFT

See! I give myself to you, Beloved!
 My words are little jars
 For you to take up and put on a shelf.
 Their shapes are quaint and beautiful,
 And they have many pleasant colors and lustres
 To recommend them,
 Also the scent from them fills the room
 With sweetness of flowers and crushed grasses.

When I shall have given you the last one
 You will have the whole of me,
 But I shall be dead.

Miss Lowell has also written a good deal of criticism on the new poetry, as in her recent volume, *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry* (1917), and she is generally acknowledged to be the leader of the school of imagists both in England and in America. Two other American poets are distinctly identified with this school—namely, "H. D." (1886-), Miss



THE OLD MANSE. CONCORD

Hilda Doolittle, of Philadelphia, now the wife of the English imagist poet Richard Aldington; and John Gould Fletcher (1886-), of Little Rock, Arkansas.

THE NEW ENGLAND WRITERS OF FICTION

The importance of New England fiction. Until very recently the writers of fiction in all parts of our country seem to have taken precedence over the poets and general prose writers, both in number and in popularity. Certainly in New England during the last half of the nineteenth century the novelists and short-story writers easily assume the place of greatest importance. We may begin with Hawthorne and trace the succession of writers of fiction on down through Louisa May Alcott, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edward Everett Hale, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., Donald G. Mitchell, William Dean Howells, Henry James, Sarah Orne Jewett, Alice Brown, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, and dozens of additional minor writers of fiction. Of these we have treated HAWTHORNE¹ somewhat at length elsewhere, and touched upon Aldrich's stories in the more detailed treatment of him as a poet in the preceding section;² for the others we have only space to record their most important productions, trusting that the students will be induced by these brief notes to read as widely in this field of our literature as time will permit.

Louisa M. Alcott. Louisa May Alcott (1832-1888), the daughter of the noted transcendentalist Bronson Alcott, wrote a number of books which have for many years held their place at the very top of our juvenile classics. *Little Women* appeared in 1868, and it had an immense success from the very first. It was followed by other volumes in the same vein, among them *Little Men*, *An Old-fashioned Girl*, *Eight Cousins*, and *Rose in Bloom*. Many an American boy and girl has learned to read good books by the frequent thumbing of these well-known juveniles. The moral tone is high, the home atmosphere attractive, the sentiment genuine and never mawkish, and the style vigorous and sympathetic. In fact, these books leave little to be desired as stories for young folks.

Harriet Beecher Stowe: "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Though Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811-1896) is the author of a dozen or more volumes, she is best known by a single book, *Uncle*

¹ See *American Literary Readings*, p. 143.

² See p. 99.

Tom's Cabin (1852). By lighting upon the exact psychological moment in the happy coincidence of a popular national theme with the temper and thought of the time, Mrs. Stowe made of this book one of the most powerful influences in the history of our country. Without a doubt, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was one of the big forces which helped to bring about the Civil War; and since it voiced the sentiment of so large a number of our people and was on the successful side in the issue of the abolition of negro slavery in America, it has inevitably taken its place as a classic in our literature. It has no great merit purely as a work of art; it overidealizes the negro in making him nobler in character than the white people themselves, it is crude and faulty in plot structure, it is sensational in many of its incidents, it is an avowed purpose novel; and yet in its evident sincerity of purpose, in its fervid emotional appeal, and in its intense zeal for the reform of the evils which it portrays, the book rises into the realm of power if not of pure art. It must be classed as a purpose novel and remembered chiefly because the purpose for which it was written was a worthy and righteous one and was successfully achieved in the outcome of the struggle which it helped to precipitate. Some of Mrs. Stowe's other works have been highly praised by literary critics, but they are now rarely read save by those who wish to discover the secret of Mrs. Stowe's popular success in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The daughter of the famous New England preacher Lyman Beecher, and the sister of the still more famous pulpit orator Henry Ward Beecher, she showed in all her work the preaching and missionary instinct which is characteristic of the New England ministerial class. Practically all of her stories show this missionary spirit. In her New England stories she did much to interpret the local types of character, as in *The Minister's Wooing* (1859), *The Pearl of Orr's Island* (1862), and especially in *Old Town Folks* (1860) and *Old Town Fireside Stories* (1871), two volumes of short stories which preceded the work of such well-known writers as Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Alice Brown. But after all Mrs. Stowe will be remembered almost entirely as the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, for as Professor Trent says, "Once, and once only, did she display the requisite emotional power, and fortunately for her with a theme of worldwide interest. Thus she was enabled, almost at the beginning of her career, to write—not a great

work of literary art—but what it would be hypercritical not to term a great book.”¹

Richard Henry Dana, Jr. Richard Henry Dana, Jr. (1815–1882), wrote the well-known sea tale, *Two Years before the Mast* (1840). It is the realistic story of his own experiences in a long cruise on a sailing vessel from Boston around Cape Horn to California and back. For graphic description, stirring incident, and romantic interest, the book is a prime favorite with young readers, and bids fair to continue so.

Donald G. Mitchell. Donald Grant Mitchell (1822–1908), a native of Connecticut and a graduate of Yale, won wide popularity through his sentimentalized essays strung on a thin thread of romance in *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850) and *Dream Life* (1857), published under the pen name of “Ik Marvel.” The light and genial humor, dreamy idealism, and persistent optimism, and the delicate and tender sentiment which is infused into these volumes keep them alive among a certain class of readers. Mitchell’s later and more pretentious nature prose in *My Farm at Edgewood* and *Wet Days at Edgewood*, and his warmly appreciative literary criticism in *English Lands, Letters, and Kings* and *American Lands and Letters*, though pleasantly written and more highly esteemed by their author than his earlier more romantic work, have not reached the wide circle of readers which *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life* commanded and still command. The sale of these volumes is still steady, though no longer phenomenal, as it was a half-century ago.

Other novelists and short-story writers. Among the better class of short stories Edward Everett Hale’s masterpiece, “The Man without a Country” (1863), should be remembered. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward (1844–1911), of Massachusetts, made almost a sensation with her *Gates Ajar* (1868), a book which is more of a rhapsody or mystical revelation of religious enthusiasm than a novel, a sort of death song in prose representing the intense spirit of reincarnated New England Puritanism in its rapt vision of a new heaven and a new earth made sacred through suffering. The Civil War had but recently closed when the book appeared, and thousands of persons who had lost their loved ones in that terrible period found solace and comfort

¹ *A History of American Literature*, p. 193.

in the ecstatic vision set forth in *Gates Ajar*. Among Mrs. Ward's later works is *Beyond the Gates* (1883), which continues the theme of her first famous work. She is somewhat more of a moralist than an artist, perhaps, but her intense subjectivity and exalted idealism give a peculiar power to her stories, especially in soothing the hearts and stirring the moral natures of her many sympathetic readers. Rose Terry Cooke (1827-1892), of Connecticut, is both poet and short-story writer. She is particularly happy in her humorous characterization of New England types. Her best stories are collected in *The Deacon's Week* (1884) and *Huckleberries Gathered from New England Hills* (1891). Mary E. Wilkins Freeman (1857-) and Sarah Orne Jewett (1849-) have written a number of excellent short stories of New England life. Mrs. Freeman's best volumes of short stories are *A Humble Romance* (1887) and *A New England Nun and Other Stories* (1891). Miss Jewett's best short stories are collected in the volumes called *A White Heron and Other Stories* (1886) and *Strangers and Wayfarers* (1890). Both of these women have written longer stories, Mrs. Freeman's best novels being *Pembroke* (1894) and *The Portion of Labor* (1901); and Miss Jewett's best longer works, *Deephaven* (1871) and *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896). Alice Brown (1857-), of New Hampshire, is another of the women writers who have made good use of New England rural types in her fiction. Her dialect stories in *Meadow Grass* (1895), *Tiverton Tales* (1899), and *The Country Road* (1906) form her most distinctive contribution to the New England local-color literature already made familiar by the work of Miss Jewett and Mrs. Freeman. Some critics are inclined to rank Miss Brown's work even higher than that of the two other women just named. In the faithful reproduction of the New England atmosphere, in humor, pathos, and photographic realism, and in beauty and grace of style, Miss Brown's stories are certainly among the most artistic products of their kind. In her longer novels, too, such as *The Story of Thyrsa* (1909) and *John Winterborne's Family* (1910), she has succeeded in maintaining a high level of artistic power.

Two important realists among New England fiction writers—the two most important, in fact—have been reserved for the close of this section—namely, William Dean Howells and Henry James, Jr.



ELMWOOD, LOWELL'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE

William Dean Howells: His literary position. Though born and reared in Ohio, William Dean Howells (1837-) has become intimately associated with the great New England writers, and he is inevitably classed with them. He learned to set type in his youth, and he may be said to have educated himself largely at the printer's case and at editorial desks. In 1860 with his friend John James Piatt he published a volume called *Poems of Two Friends*. Howells then wrote a campaign biography of Abraham Lincoln, and in 1861 he was rewarded by an appointment as consul at Venice, a position which he filled for four years. Here he developed his taste and increased his culture by a close study of Italian art and architecture. His four years in Venice may be called the period of his college education. As a result of his studies he published two excellent books of descriptive and critical observation,—namely, *Venetian Life* and *Italian Journeys*. These were but the preparation for the realistic fiction which he was to begin soon after his return to America. He had already had contributions accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in 1866 he became assistant editor of this important literary periodical. Then in 1871 he was made editor-in-chief, a position which he held for ten years. Later he became associated with *Harper's Monthly* and *The North American Review*, and he is still (1919) on the active staff of *Harper's* in the conduct of the Editor's Easy Chair. During this long period of over half a century in which he has been connected with these prominent periodicals, Mr. Howells has produced a marvelous number of excellent books. He is ranked among the very first of American literary critics, travel writers, and essayists, and in his capacity as editor and adviser of young writers he has justly earned the affectionate title of "Dean of American Letters." With his added accomplishments as a creative writer in his novels and literary farces, he is undoubtedly the most distinguished of our present-day literary men.

His novels. Howells's chief claim to permanent fame rests upon his realistic novels. The theory of fiction which he has expanded both in his critical writings and in his own practice is that a novel should present life as it really is, without the admixture of romantic elements which go to make up the larger part of most works of fiction. He realized that the artist must select his material from the mass of facts presented in real life and that the creative

imagination must mold this material into an artistic whole; but he refused to admit improbable and highly colored incidents and romantic settings merely to increase interest. *Their Wedding Journey* (1871) was the first of Howells's long series of realistic narratives dealing with New England life and character. Perhaps the best among his thirty or more volumes which may be classed as fiction are *A Foregone Conclusion* (1874), *The Lady of the Aroostook* (1879), *A Modern Instance* (1882), and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1885). Of these *The Rise of Silas Lapham* is usually considered Howells's masterpiece. It certainly takes rank among the four or five greatest American novels. After he was fifty years of age Howells came under the influence of the Russian philosopher and novelist Tolstoi, and since that time his works have shown a seriousness of purpose in the criticism of life which was noticeably absent from his earlier stories. Of those more mature stories the best are *A Hazard of New Fortunes* (1889), *The World of Chance* (1893), *The Coast of Bohemia* (1893), *A Traveler from Altruria* (1894), and *Through the Eye of a Needle* (1907).

His farces. In another type of literature Howells undoubtedly takes precedence over all other American writers — namely, in the literary farce. The farce is not usually considered among the finer types of literature; but Howells has put into his farces so much of good, healthy humor, so much of genial satire, sparkling repartee, and brilliant wit, so much of keen analysis of real life and real characters, that his productions of this kind must inevitably be recognized as belonging to pure literature. Among the best of his many farces are *A Counterfeit Presentment*, *The Parlor Car*, *The Sleeping Car*, *The Elevator*, *The Mouse Trap*, and *The Unexpected Guest*.

Henry James, Jr.: His position. Henry James, Jr. (1843-1915), was born in New York City, lived in Boston for a time, and was educated partly in Boston and partly abroad. He doubtless inherited his tendency toward subtle psychological analysis from his father, Henry James, the distinguished New England theologian; this point may be further substantiated by the fact that the late William James, the brother of Henry James, Jr., was recognized as the greatest American psychologist. In 1869 Henry James, Jr., went abroad, and he lived most of his later life in France and England. In fact, so continuous was his residence in

England that by many he is considered an English rather than an American writer. Just before his death in 1915, when the United States had not yet declared war against Germany, he renounced his allegiance to America and claimed citizenship in England in order to devote his property and his literary gifts more fully to the cause of the Allies in the great World War. But we may claim the works of this writer as at least partially American, and as an American writer we are led to class him with the New England rather than the New York School.

His fiction. The fiction of Henry James, Jr., is usually judged to be too difficult for young readers. He is, like Browning in poetry, a sort of subtle analyst of the soul, and in his psychological studies he deals with material which is uninteresting because it is peculiar and unusual and largely unintelligible to young readers. But to older and more thoughtful readers James's work, particularly his earlier work, is a source of delight. In his later work his style becomes so complex, the thought so hair-splitting, and the expressions so shadowy, figurative, and obscure, that very few readers can follow him with pleasure. He has been called the international novelist, because most of his books have a sort of international setting and deal with the peculiar point of view of persons of one nationality when brought into contrast with those of another nationality. His best stories are *The American* (1877), *Daisy Miller* (1878), *An International Episode* (1879), *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881), and *The Wings of a Dove* (1902). Among his best short stories may be named "The Real Thing," "The Lesson of the Master," and "Sir Edmund Orne," a ghost story. James's books of literary criticism, like his novels, demand close attention in the reading. His fine analysis of the style of our greatest novelist in his critical volume *Nathaniel Hawthorne* in the English Men of Letters Series deserves special mention. James has done much critical work also in foreign literature, especially in his admirable estimates of French authors.

3. THE SOUTHERN GROUP

PRELIMINARY SURVEY

General conditions in the South. The South was somewhat slower than the North in developing her literary resources. It is true that during the colonial period the

first literature written within the present boundaries of the United States was produced in the Virginia Colony; but the attitude of the settlers in the Southern Colonies toward literature was always amateurish and incidental rather than professional and serious, and the result was that very few of the greater minds in the South during the first two and a half centuries of our history turned to literature as the principal sphere for their intellectual efforts. And even since 1865, on account of the scarcity of large cities and the almost total absence of publishing facilities, there have been no nationally important literary centers in the South. In a section devoted largely to varied agricultural pursuits, the people naturally are widely scattered and diverse in mode of life and thinking. On the other hand, in more concentrated and congested centers where commercial and manufacturing interests attract the population into large city groups, we should naturally expect literary centers and publishing interests to be developed. In the North and East, even before the beginning of the nineteenth century, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston had already grown into comparatively large commercial and manufacturing centers. In the South there were scarcely any large cities or thickly populated districts even up to the end of the century. Baltimore, Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans were ports of some importance, it is true; but with the single exception of Richmond, Virginia, the inland cities, such as Columbia, South Carolina, and Raleigh, North Carolina, were small in size and of little significance as literary centers.

Charleston and Richmond as literary centers. Of all these towns Charleston and Richmond are the only ones that may be said to have become in any sense literary centers. At Charleston, William Gilmore Simms was a sort of leader around whom a number of ambitious young men like Paul Hamilton Hayne and Henry Timrod gathered, deferring to his judgment and regarding him in literary matters as guide, philosopher, and friend. Besides Simms's home, John Russell's bookstore was one of their places of meeting, and in 1857, the same year in which the *Atlantic Monthly* was founded, *Russell's Magazine* was launched under the editorship of Paul Hamilton Hayne.¹ This periodical bade

¹See Hayne's essay on "Ante-bellum Charleston," reprinted in *Library of Southern Literature*, Vol. V.

fair to become a strong rival of the *Southern Literary Messenger* at Richmond, but it suspended publication at the approach of the Civil War. The dominant attitude of the Southern people seemed to be one of receptivity rather than active participation in literary matters. The Southern colonial gentleman preferred to get his education and his literature from England. Moreover, he looked upon literature as a means of diversion and amusement for his idle moments rather than as a serious employment for his mature powers. To him the management of his estate and participation in politics made up the serious business of life. Even until late in the century, the common schools of the South lagged far behind the system of public education developed in the North and East. The methods of intercommunication were inadequate and poorly maintained. Roads were bad, and mail routes were slow and uncertain. Periodicals were few in number and commanded only a meager patronage among the richer families. The *Southern Literary Messenger* (1834-1864) at Richmond, it is true, attained, under the editorship of Poe, J. R. Thompson, and others, a notable rank in the quarter of a century immediately preceding the Civil War, but even this journal was forced to suspend publication in the midst of the war.

The influence of slavery. The economic success of negro slave-holding on Southern plantations had drawn most of the slaves from the North and the East, where slave labor was unprofitable, and so the South became the great slave section of our country long before the middle of the century. Slave traffickers and shipowners had found a profitable market for their trade in the South, and they prosecuted their business so successfully as to fill the country with African slaves. Though there were a few Southern slave owners who believed in the abolition of slavery, the South as a whole naturally took the position that slavery was a good thing both for the black and for the white race. The question of states' rights, or local self-government by the individual states, was closely bound up with the question of the abolition of slavery, and it was upon the constitutional grounds of states' rights that the argument for the continuation of slavery in the South was primarily based. The policy of territorial expansion and the creation of new states out of the territory acquired by the Florida and the Louisiana purchases also brought the question of

slavery to the front, for it was necessary to determine beforehand whether the states to be carved out of the newly acquired territory should be free or slave-holding. Out of all this controversy there naturally arose in the South, as also in the North, a notable school of orators.

Localism in recent years. Following the bitter periods of controversy, war, and political reconstruction, which we need not stop to discuss here, came the period of readjustment and return to the peaceful arts of life. During this period one of the distinctive features developed in our national literature has been the growth of localism in the various sections of the country. In the South particularly has this note of localism found many well-defined forms of expression. In almost every Southern state there have arisen worthy writers of fiction and verse whose principal appeal has been in the interpretation of distinct racial types and social conditions and local backgrounds. The fact that there are certain more or less distinct and segregated groups or classes of people in the South has greatly stimulated the endeavor to express this note of localism. The Georgia "cracker," the Tennessee and Kentucky mountaineer, the Louisiana Creole, the Texas cowboy and frontiersman, and the several types of negro life are some of the distinct classes which have attracted writers to this local-color literature. In addition to these, the upper or ruling classes of white citizens, descended from the early English or Anglo-Saxon settlers, have distinct and more or less stable local characteristics.

Classification of the authors. The major Southern poets as usually named are EDGAR ALLAN POE, SIDNEY LANIER, PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE, and HENRY TIMROD.¹ It is difficult to single out any of the prose writers who rise above the large school of minor authors, but we may name after Poe, who is equally notable in prose and poetry, William Gilmore Simms and John Pendleton Kennedy among the older writers, and Joel Chandler Harris, F. Hopkinson Smith, George Washington Cable, Thomas Nelson Page, and O. Henry (Sydney Porter) among the later writers. Simms and Kennedy can hardly be ranked as authors of national importance, though perhaps Simms approaches such a standard; but their influence in the South, where literature

¹See the biographical sketches of these authors, *American Literary Readings*, pp. 377, 438, 434, 426, respectively.

was slow in developing, certainly gives them a prominent place in their own section. Joel Chandler Harris in his successful exploitation of negro folklore, and in his incidental character creation, has distinguished himself somewhat more securely than have his contemporary writers of local-color fiction, and O. HENRY¹ has made a place for himself by his distinct advance in the art of the American short story. We may conveniently discuss the Southern authors under the divisions of Orators, Poets, and Writers of Fiction.

SOUTHERN ORATORS

Oratory in the South. Throughout the history of the nation the South has been particularly prolific in the production of distinguished orators and political writers. Southerners have always seemed to take more naturally to legal and forensic debate, political writing, and oratory than to the milder and more purely artistic forms of literary expression. They have uniformly proved themselves to be skilful manipulators of public bodies in spontaneous spoken address. In fact, the energy of the best Southern minds has been largely expended in the development of political and other forms of emotional or spontaneous oratory. Formerly in the South every ambitious youth turned to politics and law as a career and rarely thought of taking up pure literature except as a side issue or with some feeling of condescension. During the earlier periods of our national history such names as Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, James Madison, John Marshall, and John Randolph, all of Virginia; Charles Pinckney, Henry Laurens, and John Rutledge of South Carolina; and William Pinkney of Maryland are synonymous with the best of early American oratorical and forensic power and achievement. A long list of notable Southerners who have risen to oratorical eminence since these early times might be given here, but it seems better to confine our brief notice to a few of the most important orators of the nineteenth century.

William Wirt. William Wirt (1772-1834), of Maryland and later of Virginia, has already been mentioned as the biographer of Patrick Henry, and in this connection it was noted that it is impossible to tell just how much of Henry's

¹ See *American Literary Readings*, p. 445.

famous speech on liberty we owe to Wirt's own facile oratorical pen. It is certain that Wirt possessed the instinct for effective oratory, as is amply illustrated by his famous speech at the trial of Aaron Burr for treason, and by his oft-repeated piece called "The Blind Preacher," said to be an accurate portrayal of the Reverend James Waddell, a noted Presbyterian minister of Virginia. The last-named selection is to be found in the volume called *Letters of a British Spy* (1803), a series of letters which, the author pretended, were left in an American inn by a British officer. This and *The Life of Patrick Henry* (1817) are the chief contributions of Wirt to our literature. He wrote in a somewhat florid and emotional style, but he had acquired from his model, *The Spectator Papers*, a good deal of the grace and finish of the Addisonian prose, and he was recognized in the early nineteenth century, according to Professor Trent, as "the most conspicuous literary man in the South."

Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, and Robert Y. Hayne. During the long controversial period which preceded the Civil War, Henry Clay (1777-1852), born in Virginia but reared in Kentucky, and John Caldwell Calhoun (1782-1850) and Robert Young Hayne (1791-1839), both of South Carolina, were the most prominent of the earlier Southern leaders in Congress. Clay was a natural orator and a born conciliator. Because of his efforts to compromise the differences between the North and the South, he is known in history as "the great pacificator." Calhoun is recognized as the profoundest expositor of the doctrine of states' rights and the strict construction of the Constitution, and the chief opponent of the Northern school advocating union and strong federal centralization, led by Daniel Webster and the later abolitionists. Hayne was a disciple of Calhoun in his interpretation of the doctrine of states' rights and the Constitution. In what is known as "The Great Debate" (1830), Hayne was pitted against Webster; and while history has decided in favor of Webster's position, contemporary opinion records that Hayne proved himself a worthy opponent to the great New England orator.

L. Q. C. Lamar and Henry W. Grady. Since the Civil War, particularly during the period of reconciliation following the period of reconstruction, two names stand out with peculiar prominence in the banishment of sectional animosity and the rewelding of the North and the South—namely,

those of L. Q. C. Lamar (1825-1893), of Mississippi, whose "Eulogy on Charles Sumner" is one of the glories of American oratory, and Henry Woodfin Grady (1851-1889), of Georgia, whose magnificent speeches on "The New South," delivered in 1886 before the New England Society of New York City, "The South and Her Problem," delivered at Dallas, Texas, in 1887, and "The Race Problem," delivered in Boston just a few weeks before his death in 1889, are recognized among the most eloquent and finished orations in our literature.¹

SOUTHERN POETS

The ante-bellum minor poets. POE is the only early Southerner who would receive unanimous suffrage as a major American poet.² But in the ante-bellum period, beginning with Francis Scott Key (1780-1843), of Maryland, whose fame rests upon the fact that he wrote during the War of 1812 what has since become our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," the South produced a large number of minor poets. Some of them have thrown off single lyrics of admirable grace and sweetness, others have poured forth volumes of mediocre poetry of merely local interest or sectional pride, and still others have produced a considerable amount of poetry worthy of general national attention. Among the single-poem class of ante-bellum Southern poets may be named Richard Henry Wilde (1789-1847), of Georgia, whose beautiful lyric, "My Life Is Like the Summer Rose," is included in practically every American anthology; William Gilmore Simms (1806-1780), of South Carolina, better known as a novelist, but remembered also for a few of his many poems, and particularly for his poetical characterization of General Francis Marion in "The Swamp Fox"; Alexander Beaufort Meek (1814-1865), born in South Carolina but associated almost entirely with Alabama, author of the stirring patriotic lyric, "Land of the South" and two excellent bird lyrics, "The Mockingbird" and "Song of the Blue Bird"; Theodore O'Hara (1820-1867), of Kentucky, whose "The Bivouac of the Dead" is recognized among the noblest of our elegies or dirges; Edward

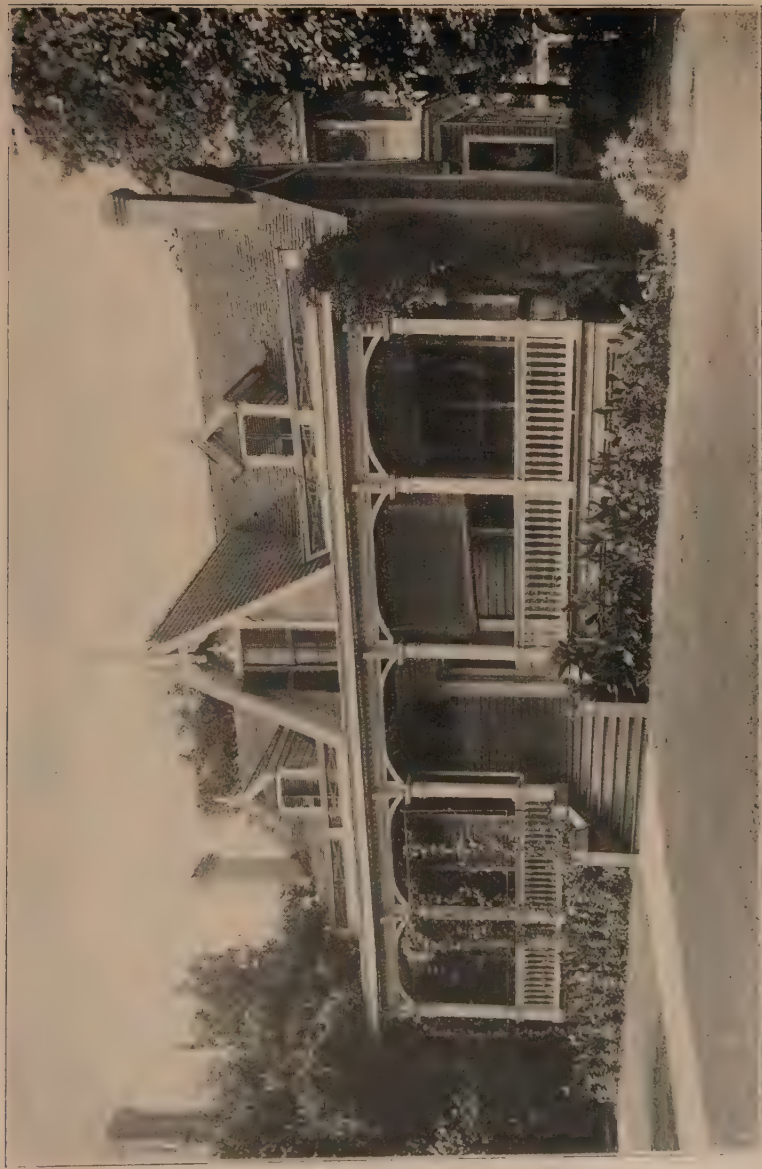
¹ For Lamar's "Eulogy on Summer" and extracts from Grady's speeches, with biographical sketches and portraits of these orators, see *Southern Literary Readings*, Rand McNally & Co., 1913.

² See *American Literary Readings*, p. 377.

Coate Pinkney (1802-1828), of Maryland, whose lyric, "A Health," called forth the highest praise from Poe and is still greatly admired by all lovers of musical verse; Philip Pendleton Cooke (1816-1850), brother of the novelist, John Esten Cooke, of Virginia, whose "Florence Vane" is but one of several excellent lyrics in his volume called *Froissart Ballads and Other Poems* (1847).

Civil War poets. Besides HENRY TIMROD,¹ a poet whose fame grows year by year, the South produced a number of other war poets. Albert Pike (1809-1891), born in Boston but for fifty years of his life identified with the South, particularly Arkansas, wrote a great deal of poetry, most of it of an imitative classic quality. His "Ode to the Mockingbird," his fiery war song "Dixie" (not the swift, rollicking dialect words usually sung to the well-known air), and his melancholy lyric called "Every Year" may be read as examples of his best lyric productions. Dr. Francis Orray Ticknor (1822-1874) is remembered chiefly as the author of the stirring lyric of heroism, "Little Giffen," which has been named among the best short poems in American literature. The natural and spontaneous poetry of this good physician, whose home near Columbus, Georgia, was known as a refuge for the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers during the Civil War, should long ago have received fuller recognition from our literary historians. James Ryder Randall (1839-1908), of Maryland, sang himself into fame with the fervent lyric, "Maryland, My Maryland!" which has been called "The Marseillaise of the Confederacy." Margaret Junkin Preston (1820-1897) was born in Pennsylvania, but she married Colonel J. T. L. Preston, of the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Virginia, and devoted her life and talents to the Southern cause. She wrote a large amount of narrative and lyric verse. Her best work was a number of lyrics commemorative of Southern war heroes, such as "Gone Forward" and "The Shade of the Trees," commemorating the deaths of Generals Lee and Jackson respectively. John Reuben Thompson (1823-1873), of Virginia, who was for fourteen years editor of the most important literary journal of the South, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, is chiefly remembered for his war lyrics, among which may be singled out "Music in Camp," "Ashby," and "The

¹See *American Literary Readings*, p. 426.



HOME OF SIDNEY LANTIER, MACON, GEORGIA

Death of Stuart." The last to be named, but by no means the least in merit, is Abram Joseph Ryan (1839-1886), better known from his priestly office as Father Ryan. He was born in Virginia, but lived in several Southern states, his longest residence in any one place being at Mobile, Alabama, in connection with the noted old Catholic Church of St. Mary's in that city. His best known lyrics are "The Sword of Lee," "The Mystic," and "The Conquered Banner." He also wrote a long narrative poem in blank verse, which, though not of the very highest poetical merit, has a pathetic personal interest. It is called "Their Story Runneth Thus," and is a story of self-renunciation and sacrifice, full of Roman Catholic coloring and supposed to be based on the poet's own personal experience in renouncing his early love for a beautiful girl, who afterward, upon his advice, became a nun. Father Ryan's verse is the simple and natural outpouring of a pure and loyal soul, and it touches the hearts of many readers who would not be moved by work of a more finished literary art.

Post-bellum poets. SIDNEY LANIER and PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE¹ also rank among the chief poets of the South. The minor Southern singers that have appeared since the Civil War are quite too numerous to be spoken of in detail. Irwin Russell and Madison Cawein, however, are distinctive enough to demand special mention; a few of the other later poets may be treated more briefly.

Irwin Russell. The story of Irwin Russell (1853-1879), "the boy poet of Mississippi," is a pathetic one and may easily be used to "point a moral or adorn a tale." He was born in Port Gibson, Mississippi, where his father was a practicing physician. At the age of three months the child suffered a severe attack of yellow fever, and it is thought that his frail constitution in after life was the result of this early infection. He was sent to the schools of St. Louis, Missouri, after which he returned to Mississippi and prepared himself for the bar, being admitted to the practice by a special act of the Mississippi legislature two years before he reached his majority. His mental acuteness was remarkable. He was also talented in music, being able to play on several instruments with ease. His fondness for the banjo led, by a happy accident, to his composition or improvisation of negro songs similar to those he heard the

¹ See *American Literary Readings*, pp. 438, 434.

servants singing around his father's home. Many of these humorous negro songs were afterward published in *Scribner's Monthly*, beginning in 1876. This was an entirely new type of writing, and it at once attracted other writers into the same field. Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page have both acknowledged their indebtedness to and their appreciation of the art of Russell in negro dialect. The young writer was attracted to New York City to continue his literary activities. In the meantime he had lost his father, and he was now practically alone and adrift in the world. Yielding to his desire for the use of drugs and intoxicants, he soon broke down his health. He fell into a serious illness and was impelled by remorse to leave New York, where his new friends were charitably taking care of him. He worked his way down to New Orleans on a coast steamer, and tried to recover his health by abstinence and to reinstate himself in the profession of journalism, becoming for a time a reporter on the New Orleans *Picayune*. But fate was against him, and shortly afterward he died, leaving his promise of greater work unfulfilled.

Russell's dialect poems. The whole output of Russell's genius makes up but a thin volume of verse. His most notable single production in negro dialect is the operetta called *Christmas Night in the Quarters*. "In this production," says Joel Chandler Harris in his introduction to the volume published after Russell's death, "Russell combines the features of a character study with a series of bold and striking plantation pictures that have never been surpassed. In this remarkable group,—if I may so term it,—the old life before the war is reproduced with a fidelity that is marvelous." "The Song of the Banjo," a lyric in this operetta, is perhaps the best known of Russell's poems, but "Nebuchadnezzar," "Marsr John," "Business in Mississippi," and many others are equally amusing.

Madison Cawein. Madison Julius Cawein (1865-1914), of Kentucky, the most prolific and all in all the most sensuously lyrical of recent American poets, should be more widely known than he is at present. He published during his life an enormous amount of verse, issuing some twenty-odd original books of poetry besides a volume of selected poems. He found his subjects largely in his minute observations of nature and in his romantic treatment of the outdoor world. Naturally in the large number of poems which he

published there will be found many trivial themes and some artificial conceits. But taken at his best, Cawein deserves the high praise which William Dean Howells and other critics have accorded him. He has been called "the Keats of Kentucky," and his enthusiastic delight in nature pictures and in foreign and native myths gives point to the comparison. Cawein wrote too much, however, and his lack of restraint and of severe self-criticism has doubtless injured his fame. He will, nevertheless, we think, be remembered as one of the most truly gifted of American nature lyrists.

Other lyrists. John Bannister Tabb (1845-1909), of Virginia, was just old enough to enter the Confederate Army toward the close of the Civil War. He was associated with Sidney Lanier as a prisoner of war, and on several occasions he voiced his appreciation of that poet's magnetic and chivalrous personality. After the war he became a Roman Catholic priest and devoted himself largely to teaching in Catholic schools. He wrote many brief, almost epigrammatic lyrics, all of them being decidedly pleasing and satisfying to the ear as well as stimulating and suggestive to the imagination. Samuel Minturn Peck (1854-), of Alabama, is one of the cleverest of all our writers of light society verse. His lyrics have a fascinating lilt and a charming melody, and are at the same time interfused with a spirit of cavalier gallantry, quiet humor, and an amusing touch of playful satire and badinage. His best known lyrics, perhaps, are "The Grapevine Swing," "Aunt Jemima's Quilt," "Grandmother's Turkey-Tail Fan," "Doctor Bessie Brown," and "The Southern Girl." Robert Burns Wilson (1850-1916) and Cale Young Rice (1872-), both of Kentucky, have written excellent lyric verse. The last-named poet is just now in the prime of his life, and he has a decidedly promising future before him, if we may judge by the quality of his already-published poems and plays. Judge Walter Malone (1866-1915) was born in Northern Mississippi; he made his home almost entirely in Memphis, Tennessee, and is recognized as the leading poet of his adopted state. His best known, though not his most artistic, poem is called "Opportunity." Frank Lebby Stanton (1857-), born in South Carolina but usually thought of as a Georgian on account of his long connection with the *Atlanta Constitution*, is a newspaper poet of wide popularity. In his daily column

of verse and humorous skits in the *Constitution*, he has inevitably turned out many mere space fillers; but there is a distinct singing quality to his verse, and when the best of his songs shall have been selected from the vast amount he has produced, there will be a considerable volume of worthy poetry to transmit to posterity. Stark Young (1881-), of Mississippi, now professor of English literature at Amherst College, Massachusetts, has published some finely modulated lyric verse in his volume, *The Blind Man at the Window and Other Poems*. He has also written a poetic drama, *Guenevere*, and several one-act plays of distinction, published as *Mardretta*, *Addio*, and *Other Plays*.

SOUTHERN WRITERS OF FICTION

Introductory statement. Aside from Poe, whose work in the development of the short story was of great importance, the writers of fiction in the South prior to the Civil War were few in number and of little importance. John Pendleton Kennedy, William Gilmore Simms, and John Esten Cooke are the only ante-bellum Southerners who deserve attention in this field of literature. Since the Civil War, however, a large school of novelists and local-color short-story writers has sprung up in the South. The following list of names will indicate the importance of the Southern group among our popular writers of fiction during the last half century: Richard Malcolm Johnston, F. Hopkinson Smith, Joel Chandler Harris, George Washington Cable, James Lane Allen, Charles Egbert Craddock, Thomas Nelson Page, John Fox, Jr., Grace King, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mary Johnston, Ellen Glasgow, Henry Sydnor Harrison, and O. Henry.

John Pendleton Kennedy. John Pendleton Kennedy (1795-1870) was born in Baltimore and educated there for the bar. He later became Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore. Literature was to him, as to all Southern gentlemen of his time, a mere side issue or pastime. His serious work was in law and politics, but he found time to do a great deal of literary reading and to write three volumes of fiction. His first book, *Swallow Barn, or A Sojourn in the Old Dominion* (1832), is a series of sketches held together by a slight plot element. It succeeds admirably in its attempt to present accurately and vividly the early social life of Virginia. Kennedy's most pretentious

novel is *Horse-Shoe Robinson, or A Tale of the Tory Ascendancy* (1835). The setting is in the South Carolina of the Revolution, and the stirring scenes of those early times are portrayed with wonderful naturalness and realism if not with perfect historic accuracy. The hero, an unlettered but valorous and resourceful patriot, is one of the really notable character creations in our early fiction. The scene of another historical romance, *Rob of the Bowl* (1838), is laid in colonial Maryland during the days of the proprietary government, and the book is said to present a very trustworthy portrait of colonial life. Kennedy was one of the first men to give generous encouragement to Poe, and he had much intercourse and correspondence with other distinguished literary men both in America and in England. His connection with Thackeray is particularly interesting; it is asserted that Kennedy wrote, or at least provided the material for, the fourth chapter of *The Virginians*. Had he devoted himself more to literature and less to law and politics, Kennedy would doubtless have attained a much higher rank among American writers than he is now accorded.

William Gilmore Simms. Next to Poe, William Gilmore Simms (1806-1870) was the most potent literary influence in Southern literature in the period immediately preceding the Civil War. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1806 and was left an orphan at an early age. He managed to prepare himself for the practice of law, but he was soon attracted into authorship, beginning as a newspaper editor. He gathered around him at Charleston a coterie of young writers and acted as a kind of patron or literary adviser to them. Among the most prominent of these were the poets Paul Hamilton Hayne and Henry Timrod. About 1833 he began the publication of his long series of romances, *Guy Rivers, a Tale of Georgia* (1834), being his first successful long story. This was quickly followed by *The Yemassee, a Romance of South Carolina* (1835), and *The Partisan, a Tale of the Revolution* (1835), his two best stories. It is impossible here to follow Simms through his long and active literary and political career. He was a loyal and enthusiastic Southerner, and espoused with almost partisan zeal practically every important social and political movement in which his section became involved. He was a prodigious composer, writing and publishing nearly a hundred volumes in the various kinds or types of literary composition. The

plain fact is that he wrote too much and too rapidly to give his work that polish and finish of style which is essential to literary masterpieces. He had a marvelously fertile imagination and could turn out an enormous amount of exciting romance within the space of a few hours. He rarely corrected or revised his first drafts, and hence his works are full of the usual errors due to haste and overconfidence. But under the heat of his fertile imagination he could write interesting, if somewhat melodramatic, narratives; and his conception of character, his descriptions of nature, and his presentations of intense dramatic situations show evidence of strong native power and insight. He has been called "the Cooper of the South," and his Indian stories, his tales of adventure, and his historical romances may be compared not altogether unfavorably with Cooper's work in these fields.

John Esten Cooke. John Esten Cooke (1830-1886), "a Virginian of Virginians," won his reputation as a romancer before the Civil War, but he may also be classed among the post-bellum writers, for he wrote many popular stories based on his experiences and observations of that memorable struggle. He did not take a college education as did his elder brother, the poet Philip Pendleton Cooke, but decided to prepare immediately for the practice of law in his father's office. However, he devoted much of his time to general reading and literary work. In 1854 he published perhaps his most important book, *The Virginia Comedians*, a novel dealing with life in the Old Dominion just prior to the Revolution. When the Civil War opened, he enlisted as a private in the Confederate Army and was soon promoted to the rank of major. He served as a staff officer with Generals Stuart and Pendleton, and thus was enabled to come into personal contact with a number of the leading Confederate generals. He kept full notes of his experiences, and later he used this material in writing his stirring romances of the Civil War. Even during the war Cooke was constantly writing. He published in 1863, less than a year after Jackson's death, a biography of the great Southern general. *Surry of Eagle's Nest* appeared in 1866 and won immediate popularity in the South, and is still frequently read by Southern youths. Then followed a long series of tales full of dramatic adventure and highly colored war romance, such as *Mohun*, *Hilt to Hilt*, *Wearing the Gray*,

Hammer and Rapier (Grant and Lee). These later works, though highly entertaining to young Southern readers, cannot be classed as first-rate literature. The straining after exciting incident and melodramatic situation and the lack of proper perspective and massing are the chief faults of this kind of fiction.

Wide geographical distribution of later fiction writers. The wide geographical distribution of the later Southern writers of fiction indicates the relative importance of the element of localism in their work. Nearly every state and nearly every type of life in the South has had its exploiter in fiction. Beginning with the Atlantic coast and moving westward, we may take a rapid glance over the field and at the same time preserve something of a chronological sequence.

F. Hopkinson Smith. Francis Hopkinson Smith (1838-1915) was born in Maryland, but he moved to New York to find work and later became quite a traveler, and his work deals almost as largely with New England as with the South. He seems, too, to belong to the very latest school of writers of fiction, for he did not begin to write stories until he was past fifty. He spent a busy life as a constructive engineer, a painter, a lecturer, and a writer. In *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* (1891) he succeeded in drawing a charming portrait of an old-time Southern gentleman. So delicately humorous, vividly realistic, and thoroughly human is this idealized portrait that one is almost willing to place Colonel Carter among the few great character creations in our literature. Smith's later novels, which may be classed as realistic romances, are written in an optimistic and pleasing style. *Caleb West*, *Master Diver* (1898), which draws upon Smith's experience as a constructive engineer in marine work, *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn* (1902), *Kennedy Square* (1911), and *Felix O'Day* (1915) may be mentioned as the best of his many later novels. Smith was also a painter of considerable merit, and many of his later books are illustrated with his own drawings and sketches.

Thomas Nelson Page. In recent years Virginia has been perhaps the most fertile Southern state in the production of story writers. Thomas Nelson Page (1853-) began about 1884 to write negro dialect stories for the magazines, "Mars Chan" being the first of these to attract general attention. In *Ole Virginia* (1887) is the title of his first volume.

It is composed almost entirely of negro dialect stories, and it is the consensus of opinion that Page has never surpassed, if indeed he has ever again quite reached, the high mark of artistic excellence which he set in these idealized portraits of the old-time Southern master and slave. In 1898 Page published his best long story, *Red Rock, a Chronicle of Reconstruction*. His later novels are somewhat disappointing, but the two volumes just mentioned are classics of their kind and will doubtless long retain a place of high distinction in the list of the best American fiction.

Other Virginia story writers. Three Virginia women have attracted a wide circle of delighted readers; namely, Molly Elliott Seawell (1860-), author of *Throckmorton*, *The Sprightly Romance of Marsac* (1896), and other novels; Mary Johnston (1870-), for a number of years a resident of Alabama, author of *Prisoners of Hope* (1898), *To Have and To Hold* (1899), *Audrey* (1902), tales of Colonial Virginia; *Lewis Rand* (1908), a tale of Virginia in the early nineteenth century; and *The Long Roll* (1911) and *Cease Firing* (1912), Civil War stories introducing Generals Jackson and Lee respectively, besides several other romances; and Ellen Glasgow (1874-), author of *The Voice of the People* (1900), *The Battle-Ground* (1902), *The Deliverance* (1904), and other novels. In the past ten years Henry Sydnor Harrison of Richmond has made fame by his interesting and carefully written novels, *Queed* (1911), *V. V.'s Eyes* (1913), and *Angela's Business* (1916).

Frances Hodgson Burnett. Frances Hodgson Burnett (1849-), though born in Manchester, England, came to America when she was sixteen, lived for some time in Tennessee and other Southern states, and finally settled in Washington, D. C., so that she may be classed as a Southern writer. Her first successful novel, *That Lass o' Lowries* (1877), deals with the working classes in England, but she wrote many stories of American life, as *Through One Administration* (1883), dealing with social and political life in Washington City, and *In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim* (1899), the scene of which is laid in Tennessee during the Civil War. The best known of all Mrs. Burnett's stories, however, is the juvenile classic, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1886). The long golden curls, the velvet knickerbocker suit, and the broad white collar of the seven-year-old boy hero became a fad and furnished a model for many a fond



From a photograph by Francis Benjamin Johnston
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

American mother. The tender moral tone of the book has also helped to give it vogue among American readers.

Richard Malcolm Johnston. Among Georgia writers of fiction Richard Malcolm Johnston (1822-1898), for some years prior to the Civil War a professor of English in the University of Georgia and afterward principal of a boarding school for boys in Sparta, Georgia, and in Baltimore, Maryland, wrote a series of character sketches dealing in a realistic and humorous fashion with Georgia rural types. These were collected and published in several volumes, the best known being *Dukesborough Tales, or Old Times in Middle Georgia* (1871). The realism and accuracy of his portrayals of life and character make his works a trustworthy source for the study of social conditions in the South during the last half of the nineteenth century, but the lack of plot interest and the absence of the glamour of romance have led to an almost total neglect of them by modern readers. Another earlier Georgia writer, Judge Augustus Baldwin Longstreet (1790-1870), wrote a similar series of excellent realistic sketches and published them as *Georgia Scenes* (1835). The large infusion of genuine humor in this volume has kept it alive even to the present day.

Joel Chandler Harris. So well has Joel Chandler Harris (1848-1908) succeeded in exploiting the interesting field of negro folklore which by chance he stumbled into, and also so admirably has he portrayed other phases of life in the South, that some critics are ready to accord him a place among the major American writers of recent years. By his simple, unassuming, and yet thoroughly artistic style, by his keen observations of man and nature, by the richness and sweetness of his humor and pathos, by the constantly sane and healthful attitude toward life which he maintained, and also by his powerful and apparently almost unconscious character creation, Harris seems destined to take his place among the distinctively original writers which America has so far produced. His realm was a restricted one, it is true, for he did not succeed with the full-scope novel; but he has worked his own particular vein with such painstaking and loving artistry that he has succeeded in adding a new domain to our literature, that of the folktale retold in artistic setting, and he has certainly added at least one immortal portrait to our gallery of fictitious characters—namely, "Uncle Remus."

His preparation. Harris was born near Eatonton, a village in Putnam County, Georgia. He obtained an elementary education at rural schools and at an Eatonton academy. When he was fourteen, Harris became an assistant printer on a journal called the *Countryman*, edited by J. A. Turner on his plantation in Putnam County. Here the boy may be said to have completed his education. He set type, ran the press, and did all the necessary work around the printing office. Mr. Turner encouraged him, allowed him free use of his own library, and eventually accepted contributions from him. But the best part of young Harris's education was gleaned from sources outside of books. He studied closely the life and nature about him, he listened to the old negroes tell their fascinating animal tales, and he absorbed the language, superstitions, and habits of his colored as well as his white neighbors. In a book called *On the Plantation*, written many years later and dedicated to Mr. Turner, Harris has woven his personal experiences into a wonderfully delightful picture of this old-time life on a Georgia plantation. Then came Sherman's army marching through Georgia, and the old life was a closed book. Harris later became a newspaper man, working on several papers and finally settling down to a long journalistic career on the *Atlanta Constitution*. He lived a quiet and retired life at his home called "The Wren's Nest" in the suburbs of Atlanta, rarely appearing in any public capacity other than that of his daily editorial contributions to the *Constitution*.

His Uncle Remus stories. It was while he was serving as a reporter on the *Constitution* that his opportunity came. One of the regular contributors who had been writing negro dialect sketches for the paper retired, and Harris was asked to supply the deficiency thus created. He began under the nom-de-plume of "Uncle Remus" to put upon paper the stories he had heard in his youth on the plantation. These stories were later collected in the volume called *Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings* (1881). Three other volumes in the same vein, *Nights with Uncle Remus* (1883), *Uncle Remus and His Friends* (1892), and *Told by Uncle Remus* (1905), have been almost equally popular; and as a by-product of the interesting animal tales in these four volumes, the character of Uncle Remus himself has emerged as one of the permanent contributions to American, if not

to world, fiction. The animal characters are also charmingly presented. What young American has not laughed at the pranks of Brer Rabbit, or rejoiced at the discomfiture of Brer Fox, or delighted in the antics of the other wonderful members of the animal company which Uncle Remus's vivid imagination has called up before him? The conversation of these talking beasts is so natural and in such perfect keeping with their characters that we are unable to detect a single false note or offer a single improvement upon the work as it lies before us. It is said that Brer Rabbit represents allegorically the weak and timid negro race among his stronger white neighbors, who are represented by the other animals, and since he is deficient in strength he has to resort to trickery and cunning to protect himself. In this view there is a delightful vein of mild satire underlying all the tales.

Harris's other stories. Joel Chandler Harris wrote many excellent stories of other kinds, as in *Mingo, and Other Sketches in Black and White* (1884), *Free Joe, and Other Georgian Sketches* (1887), *Balaam and His Master, and Other Sketches and Stories* (1891), which are largely tales of the negro in connection with his white master; *The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann* (1899), a well-nigh successful attempt to create a negro female character as a counterpart to Uncle Remus; *At Teague Poteet's* (1883), a story of the Georgia mountaineers; *Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and in War* (1898), and *On the Wing of Occasion* (1900), stories of various types of middle Georgia life at home and on their travels; and finally *Wally Wanderoon and His Story-Telling Machine* (1903), *Little Mr. Thimblefinger and His Queer Country* (1894), and its sequel *Mr. Rabbit at Home* (1895), a series of the most delightful fairy stories yet written in America. He also essayed one longer novel, *Gabriel Tolliver, a Story of Reconstruction* (1902), but this is not so successful as are his short stories and tales.

Louisiana story writers. Louisiana is well represented by George Washington Cable, Grace King (1852-), and Ruth McEnery Stuart (1856-1917). Miss King has done distinctive work in her artistic presentation of New Orleans life, her best stories being collected in the volume called *Balcony Stories* (1893). Mrs. Stuart has produced good pathetic and humorous negro dialect stories, as in *A Golden Wedding, and Other Tales* (1893), good Southern rural life

stories, as in her *In Simpkinsville* (1897), and a wonderfully charming story of Arkansas rural life in *Sonny* (1894), the life history of the only child of Deuteronomy Jones, a backwoods Arkansas farmer.

George Washington Cable. George Washington Cable (1844-) deserves fuller treatment. He discovered a unique field of local-color or racial characteristics in the old Creole life in Louisiana, particularly in the old French quarter of early nineteenth-century New Orleans. His volume of tales, *Old Creole Days* (1879), is a distinct contribution to the American local-color or regional short story. Two of his best long novels, *The Grandissimes* (1880) and *Bonaventure, a Prose Pastoral of Acadian Louisiana* (1888), prove Cable's ability to handle a larger theme in an artistic and satisfying way. He portrays the old Creole life with minute accuracy, loving sympathy, and artistic insight and imagination. In some of his later novels he has turned to the reconstruction and Civil War period, as in *John March, Southerner* (1894), and *The Cavalier* (1901) respectively, but he is not so convincing here as in the field which he made peculiarly his own in his earlier fiction. In his last book, *The Flower of the Chapdelaines* (1918), Cable comes again to the old Creole life of New Orleans, and the critics of the volume have been almost unanimous in their verdict that the novelist has lost none of his original charm in this return to the field of his first inspiration.

Charles Egbert Craddock. The Tennessee mountaineer and the wild seclusion and primitive equipment of his mountain retreats is the peculiar realm which Charles Egbert Craddock, who in real life is Mary Noailles Murfree (1850-), has found for the exercise of her literary gifts. She spent much of her time in intimate study of the scenes and characters which she portrays, hence her descriptions glow and glisten with all the beauty of the wild mountain scenery, and her presentation of the strange life, language, and social customs of the mountain people is most convincing and realistic. W. M. Baskervill says of this author, "Her magic wand revealed the poetry as well as the pathos in the hard, narrow, and monotonous life of the mountaineers, and touched crag and stream and wood and mountain range with an enduring splendor."¹ She began

¹ *Southern Writers*, Vol. I.

her career in the early seventies by writing stories of the mountain folk for the magazines, and she published serially in the *Atlantic Monthly* almost all of her later stories. In 1884 she collected her first volume of short stories under the title *In the Tennessee Mountains*, and since that time Miss Murfree has published more than a dozen novels and volumes of short stories, most of them dealing in one way or another with the life of the Tennessee mountaineers. Perhaps her best novels are *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain* (1885), *In the Clouds* (1887), *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove* (1889), and *The Juggler* (1897).

Other Tennessee story writers. Sarah Barnwell Elliott (18—), who was born in Georgia and lived for a time in Texas, but whose home has been for many years in Sewanee, Tennessee, should be classed with Charles Egbert Craddock, inasmuch as she deals almost exclusively with the Tennessee mountaineers in her stories. She is the author of numerous novels dealing with moral and religious problems, not in the way of the ordinary purpose novel, but from the artistic point of view of the profound effect of these problems on human life. Her best productions are the novels *Jerry* (1891) and *The Durket Sperret* (1897), and a volume of short stories, *An Incident and Other Happenings* (1899), all dealing with the Tennessee mountaineer and other social and racial problems in the South. Will Allen Dromgoole, of Murfreesboro, the home of Charles Egbert Craddock, is another Tennessee woman who has written successful mountaineer and negro dialect stories and poems. Her best stories are contained in *The Heart of Old Hickory and Other Tennessee Stories* (1895).

James Lane Allen. James Lane Allen (1849—), of Kentucky, has found his most satisfactory field for literary exploitation in the Blue Grass region of his native state. His first volume of short stories, *Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales and Romances* (1891), is, many critics think, the best product of his art. He paints with an artist's enthusiasm the beauties of the Kentucky scene and life. There is a certain poetic quality in his prose style, too, which is attractive and appropriate to his themes. *A Kentucky Cardinal* (1894) and its sequel *Aftermath* (1895) are novellettes full of sincere love and enthusiasm for nature. The rich and beautiful descriptions of nature in her varying moods are woven in with a delicate thread of romance so as

to make these stories decidedly attractive. *The Choir Invisible* (1897), a longer novel, also found a wide and eager public. *The Reign of Law* (1900) and *The Mettle of the Pasture* (1903), two other larger novels, probably did not meet with quite so generous a reception, but they, too, were widely read. *The Reign of Law* is called in its subtitle "A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields," but the hemp is only the incidental background or the symbol of the effects of modern theories of evolution on the mind and faith of a young theological student. There is a frequent use of symbolism in Allen's stories, and in this he may be compared with Hawthorne. Sometimes this use of romantic symbolism seems extraneous to the theme of the story and has a tendency to retard rather than to propel or illuminate the action. Particularly is this true of the more recent works of this writer. Allen has never published hastily. He works long and patiently to gain his best effects. Breaking a silence of nearly six years after *The Mettle of the Pasture* appeared, he published a short novel in 1909, *The Bride of the Mistletoe*, and followed it the next year with *The Doctor's Christmas Eve*. In 1912 *A Heroine in Bronze* was published, and in 1915 *The Sword of Youth*. These last stories have not aroused the same enthusiasm that greeted his earlier works, and a good many readers now feel all the more surely that Mr. Allen's first volume was his best.

John Fox, Jr. Another Kentucky writer is John Fox, Jr. (1863-1919). He found his subjects mostly in the Cumberland Mountains of his state and in the peculiar ideas of justice and social equity among the mountaineers. His earliest success in this field was *A Cumberland Vendetta, and Other Stories* (1896). His most widely read novels are *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* (1903), *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* (1908), and *The Heart of the Hills* (1913). Two additional volumes of short stories and descriptive sketches, *Hell-fer-Sartain* (1897) and *Blue Grass and Rhododendron* (1901), deserve to be mentioned for their faithful portrayal of Kentucky scenes and life, and particularly for the terse realism and dramatic force of some of the stories.

Two women writers of Kentucky. George Madden Martin (1866-), of Louisville, has the distinction of pushing the range of the fiction country down into the elementary grades of the public schools in her Emmy Lou stories. These stories appeared serially in *McClure's Magazine* and

were published in book form under the title *Emmy Lou, Her Book and Her Heart* (1902). The realism of child life, the intense emotion of the child soul, and the bigness of the child's problems were never better presented. Alice Hegan (1870-), also of Louisville, before her marriage to the poet and dramatist Cale Young Rice, produced two remarkably clever and spontaneously humorous character stories in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* (1901) and its sequel, *Lovey Mary* (1903).

4. THE CENTRAL AND FAR WESTERN GROUP

PRELIMINARY SURVEY

Meaning of the term West. West is a relative term. At one time in our history it meant the section of the interior just beyond the Atlantic coast settlements; then it meant the section beyond the Appalachian range, including the Ohio and Tennessee valleys; at another time it meant the great Mississippi Valley, and then it was extended to cover all the northwest territory drained by the Missouri and its tributaries; and finally it came to mean the Rocky Mountains and all the territory beyond, known as the Pacific slope. We still speak of the central portion of our nation as the great plains of the Middle West, of the territory north and west of Missouri as the Northwest, of that south and west of Missouri as the Southwest, and of the Rocky Mountain or Pacific slope territory as the Far West. In studying the latest division of our literature we may designate it as the Central and Far Western Group. We might easily divide it into two or more groups, but since the literary history of the entire West in reality covers but little more than half a century, and since the dominant tone of all this later literature is practically identical throughout the nation, we may at present conveniently consider in one group the writers from the Central and the Far West.

Period covered: 1865-1918. We shall find that the production of literature of permanent value in this latest period of our national literature really dates from about 1865, or the period from the close of the Civil War to the present. The West had been already for more than half a century rapidly filling up, but the pioneers were engaged in subduing the new territory almost exactly as the colonists had done along the Atlantic coast at an earlier period, and,

like the colonists, they had little or no time for the development of the arts. Bold pioneers like Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clark, and Zebulon Pike had already pierced far into the Western wilderness, and settlers gradually followed to fill up the sections explored. Population advanced along the line of least resistance and most promise, that is, along the valleys of the great drainage systems, such as the Ohio, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Missouri rivers. At last the railroads came to supplant the old methods of overland travel in the prairie schooner, the stage coach, and the pony express. With the improved methods of transportation and impelled by various impulses, such as crop failures at home, the discovery of gold and silver from time to time in the new country, and the like, emigrants moved to the West, so that by the middle of the century many of the Western states had already been admitted to the Union, and most of the remaining domain was organized into territories awaiting admission as soon as the requisite number of inhabitants was attained.

Westward territorial expansion. It is unnecessary to go further into the acquisition of the vast Western territory than to remind the student of American history that Jefferson completed the important Louisiana Purchase in 1803, the year in which Ohio was admitted as a state. The wonderful expedition of exploration made by Lewis and Clark in 1804-1806 had revealed the character and extent of the great Northwest as far as Oregon and the Pacific coast. The territory around the Great Lakes had been organized by 1809, and Illinois was admitted as a state in 1818. In 1820 the vast territory north and west of the southern boundary line of Missouri was organized, under the Missouri Compromise, as territory for the making of future free states, and Missouri was admitted as a state in 1821. Wagon roads were opened throughout the West. In 1825 the Erie Canal was completed, thus uniting by water the extreme western lakes with Albany, New York, and opening water communication thence south on the Hudson River to the Atlantic Ocean. In 1841 a railroad was completed as far west as Albany, and ten years later Chicago could be reached by rail. It was not until 1869 that the first great transcontinental railroad, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard, was finally put into operation, but in the meantime the overland stage routes had been greatly

enlarged and improved, so that the rush of population westward could be at least partially accommodated. Texas gained its independence from Mexico in 1836 and applied for admission into the Union in 1845. Then followed the Mexican War, and by the peace of 1848 the United States acquired not only the Rio Grande border territory which was in dispute, but also the fine, rich territory on the Pacific slope and that northwest of Texas, including California, Utah, and New Mexico. In this same year gold was discovered in California, and in 1849 the Pacific slope territory was deluged with population, later proudly designated as "forty-niners." In 1850 California was admitted as a state. The vast Oregon country, reaching as far north as Alaska, had been for a long time claimed by both England and the United States, but by a compromise agreement in 1846 it was divided on the 49th parallel of latitude, the present boundary line between Canada and the United States. In this year, too, Iowa was admitted as a state; in 1848 Wisconsin was admitted; in 1858 Minnesota; in 1859 Oregon. In 1854 began the great struggle between the slavery and antislavery forces in the Kansas-Nebraska territory, but these states were eventually brought in as free states in 1861 and 1867 respectively. Thus gradually the whole belt of the North American continent now occupied by the United States was organized into territories and brought in as states, and by the end of the Civil War by far the greater part of these states had been admitted into the Union.

Character of the Western literature. This condensed survey of the rapid development of the West will give us a basis for judging the literature that was to come from this section. The first writings were naturally descriptive of the new territory, its life, its possibilities, its resources. The crude records of pioneers like Daniel Boone and those of more scientific explorers like Lewis and Clark and the private records, diaries, and correspondence of other pioneer settlers make up the first contribution. The writers were simply American emigrants from the Atlantic seaboard. Even up until near the last quarter of the nineteenth century we shall find that many of the Western writers were born and educated in New England, the Middle Atlantic states, and the older Southern states, and were Western only in the sense that they had moved west with the tide of population

and were recording Western scene and life as they saw it. But in more recent years the native sons of the West have come forward to express the real spirit of their section and at the same time of the nation at large; certainly the most characteristic literary products of the West since 1870 have come from writers born and educated in the West.

Americanism, or the democratic spirit. The expression of pure Americanism, of the democratic spirit in its broadest significance, is the characteristic note of our Western literature. Perhaps this native American spirit has developed more distinctly and rapidly in the West because this section was freest from the embittering effects of the Civil War. Its territory saw little of the actual military campaigns, and its people were easily and quickly absorbed in their problems of developing the raw resources of the new country; so that they had little time to spend upon vain regrets, clearing up old scores, and preparing plans for the reconstruction and rehabilitation of the territory devastated by war. The Civil War itself was a great educative force, and the tide of emigration westward was only one of the effects of the diffusion of a resulting general knowledge of the resources and character of our country as a whole. New Western towns began to spring up as if by magic. Vast plantations of rich agricultural lands were brought under cultivation with the invention and introduction of improved machinery, and in the Middle West wheat and corn were eventually grown in such quantities as to make this section one of the great granaries of the world. The Great Lakes and the Mississippi River and its tributaries formed the chief arteries for commerce, and the steamboat became the common carrier for the produce of all the Central West. New writers like Mark Twain and Bret Harte came to chant the vigorous life of river and mining camp; great descriptive writers like John Muir to describe its wonderful beauty of scenery; clear-voiced poets like Joaquin Miller and Edward Rowland Sill to sing the songs of the Sierras; and novelists like Frank Norris to write the epic of wheat with all the complicated financial and industrial machinery involved in its production and distribution throughout the world. The wild herds of buffaloes had vanished before the oncoming tide of civilization, and immense herds of cattle and sheep and horses came to take their place. In this rich, wild, broad, free country it was but natural that the new



MARK TWAIN AT HIS OLD HOME IN HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

democratic note should predominate. Most of the writers were what we may term self-educated men, that is, they rarely had the advantage of a classical or college training; they gained their knowledge from actual contact with life rather than from books and academic lectures, and they were freed, consequently, from the restraints and delimitations which a fuller knowledge of the older literature and standard literary models would have imposed upon them. The New York and New England writers had followed largely in the beaten literary tracks, and had submitted, perhaps unconsciously, to European rather than American ideals and standards of literary excellence; but the authors of the new West hewed out fresh paths of literary travel and followed no standards except such as their own sense of fitness fixed for them.

The spirit of optimism and humor. Besides this democratic or national note, one other general characteristic may be affirmed of Western literature as a whole: it is peculiarly suffused with a spirit of optimism and a sense for the humorous. Melancholy, gloom, pessimism, the modern note of morbidness and despair, have found little or no place in the literature of the West. Romance is prominent, optimism everywhere apparent, and humor widely diffused. "The Laughter of the West" is the title of a chapter in Professor Pattee's *History of American Literature Since 1870*. Analyzing the chief contributions of the West to American literature, Professor George Edward Woodberry says: "The earliest stir of original literary impulse in the West was by way of humor. Laughter was bred into the people; it solved many situations, it lessened the friction of close personal contact, it made for peace, being the alternative for ill-nature or a blow. The constancy of it shows its spontaneity. In the camps of the miner, on the river steamboats, in the taverns of the court circuit, there sprang up inexhaustible anecdotes, rallies of wit, yarns, and fanciful lies and jokes on the dullard or the stranger. Out of this atmosphere came Lincoln, our greatest practical humorist, with that marvelous power, turning all he touched into wisdom; and on the free, imaginative side, Mark Twain, our capital example, was blood and bone of the Western humor."¹

Publishing centers. In so vast a territory and so young a business and social organization it was not to be expected

¹*America in Literature*, p. 158.

that definite schools or coteries of writers or any important literary centers should be developed. It is perhaps due largely to the isolation and widely scattered distribution of the Western writers that they have been forced to rely more fully on their own independence of thought and originality of expression. The publishing centers remained largely in the East, it is true, but the demand for fresh local literature from all parts of the country, South and West alike, was not to be resisted by the Northern and Eastern publishers, even if they had desired to resist it, a thing which in reality the publishers never did. The Western newspapers developed very rapidly, of course, and some publishing centers like Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco sprang up to supply the demand for the publication of books and magazines. The *Overland Monthly* was established in 1868 in San Francisco with Bret Harte as its editor. In 1880 *The Dial*, a critical literary journal, and in 1912 *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse*, appeared at Chicago.

The major western writers. The full spirit of the West is typified in such writers as ABRAHAM LINCOLN, MARK TWAIN, BRET HARTE, JOAQUIN MILLER, EUGENE FIELD, JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, and WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.¹ These are treated in *American Literary Readings*, with selections from their writings. It will be convenient to treat the remaining writers of the West under the headings of Poets, and Writers of Fiction.

WESTERN POETS

Classification of the poets. Of the western poets we may speak of Joaquin Miller, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, and William Vaughn Moody as major poets, though there would doubtless be some objection from a purely national point of view to the classification of all these as major poets. There may be in them some lack of literary conformity and adherence to traditions, but these poets have voiced a new American ideal, and whether they may be classed as major American poets or not is purely an academic question. They certainly deserve large attention in any well-balanced survey of our literature. These writers have all been treated in *American Literary Readings*.

¹ See *American Literary Readings*, pp. 467, 469, 484, 499, 507, 512, 519.

We shall have space here for only a brief treatment of the more important remaining Western poets—namely, John Hay, with his *Pike County Ballads*; and Edward Rowland Sill, of California. The more modern group may be represented by Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg, both of Chicago, who belong to the more virile branch of the “New Poetry”; and Vachel Lindsay, of Springfield, Illinois, an experimenter in new forms of recitative verse.

John Hay. John Hay (1838–1905) is probably thought of more frequently as a diplomat and a statesman than as a literary man, but the time may come when his fame will rest more surely on his literary productions than on his political achievements. He was born and reared in Indiana, but he practiced law in Springfield, Illinois, the home of Abraham Lincoln, and he is thought of as belonging to the last-named state. President Lincoln appointed the young lawyer to be his private secretary in 1861, and the remainder of Hay's life was spent largely in public service of one kind or another. He was for a number of years attached to various diplomatic posts abroad, the most important being the ambassadorship to England under President McKinley. Finally Hay was called to America to become Secretary of State under President McKinley, and in this position he rendered very valuable service to the nation during the Boxer uprising in China. Hay's literary productions include *Pike County Ballads* (1871), *Castilian Days* (1871), a sort of Spanish sketch book which grew out of its author's experiences in the diplomatic service at Madrid, and *The Bread-winners* (1883), a novel which he published anonymously for fear that his acknowledgment of its authorship might affect unfavorably his influence and service as a public man. The ballads were first published in some obscure Western paper, but they also appeared later in the *New York Tribune*, when Hay, for a brief period during his young manhood, was on the editorial staff of that paper. They were rough-hewn dialect ballads dealing with the pioneer life of the Middle West. Their coarse and uncouth realism in thought and language, their embodiment of the humorous and the heroic ideals of the typical Westerner, the rawest of whom was said to hail from Pike County, Missouri, struck a quick response in the public esteem, and these six short ballads of John Hay's are today far more widely known than any of his purer and by him more highly esteemed lyric verse.

"Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle" and "Little Breeches" are the most popular of the ballads, though the others are made from exactly the same bolt of homespun and are almost equally good. Humor, sympathy, courage, independence, heroism, are the chief ingredients, though there is also a note of pathos. The story of the heroic pilot who held the nose of the burning "Prairie Belle," a Mississippi steamer, to the bank until all her passengers were safely landed, losing his own life in the event, has moved many a reader to tears. The pathos is evident in the last stanza.

He weren't no saint, — but at jedgment
 I'd run my chance with Jim,
 'Longside of some pious gentlemen
 That wouldn't shook hands with him.
 He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing, —
 And went for it thar and then;
 And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
 On a man that died for men.

Edward Rowland Sill. Though born in Massachusetts and educated at Yale, Edward Rowland Sill (1841-1887) moved to the Far West to engage in business (1861-1866). He then went back to the East to study for the ministry, but became a teacher, locating first in an academy in Ohio and later in the Oakland High School in California, and then (1874-1882) he accepted the position of professor of English literature in the University of California at Berkeley. He finally retired and returned to Ohio to devote himself to literature, but died within a few years. His successive shifts make him a kind of shuttle between the East and the West; but he did his best work in the West, so that he may fairly be called a Western writer. In fact, the greater part of his poetry is based on Western themes; many of his shorter poems show this in both title and treatment, and "The Hermitage," his longest poem, is a magnificent panorama of the beautiful scenery of the West.

Let me arise, and away
 To the land that guards the dying day,
 Whose burning tear, the evening-star,
 Drops silently to the wave afar;
 The land where summers never cease
 Their sunny psalm of light and peace,
 Whose moonlight, poured for years untold,
 Has drifted down in dust of gold;
 Whose morning splendors, fallen in showers,
 Leave ceaseless sunrise in the flowers.

The purity and sweetness of Sill's language, the sureness and sanity of his moral insight, and the epigrammatic quality of some of his best poems, notably "The Fool's Prayer," will undoubtedly give long life to his work. He died when he was just reaching his maturity as a poet, and while his achievement is notable even as it is, there is little doubt but that, had he lived, Sill would have given the world a still greater body of worthy poetry. His work should be better known than it is. Such poems as "The Fool's Prayer," "Opportunity," "The Contrast," "Life," "On Second Thought," and "Tempted" will prove to be extremely stimulating and inspiring to thoughtful young readers as well as to older ones. We reproduce one of these as a little gem worth committing to memory.

LIFE

Forenoon and afternoon and night, — Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night, — Forenoon, and — what?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life; make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

Minor poets. We can only give the names of a few of the minor poets of the West: John James Piatt (1835-), of Indiana, associated with W. D. Howells in their first volume, *Poems of Two Friends* (1860), and the author of several other volumes of verse; Maurice Thompson (1844-1901), of Indiana, author of many lyrics, but better known as a novelist; Will Carleton (1845-1912), of Michigan, author of many popular and sentimental ballads of no very high literary value, such as "Betsy and I Are Out" and "Over the Hills to the Poor House"; John Vance Cheney (1848-), born in the state of New York but associated with the Pacific slope, writer of excellent lyric verse; Edwin Markham (1852-), of Oregon, famous as the author of "The Man with the Hoe"; Sara Teasdale (1884-) (Mrs. Ernst B. Filsinger since 1914), of St. Louis, one of the most skilful and artistic of recent lyrists, author of *Sonnets to Duse and Other Poems* (1907), *Helen of Troy and Other Poems* (1911), *Rivers to the Sea* (1915), and *Love Poems*, this last awarded the Pulitzer prize in the School of Journalism, Columbia University, as the best poetical contribution for the year 1918; and Howard Mumford Jones (1892-), of Wisconsin, now professor of English in the University

of Montana, author of a metrical translation of Heine's *North Sea* (1916), "The Convocation Ode" (University of Chicago, 1915), and *Gargoyles* (1918), a volume of somewhat humorously, not to say cynically, grotesque and yet fluent and vigorous poetry.

THE NEW POETRY IN THE WEST

Edgar Lee Masters. Among the modern or "New Poetry" poets Edgar Lee Masters (1868-) is, in the opinion of most readers, the most powerful. A descendant of an old Virginia family of the pioneering type on his father's side and from Puritan stock on his mother's, he was born in Kansas and brought at an early age into Illinois. After one year at college he began to prepare himself for the practice of law by studying in his father's law office at Lewiston, Illinois, and then moved to Chicago to improve his fortunes. He confessed that the music of Burns and Shelley kept running through his brain, and he could not resist the impulse to write poetry. In fact, he wrote several hundreds of poems in the ordinary verse forms before he came to write in the new form known as free-verse. He felt that he needed some new medium in which to present the dead monotony and crass realism of Middle Western village life. He makes Petit, the Spoon River poet, confess that he saw

Life all around me here in the village:
Tragedy, comedy, valor and truth,
Courage, constancy, heroism, failure —
All in the loom, and oh, what patterns!

and that he (Petit) had been utterly unable to express it in the conventional verse forms—

Seeds in a dry pod, tick, tick, tick,
Tick, tick, tick, what little iambs,
While Homer and Whitman roared in the pines?

It was in *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse*, founded at Chicago in 1912, by Harriet Monroe, that Mr. Masters discovered the new *vers libre*, or free-verse, and he recognized at once that it was exactly the medium he was in need of. William Marion Reedy, of St. Louis, urged him to throw off all conventions and write something strictly American in form and content, and Mr. Masters began to strike off and publish in *Reedy's Mirror* (St. Louis) those brilliant character



EDGAR LEE MASTERS

sketches for which he has since become famous. In 1915 he collected these unique poems under the title of *Spoon River Anthology*. It is perhaps not too much to say that the book created a sensation in literary circles. No book of poetry since Longfellow's popular volumes has had so wide a circulation, and none since Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* has been more vigorously stimulating or shown more originality. Everybody who is interested in recent literature has read *Spoon River Anthology* and talked about it. Spoon River is the fictitious name of a Middle Western town, and the Anthology is supposed to be a collection of epitaphs written upon the lives of the inhabitants who lie buried in the cemetery. In most instances the dead persons are supposed to speak the real truth about themselves, and thus the author is permitted to reveal the inner secrets of the whole fabric of life about him. Not only are the individuals portrayed in bold outline and crass realism, but the life of the whole village is gradually reproduced and clearly revealed. There are a few family groups and related portraits, and there is frequent allusion reaching over from one portrait to another; and when all of the more than two hundred persons are before us, we suddenly realize that we have a complete cross-section of society as it exists in this Middle Western town of Spoon River. There is no story, no hero, no heroine, no major characters and minor characters, but just the unvarnished truth about each member of the village society; and lo, when we have read all the epitaphs, we have a picture of the whole village before us. There has been some objection to the book because in it Mr. Masters seems to paint too dark a picture. He reveals the ugly side of American life in all its coarseness, sensuality, sordidness, and hypocrisy. He seems to overemphasize the bad and to say too little about the good. There is truth in his realistic presentation, to be sure, but there is another and a better side to human nature, and those who will read on to the end of *Spoon River Anthology* will find that Mr. Masters realizes this. Toward the close of his book particularly he portrays an unselfish idealism and a genuine belief in the essential purity and aspiration of American life and human nature at large. He is often frank to the point of vulgarity and brutality, but underlying all his apparent cynicism is a spirit of hopeful optimism and sincere sympathy. On the whole, *Spoon River Anthology* offers too strong

meat for young readers, but now and then a pure heart speaks in sincere accents that young readers will enjoy. Take the following picture of the old-maid school teacher, supposed to be modeled on the poet's own early teacher:

EMILY SPARKS

Where is my boy, my boy—
 In what far part of the world?
 The boy I loved best of all in the school?—
 I, the teacher, the old maid, the virgin heart,
 Who made them all my children.
 Did I know my boy aright,
 Thinking of him as spirit aflame,
 Active, ever aspiring?
 Oh, boy, boy, for whom I prayed and prayed
 In many a watchful hour at night,

Do you remember the letter I wrote you
 Of the beautiful love of Christ?
 And whether you ever took it or not,
 My boy, wherever you are,
 Work for your soul's sake,
 That all the clay of you, all of the dross of you,
 May yield to the fire of you,
 Till the fire is nothing but light!
 Nothing but light!

And "Reuben Pantier" answers, beginning his story thus:

Well, Emily Sparks, your prayers were not wasted,
 Your love was not all in vain.
 I owe whatever I was in life
 To your hope that would not give me up,
 To your love that saw me still as good.

In his latest books, *The Great Valley* (1917) and *Toward the Gulf* (1918), Mr. Masters has attempted, with a large measure of success, to do for the Central West, that is, "the great valley" of the Mississippi as it sweeps "toward the Gulf," what he did for a single town of this same section in *Spoon River Anthology*. He has drunk deeply of the pure stream of democracy as it flowed through Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, and as a result his work may be called a "true epic of American life."

Carl Sandburg. Carl Sandburg (1878-) reminds one rather strongly of Walt Whitman. He was born of Swedish ancestry in Galesburg, Illinois, and has had a varied experience in many parts of the West, working at many jobs and being thrown intimately with many sorts of toilers. He

succeeded in getting a fairly good education, and he has been connected with several of the more recent socialistic movements in Wisconsin and other states. He is the poet of Chicago in particular, just as Walt Whitman was of Manhattan, or New York. He is also the poet of social democracy. His volumes *Chicago Poems* (1916) and *Cornhuskers* (1918) are his chief contributions thus far to the so-called New Poetry. The opening poem in the former volume, "Chicago," is his best known single production. This poem was first printed in *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse*, in 1914, and was awarded a prize of \$200 as the best American poem of the year. Its lines will remind the student at once of Walt Whitman, but there is something new and fresh here also; the poem will also afford some idea of Mr. Sandburg's terrific strength and imaginative power:

CHICAGO

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the big shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your
painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have
seen the gunmen kill and go free to kill again.

And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of
women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this
my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be
alive and coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a
tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage
pitted against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,

Shoveling,

Wrecking,

Planning,

Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,

Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,

Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his
ribs the heart of the people,

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked,
sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of
Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

Vachel Lindsay. Another strikingly unconventional Western poet is Nicholas Vachel Lindsay (1879-), who was born in Springfield, Illinois, educated in the high school there and at Hiram College in Ohio, and later studied art at the Chicago Art Institute and the New York School of Art. After doing some lecturing in the interests of the Anti-Saloon League for the Y.M.C.A. settlement work in New York, he returned to Illinois and spent a year or two lecturing in the interests of the Anti-Saloon League. Then in 1909 he began his famous tramp from Illinois to New Mexico, preaching, as he said, "the gospel of beauty" along the way. He sold copies of his own verses, *Rhymes to Be Traded for Bread* (1912), and recited them wherever he could gather an audience. Later he recorded his experiences in a prose volume interspersed with poems, calling it *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty* (1914). He repeated this experiment in other tramping excursions. Lindsay first attracted wide attention by his poem called "General William Booth Enters Heaven," which appeared in *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse*, January, 1913, and was published in a volume with other poems in 1914. His second volume of poetry, *The Congo and Other Poems*, was published in 1915. He attempts to interpret American life, particularly in the great cities and in the rural sections of the Middle West, from the point of view of the average citizen rather than from that of the educated critic. Poems like "The Congo," representing negro life, "The Fireman's Ball," and "A Rhyme about an Electrical Advertising Sign" come out of his experiences in the cities, while "The Santa Fé Trail" and "An Indian Summer Day on the Prairie" are the product of his tramps in the West. The most striking peculiarity of Lindsay's poems is his marginal glosses or notes, in which he tells the reader exactly how to read or recite the verses, for he believes poetry for the people should be recited rather than merely silently read. He conceives his setting exactly as a dramatist would do, and gives full elocutionary or stage directions to accompany the oral rendition. He is said to be successful in reciting his own productions, and of course he wants others to read his poems exactly as he has conceived them. Besides the work already mentioned, Lindsay has written a number of good religious lyrics, such as "I Heard Immanuel Singing," and some quaint children's poems. Perhaps Lindsay will be

remembered chiefly as an oddity or freak in the modern poetical movement, but there is no use denying the fact that he is possessed of an unusual imagination, and that he has done some rather unique things in recitative verse forms.

WESTERN WRITERS OF FICTION

The fiction writers classified. There are so many popular and promising Western novelists and short-story writers that it will be necessary to select just a few of them as typical. MARK TWAIN and BRET HARTE¹ have been chosen for fuller treatment in *American Literary Readings*. In addition, we may take General Lew Wallace, Edward Eggleston, Hamlin Garland, Frank Norris, and Winston Churchill for brief treatment, and content ourselves with a bare catalog of the other novelists and story writers, together with a few of their most noteworthy productions.

Lew Wallace. General Lew Wallace (1827-1905), of Indiana, first earned fame as a soldier, taking part in both the War with Mexico and the Civil War, where he finally rose to the rank of general. Just before the outbreak of the War with Mexico, while he was studying for admission to the bar at Indianapolis, Wallace read Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* and was at once fired with the ambition to write a historical novel based on the romantic background of the Spanish conquest of the Aztecs. Later his own personal experiences in Mexico added to his equipment for the task, but it was not until long after the Civil War that he finally finished his first novel, *The Fair God, a Tale of the Conquest of Mexico* (1873). This book, though fairly well planned and executed, attracted but little attention until after the appearance of its author's amazingly popular religious romance, *Ben Hur, a Tale of the Christ* (1880). This last is said to have been the most widely read novel that had appeared since *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852) swept the country. It had in it much to commend it to the American public. It was thoroughly reverent and orthodox in its attitude toward the Christ; it was enthusiastically, vividly, and dramatically written; and it satisfied all the demands for an intensely exciting romance as well as for historical information and moral stimulus. Critics have spoken in a somewhat slighting tone of the lack of artistic merit in style and structure, of the

¹See *American Literary Readings*, pp. 469, 484.

melodramatic atmosphere, and of the pietistic or moral leanings of the book, but such criticism has had little effect in deterring thousands of eager readers from turning again and again to the pages of the romance and other thousands of pleased spectators from attending the elaborate dramatizations of the novel. *The Prince of India, or Why Constantinople Fell* (1893), did not satisfy the public so well as *Ben Hur* had done. In none of his novels does General Wallace represent American life. He had a *penchant* for foreign historical themes with a large romantic background, and it must be said that he was hardly possessed of sufficient imaginative power to fuse these historical and romantic elements into real masterpieces. His position as a writer, then, cannot finally be a high one, but he deserves remembrance as one of the many American novelists who attracted very wide interest with their popular historical romances in the last decades of the nineteenth century.

Edward Eggleston. Edward Eggleston (1837-1902) will probably be remembered more for his accurate portrayal of life in the Middle West, particularly in Indiana and Minnesota, than for his purely literary excellence. A descendant of a good Virginia family, he was born in Indiana, was shifted about from place to place after the early death of his parents, entered the Methodist ministry as a circuit rider when he was nineteen, and gradually educated himself through his omniverous reading of history, biography, and general literature. During all his early life he studied at first hand the Hoosier customs and types of character which he was to use so effectively in his later realistic novels. *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* (1871), first published serially in *Hearth and Home*, was widely read. It is not a strong book when examined from a purely artistic viewpoint, but because of its humor, its coarse realism, and its sincere humanity and large charity, it is irresistibly attractive and universally popular, particularly among young readers. Another book in the same vein is *The Hoosier Schoolboy* (1883). *The End of the World, a Love Story* (1872), is centered around the sect of "Millerites," who taught, about 1870, that the end of the world was at hand. The scene of *The Mystery of Metropolisville* (1873) is laid in Minnesota, and is the result of the author's observations of life in that state during the several years of his residence there. *The Circuit Rider, a Tale of the Heroic Age* (1874), deals with the

history of Methodism in the Middle West in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. This book is looked upon almost as an authentic historic document, so close to fact as revealed by history and by his own personal experiences in later years has the novelist been. In this book Eggleston reached his highest power. He has portrayed the early life in the West with a vividness that makes it very real to his readers, and he has thus preserved for us the true historic background out of which came such characters as Presidents William Henry Harrison and Abraham Lincoln. In one of Eggleston's later works, *The Graysons, a Story of Illinois* (1888), a realistic picture of pioneer life, Abraham Lincoln actually appears as one of the characters. During his later years Eggleston became a writer of popular histories, and he was also connected editorially with several religious and literary journals, notably the *New York Independent*.

Hamlin Garland. In Hamlin Garland (1860-) we find the hard realism of the Middle West farm life voicing itself. He knows his background thoroughly, and he portrays it vividly. The offspring of parents who had the common Western fever for migrating, he was born in Wisconsin and carried along with the family in their wanderings from point to point until they settled somewhat more permanently in Iowa. He managed to acquire a fairly good education and taught school in several Western states, and later in Massachusetts. Finally he turned his hand to writing Western stories and collected them later in *Main-Traveled Roads, Six Mississippi Valley Stories* (1891) and *Prairie Folks, or Pioneer Life on the Western Prairies in Nine Stories* (1892). He says the entire series was the result of a summer vacation visit to his old home in Iowa, to his father's farm in Dakota, and to his birthplace in Wisconsin. At the time he made this visit he was living in Boston, and he confesses that the return to the scenes of his boyhood started him upon a series of stories delineative of farm and village life as he knew it and had lived it. Thus these stories become a sort of historical transcript of Garland's own experiences, and as such they are not only interesting narratives, but really true and human presentations of Western farm life in the later decades of the nineteenth century. Mr. Garland has written many longer stories also, but none of them is quite so good in its interpretation of Western life as are his short stories. *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* (1895) and *The Eagle's*

Heart (1900) may be mentioned as typical Western novels. One of the most valuable of all of Garland's books is his autobiography, *A Son of the Middle Border* (1917). It gives a truthful and satisfying picture of life in the Middle and Far West—of the whole of America, in fact—and at the same time it is to the full as entertaining as a novel. This autobiography is, indeed, a real human document that every American who desires to understand this part of the United States should read.

Frank Norris. Frank Norris (1870–1902) represents more particularly the Far West, but he is also frequently associated with the Middle West. He was born in Chicago, educated in San Francisco High School and the University of California, studied at Harvard, and then went abroad to study art at Paris. Later he became special correspondent and editor of San Francisco papers, and during the Spanish-American War he did some good magazine work. He then made himself famous as the author of fiction of the most blatantly realistic type. He held the extreme view that the novelist should tell the truth, the real truth, and nothing but the truth, no matter how revolting it might be. *McTeague, a Story of San Francisco* (1899), illustrates this strong type of realism. But Norris's greatest effort was in the three novels which he planned to be what he called "an epic of the wheat." These novels when completed were intended to portray the real facts about the complex industrial and social life of America as it revolved around the most important food product of the world. Norris explained his purpose in the preface to the second novel. He said, "These novels, while forming a series, will be in no way connected with each other save by their relation to (1) the production, (2) the distribution, (3) the consumption of American wheat. When complete they will form the story of a crop of wheat from the time of its sowing as seed in California to the time of its consumption as bread in a village of Western Europe." The novelist completed only *The Octopus, a Story of California* (1901), and *The Pit, a Story of Chicago* (1902). The third novel he intended to call *The Wolf*, proposing to make the main incident center about a famine in some European community. *The Octopus* is really an allegory dealing with the railroad trust, which, like a giant octopus, the author conceives to have its tentacles stretched everywhere over the land. He describes it as "the leviathan with tentacles

of steel clutching into the soil, the soulless Force, the iron-hearted Power, the Monster, the Colossus, the Octopus." *The Pit* is the story of a speculation or corner in the Chicago wheat exchange. These two stories are powerfully written, and had Norris lived to complete the trilogy, he would undoubtedly have rounded out his plan so as to have made this sequence one of the most remarkably comprehensive works of modern fiction. Even as it stands his effort has a magnificent imaginative sweep and a fundamental and powerful artistic appeal.

Winston Churchill. It is difficult to decide whether Winston Spencer Churchill (1871-) should be classed with the Western or the New England group of novelists. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, educated at an academy in that city and at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, spent several years in general journalistic work in New York, and finally settled permanently in the artists' colony at Cornish, New Hampshire, just across the Connecticut river from the town of Windsor, Vermont. Later he entered politics in New Hampshire and became thoroughly identified with that state. The scenes of some of his novels are laid in the West, but the political and social problem novels of his recent years deal mainly with conditions in the East. All his work, however, is more or less general and national rather than local in character, and on the whole he seems to belong with the group of Western writers who have attempted to express in their novels the broad national or democratic ideal known as Americanism. His three important historical novels are *Richard Carvel* (1899), the scene of which is laid principally in Maryland during the whole of the Revolutionary period; *The Crisis* (1901), which opens in St. Louis just before the Civil War and covers the whole of that critical period in our history, introducing Abraham Lincoln in a rather large way; and *The Crossing* (1904), a picturesque narrative of "the crossing of the Alleghanies" by the early pioneers, such as Daniel Boone and his companions, the development of the movement for westward expansion through the Louisiana Purchase, and the exploring expedition of Lewis and Clark. Of his other works two are political novels dealing with conditions in New Hampshire—*Coniston* (1906), portraying the career of Jethro Bass, a typical political boss during the administration of President Grant, and *Mr. Crewe's Career*

(1908), a continuation of the same theme, a searching satire on railroad domination of state politics; two others are American social studies, turning largely on marriage and business problems—*A Modern Chronicle* (1910), a love story opening in St. Louis and moving in a circle through New York and Virginia back to the starting point, and *A Far Country* (1915), a highly generalized study of the rise of big business methods toward the end of the nineteenth century; and one, *The Inside of the Cup* (1913), deals in a rather frank and startling way with the inner social workings of a rich twentieth-century American church. It will be observed that each of these novels takes up some big theme, and it will be found that the treatment is broad and epical in character rather than narrow and personal. An attempt is made to portray primarily some great historical, political, or social problem, and the characters and personal narrative are made to elucidate the theme. The characters are well drawn and peculiarly attractive as human beings, it is true, and the reader becomes intensely interested in their fortunes as the story progresses; but they seem to be merely a part of the greater social or national movement which the author portrays as sweeping them on or engulfing them in its stream. The first three of Churchill's novels have been called historical, but in truth all of his books may be called historical or interpretive of American life in a chronological sequence from the Revolution to present times. These eight novels are all well worth reading, for Churchill is a careful and painstaking workman both in the collecting and marshaling of his facts and in his literary style. Perhaps younger readers should be content for the present to take up the three earlier novels in their chronological order—*Richard Carvel*, *The Crossing*, *The Crisis*. The first and last of these are connected by the interesting device of making the heroine of the last, Virginia Carvel, to appear as the great-great-granddaughter of the hero of the first.

Western women story writers. Among the women novelists of the West, the following are the most notable: Helen Hunt Jackson (1831-1885),¹ poet and novelist, author of *Ramona* (1884), a strong story intended to arouse sympathy for the mistreated Indian as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had

¹ Miss Helen Maria Fiske, born in Amherst, Massachusetts, was first married to Captain Hunt and frequently signed her early works "H. H." She later married a Mr. Jackson of Colorado.

previously done for the Southern negro; Mary Hartwell Catherwood (1847-1902), of Ohio, writer of romantic stories of Indian life in the earlier period of French settlements in Canada and the Middle West, such as *The Romance of Dollard* (1889), *Old Kaskaskia* (1893), *Lazarre* (1901); Mary Hallock Foote (1847-), writer of stories dealing with primitive life in the West, such as *The Led Horse Claim* (1883), *Coeur d'Alene* (1894); Octave Thanet (real name Alice French) (1850-), author of sympathetic and artistic short stories revealing life in Iowa and Arkansas, as in *Knitters in the Sun* (1887), *Stories of a Western Town* (1893), *The Heart of Toil* (1898); Gertrude Atherton (1857-), of San Francisco, writer of novels dealing with life in the West, such as *The Californians* (1898), and also with general social and political life in the East, as in *Patience Sparhawk* (1897) and *Senator North* (1900), treating respectively of New York and Washington society, and *The Conqueror* (1902), a historical romance with Alexander Hamilton as the chief figure; and Kathleen Norris (1880-), of San Francisco, writer of realistic novels of present-day social life, such as *Mother* (1911) and *The Heart of Rachael* (1916).

Other Western novelists. The popular Western novelists include Maurice Thompson (1844-1901), of Indiana, poet, essayist, and novelist, author of *Alice of Old Vincennes* (1901), a stirring tale of Revolutionary times and one of the most widely read novels of its decade; Henry Blake Fuller (1857-), of Chicago, author of realistic present-day studies in city life, as in *The Cliff Dwellers* (1893), *With the Procession* (1895); Frederic Remington (1861-1909), painter of Western pictures and writer of Western short stories, as in *Crooked Trails* (1898), *Men with the Bark On* (1900); William Allen White (1868-), of Kansas, author of *The Court of Boyville* (1899), a sequence of delightfully human and playfully humorous stories of boy life in the Middle West, and *A Certain Rich Man* (1909), a novel dealing with the rapid growth of a Western town and the making of a modern millionaire; Robert Herrick (1868-), professor in the University of Chicago, author of searching and somewhat pessimistic studies in social life, particularly on the marriage problem, such as *The Common Lot* (1904), *Together* (1908); Stewart Edward White (1873-), of Michigan, portrayer of Western mining and mountaineer types, as in *The Claim Jumpers* (1901) and *The Blazed Trail* (1902);

Jack London (1876-1916), of San Francisco, writer of realistic stories of outdoor adventure and animal life, as in *The Call of the Wild* (1903), *The Sea Wolf* (1904), *White Fang* (1907); and Newton Booth Tarkington (1869-), of Indiana, one of the best of the modern popular novelists, author of *The Gentleman from Indiana* (1899), a study of Hoosier character; *Monsieur Beaucaire* (1900), a romantic story laid in England a century or more ago; *The Two Vanrevels* (1902), a story of mistaken identity, the scene being laid in the Middle West of the mid-nineteenth century; *Cherry* (1903), a sprightly Revolutionary romance; *The Turmoil* (1915), his most ambitious work, a searching study of modern business methods in a big city; *Penrod* (1914) and *Penrod and Sam* (1916), short stories presenting a live American boy of twelve with his companions; and *Seventeen* (1916), a delightful picture of an American youth at the impressionable age of seventeen.

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHIES SUITABLE FOR HIGH-SCHOOL LIBRARIES AND OUTSIDE READING

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- BARR, *Remember the Alamo* (Texas independence).
- EGGLESTON, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* (Indiana about 1840).
- STOWE, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (slavery question about 1850).

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- CHURCHILL, *The Crisis*.
- CABLE, *The Cavalier*.
- COOKE, *Hilt to Hilt, Surrey of Eagle's Nest, Mohun*, etc.
- CRANE, *The Red Badge of Courage*.
- FREDERIC, *The Copperhead and Other Northern Stories*.
- GLASGOW, *The Battle-Ground*.
- JOHNSTON, *The Long Roll, Cease Firing*.
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- HENTY, *With Lee in Virginia*.
- PAGE, *The Burial of the Guns, Mars Chan*, etc.
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OVERTON, *The Heritage of Unrest* (Indians in New Mexico).

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GARLAND, *A Son of the Middle Border*, etc.

WHITE, *The Westerners*, *The Blazed Trail*, etc.

MARK TWAIN, *Roughing It*, *Life on the Mississippi*, *Tom Sawyer*,
Huckleberry Finn, *Pudd'n-Head Wilson*, etc.

PART II
AMERICAN LITERARY READINGS

TO HER

*Through whose self-sacrifice and encourage-
ment all my books have been
made possible*

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THE PREFACE

This work is intended to be used as a basal text in classes in American literature. An effort has been made to include all the major authors and some of the more important minor ones, and to give enough material to be fairly representative of the different types of work produced by each of these. No selection from authors whose works are now merely of historic or antiquarian interest has been included. The absolutely essential classics have been chosen as far as length and character of the selection would permit. The apparent unequal representation in the cases of recent writers, particularly Lanier, Mark Twain, and Moody, is due to copyright restrictions. An effort has been made also to conform to the standard texts, but in most instances the original texts were followed. In practically every case, complete works have been given, the exceptions being the chapters from Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans* and Thoreau's *Walden* and the sections from Lowell's *A Fable for Critics* and Holmes's *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and in these instances enough is given to make a unified effect and to arouse interest in the complete work.

The plan of the present book is largely the same as that of Charles M. Curry's *Literary Readings* and the present editor's *Southern Literary Readings*, both published by Rand McNally & Company. The biographical sketches and the notes and questions are made full enough to elucidate the text, pique interest, and stimulate thought, but not so full, it is hoped, as to overshadow the literature itself or prevent outside study and reference work on the part of the pupil.

My thanks are due for the courteous coöperation of the members of the reading-room staff in the Library of Congress, where the notes and sketches were prepared. I also wish to express my gratitude to the publishing houses which have given me permission to reprint certain copyrighted material: To Charles Scribner's Sons for "Song of the Chattahoochee," from *Poems of Lanier* by Sidney Lanier, and "Dutch Lullaby" and "In the Firelight" by Eugene Field; The Bobbs-Merrill Company for "Afterwhiles" and "The

Raggedy Man" by James Whitcomb Riley; Doubleday Page & Company for "The Ransom of Red Chief," from *Whirligigs*, and "The Last Leaf," from *The Trimmed Lamp and Other Stories of the Four Million*, by O. Henry; the Whittaker & Ray-Wiggin Company for "Kit Carson's Ride" and "Columbus" by Joaquin Miller.

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I am also indebted to Mrs. Mary Day Lanier for help in revising the sketch of Sidney Lanier, reprinted here from my *Southern Literary Readings*.

L. W. PAYNE, JR.

Austin, Texas

THE INTRODUCTION

I. THE AIM OF LITERARY STUDY

The tendency to reduce the study of the history of literature to a subordinate place and to exalt the study of the classics themselves has become in recent years more and more pronounced. Secondary textbooks are now combining the history with the selections, but with the emphasis largely upon the latter. This is certainly a development in the right direction, for it is vastly more important for the high-school pupils to be reading the literature itself than to be committing to memory numerous facts about the writers and their books. Of course, a modicum of literary history is necessary, especially for studying tendencies and movements and for making estimates of particular productions and authors; the historical backgrounds, social, economic, and literary, should be clearly outlined, and the distinct literary movements and stylistic fashions should be at least briefly expounded and interpreted. But by all means this should be a subsidiary and not a primary end, and certainly the pupils should be first made acquainted, through actual contact, with the best models of the various kinds of literary expression in the various periods. (A brief outline of American literature by periods will be found on pp. 638-641.)

It is not enough for the selections to satisfy the mere historic curiosity as to the kind of writing that was being produced and most widely read in a given period. This is decidedly interesting and valuable to the special student of literature, and it has the same cultural value as has the study of other sorts of history; but it is unwise to ask the average high-school student to spend much of his time in conning over the mere historical facts in the development of our literature. The primary or essential demand is for the use by the pupil of complete classics,—the very best examples of our various literary types, with such helps as will lead him to form the habit of reading closely and such critical apparatus as will develop in him the ability to

appreciate and recognize literary values. As far as possible, material should be selected which will command his interest and at the same time be of permanent value to him in training his artistic taste and developing his literary judgment. In no case should a puerile or depraved taste or a temporary fad be pandered to. The best in every kind is what our children should have, and we must not allow the child's preferences to direct us so absolutely as to make us fail to give him what is really good for him, that is, what will tend to develop and refine his taste and character.

In the present volume the aim has been to cull from the mass of nineteenth-century American literature certain essential masterpieces which every child should know, and to present them with sufficient critical apparatus to make them easily understood and thoroughly accessible from the literary point of view. It is a well-known fact that the pupil frequently has no idea how to study an assignment in literature. About all he knows to do is to read over in a desultory way the required number of lines or pages of an assignment, without making the slightest effort to get below the surface into the real import and force and literary values of the piece he is supposed to study. With the proper kind of notes, study suggestions, and leading questions before him, he can easily attain some skill in making the literary attack for himself. Hence we have given in the back of this book full introductory and explanatory notes, and followed these by a fairly exhaustive list of questions and exercises, all of which are intended to open to the pupil the real literary values of the selections.

It is not intended, of course, that these questions should be followed mechanically in the recitation. The very worst possible method of teaching a classic is that by which the pupils are made to memorize notes and give mechanical answers to stereotyped questions. The helps will defeat their own end if they are ever allowed to usurp the main interest of the recitation. Let it be repeated until there can be no chance of mistake, *the literature itself is the main thing*. The notes should be used only in connection with the text, and never studied for their own sake. The questions should be similarly used only as an adjunct to the complete understanding and interpretation of the text. Most teachers will prefer to ask their own questions, but it is hoped that the exercises and questions found in the volume

will at least be suggestive to the teacher, and certainly afford a guide for study and interpretation for the pupil. Occasionally the teacher may wish to select particular questions for study, and sometimes it may be wise to require written answers to be prepared outside of the class. At least enough questions should be assigned to make the pupils feel the necessity of definite preparation for class recitation. If the questions are never resorted to specifically, the pupils will soon develop the habit of ignoring them.

Minute and detailed study of a single classic is frequently advantageous, but on the whole it is better for the pupils to get the big idea or dominant impression of many pieces of literature than to be surfeited by a too minute and extended study of one classic. Many teachers make the mistake of spending entirely too much time on some single long masterpiece, like *Evangeline* for example, so that the pupils become thoroughly disgusted with it. Interminable drill and analysis will kill the spirit of the finest piece of literature in the world. Pupils like variety and progress from one type to another and from one selection to another, and when they are held too long at one task they inevitably rebel and lose their zest and interest. In many city schools the same classics are held in the course year after year and drilled on so minutely and persistently that both the pupils' and the teacher's vitality and alertness are sapped and deadened.

Again, it has been demonstrated that it will not do to force too much poetry upon young minds. Poetry is more concentrated, more suited to minute analysis, more easily taught, and hence more attractive to the adult mind of the teacher; but the child naturally prefers the less concentrated and more easily grasped content of prose. It is desirable, then, to mix the two types in some equitable proportion. An attempt has been made in this volume to give about an equal amount of prose and poetry. The poetical selections are somewhat more numerous because they are usually shorter, but the number of pages of each kind is very nearly equal.

A detailed study of the technique of verse is not desirable in the grades or in the high-school course of study, but at least the essential elements of metrics should be presented rather early in the pupil's preparation for literary study. The natural tendency of the child is to overemphasize the

rhythm of poetical selections, and one of the teacher's chief aims in the earlier years is to prevent the sing-song or mechanical rendition of metrical passages. The fact that the child does want to read his poetry in this sing-song fashion is clear proof that he can be easily taught the elements of meter at an early stage, and we should always take advantage of this instinct and direct and inform him. Not many technical terms should be memorized, but the four fundamental and two occasional English rhythms and the more common matters of meter should at least be presented. The brief treatise given on pp. 642-647 will, it is believed, answer all practical purposes. It may be necessary here to give a warning against a too prominent emphasis on the mere mechanics of verse. The very novelty of the subject is likely to lead some teachers into extremes. Only a small fraction of the pupil's time and energy should be consumed in these mechanical exercises of scansion. Just enough practice to give the young reader an introduction into the mechanics of English meter so that he can recognize the different types is all that is necessary.

II. CLASSIFICATION OF SELECTIONS

A number of teachers in recent years have preferred to study literature by types instead of chronologically by authors or by literary schools, or movements, as has been the prevailing custom in the past. In the present volume we have attempted to include as many different types as was consistent with the other aims of the book, and for the convenience of teachers who desire to present the material by types we have grouped the selections in the following table under the commonly accepted rubrics. Of course, in any such classification there will inevitably be some overlapping, and the teacher must be depended upon to point out instances of such.

Poetry is classified as epic, dramatic, and lyric, and additional divisions are sometimes given to cover didactic and satiric verse. Under the epic we have placed all narrative verse, including the literary ballads. In a limited volume like the present we have found it impractical to include drama, either in poetry or in prose. The lyric is easily divided into subordinate types, and for convenience we may classify the kinds of lyrics under five headings—

namely, greater lyrics: (1) ode, (2) elegy, (3) idyl; lesser lyrics: (4) song-lyric, (5) sonnet. The more detailed classification of lyrics according to the emotion expressed, such as love, grief, nature, social, humorous, pathetic, patriotic, philosophic, religious, we have largely left to the judgment of the teacher, who may in turn secure the reaction of the pupils on this point in the daily class exercises.

The prose selections fall under one of three divisions—namely, the essay, the oration, and the story (including selections from longer narratives). Subdivisions of the first two rubrics may be made according to type, as, of the essay, formal or informal in structure; critical, philosophical, didactic, and the like, in subject-matter. The short prose narratives may be variously classified into the sketch, the tale, the short story; or again, according to purpose or aim, into stories of character, situation, local color, humor, pathos, and the like.

POETRY

- I. **Epic or Narrative:** *Longfellow*, *Evangeline*, *Excelsior*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*; *Whittier*, *Skipper Ireson's Ride*; *Lowell*, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *The Courtin'*; *Miller*, *Kit Carson's Ride*.
- II. **Lyric:**
 1. Ode: *Bryant*, *To a Waterfowl*; *Whitman*, *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, *The Mystic Trumpeter*; *Timrod*, *Ode*.
 2. Elegy: *Bryant*, *Thanatopsis*, *The Death of the Flowers*; *Poe*, *Ulalume*; *Whitman*, *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*, *O Captain! My Captain!*
 3. Idyl: *Whittier*, *Snow-Bound*.
 4. Song-lyric: *Bryant*, *Robert of Lincoln*; *Poe*, *To Helen*, *Israfel*, *Eldorado*; *Emerson*, *Concord Hymn*, *The Rhodora*, *The Humble-Bee*, *Days*; *Longfellow*, *A Psalm of Life*, *Hymn to the Night*, *Maidenhood*, *The Arrow and the Song*; *Whittier*, *In School-Days*, *Ichabod*; *Holmes*, *The Last Leaf*, *The Chambered Nautilus*; *Field*, *Dutch Lullaby*, *In the Firelight*; *Miller*, *Columbus*; *Lanier*, *Song of the Chattahoochee*; *Riley*, *Afterwhiles*, *The Raggedy Man*; *Timrod*, *Spring*; *Hayne*, *Aspects of the Pines*; *Moody*, *Gloucester Moors*.
 5. Sonnet: *Longfellow*, *Divina Commedia*; *Hayne*, *Composed in Autumn*; *Poe*, *To Science*.
- III. **Satiric:** *Lowell*, *A Fable for Critics*; *Holmes*, *The Deacon's Master-piece*.

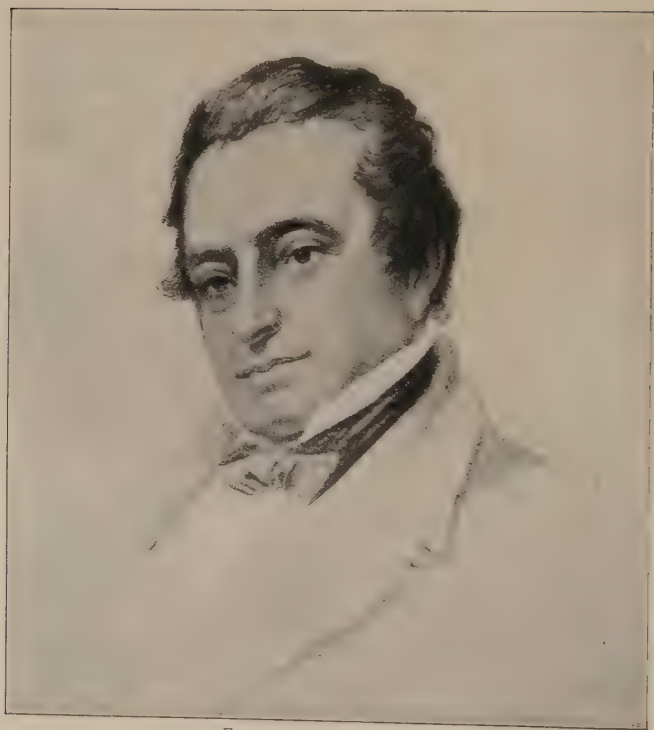
PROSE

- I. **Essay:** *Irving*, *Westminster Abbey*; *Poe*, *Review of Hawthorne's "Twice-told Tales"*; *Emerson*, *Compensation*, *Heroism*; *Holmes*, *"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,"* Section IV, *"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,"* Section XI; *Thoreau*, *Brute Neighbors* (Chapter XII of *"Walden, or Life in the Woods"*).

- II. Oration:** *Lincoln*, Gettysburg Speech; *Lowell*, Our Literature.
- III. Story:** *Irving*, Rip Van Winkle; *Cooper*, "The Last of the Mohicans" (Chapter III, Hawk-eye, Chingachgook, and Uncas); *Poe*, The Cask of Amontillado, The Purloined Letter; *Hawthorne*, The Ambitious Guest, The Great Carbuncle, The Wedding-Knell; *Mark Twain*, The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County; *Bret Harte*, The Luck of Roaring Camp; *O. Henry*, The Ransom of Red Chief, The Last Leaf.

III. ORAL READING OF MASTERPIECES

Finally and by all means, the oral rendition of literary masterpieces should be insisted on in all the high-school grades. The surest test of real literary appreciation is the ability to reproduce in good oral reading the material studied. Memory work, then, becomes an essential aid in this practical exercise of oral reproduction. The pupils should be trained to do good oral reading directly from the text, of course, but a finished and final oral rendition from memory will fix the real literary values of a masterpiece in the child's mind in a way that no amount of mere cursory reading will do. A rapid sight reading of each selection, before the more detailed literary study is made, is essential to a consecutive grasp of the selection as a whole; but the final test of all the study put upon a selection is the pupil's ability to reproduce its thought content and its emotional and esthetic values by a good oral reading; and in the case of the shorter selections, undoubtedly the surest means of attaining this full literary appreciation on the part of the pupil is to demand of him accurate and expressive memory reproduction before the whole class or the entire school.



From an engraving by E. Burney, after a photograph
WASHINGTON IRVING

AMERICAN LITERARY READINGS

WASHINGTON IRVING

1783-1859

Washington Irving has been called "The Father of American Literature," just as the great statesman and soldier for whom he was named is called "The Father of His Country." In a certain sense, Irving is the father of American literature. He was not our first author to devote himself entirely to literature, for Charles Brockden Brown had done that just before him; but he was the first of our authors to gain recognition abroad, or as Thackeray happily phrased it in his essay "Nil Nisi Bonum," "Irving was the first ambassador whom the New World of letters sent to the Old." The *Sketch Book* was, in fact, the first positive answer to the tantalizing British query, "Who reads an American book?"

Irving was born in New York City, April 3, 1783, the year which marked the defeat of Cornwallis and the close of the Revolution, and his mother, who was an ardent patriot, decided to name him for the great American general, for, she said, "Washington's work is ended, and the child shall be named for him." When Irving was six years old, his old Scotch nurse presented him to President Washington for his blessing. Irving remembered the incident, remarking in later years, "That blessing has attended me through life." It is interesting, finally, to note in this connection that Irving's last great work was the five-volume *Life of Washington*, which appeared in 1859 just before his death.

Irving's parents were both born abroad, his father being of Scotch and his mother of English descent. There were born to them eleven children, of whom Washington was the youngest. He was a delicate child, and his education, so far as formal school training is concerned, was desultory. He read tales of travel and adventure, particularly the *Arabian Nights* and *Robinson Crusoe*, when he ought to have been studying his arithmetic; and it is said that he would

willingly write the other boys' compositions if they would work his sums for him. He dropped out of school at sixteen, failing to take advantage of the opportunity of attending Columbia College as two of his brothers did. Instead, he spent his time in reading tales of romance, slipping away from home before and after family prayers to attend the newly opened theater, and roaming the country roundabout, listening to the good wives' tales about ghosts and fairies in the surrounding hills and valleys. He made several long holiday excursions into the Hudson River hill country farther north, going on one of his trips even as far north as Canada, and collecting all the while those legends and nature pictures which he has so well preserved in "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

The plan for young Irving's future was that he should become a lawyer. The chief result of his five years of desultory study of law, largely in Judge Hoffman's office, was his acquaintance with the Judge's daughter, Matilda. She was a beautiful and quick-witted girl, and Irving fell desperately in love with her. She was equally attracted to the handsome and genial youth and promised to marry him, but she developed rapid tuberculosis and died in her eighteenth year. Irving's devotion to her memory is one of the most beautiful things in his life. He did not seclude himself from society nor become sentimentally morbid; indeed, he was always delighted with the society of women, and the evidence seems to show that he had some serious intentions of marrying later in life. But the fact remains that he never married, and after his death there were found among his cherished personal belongings a lock of Miss Hoffman's hair and her Bible and prayerbook.

Irving's constitution was still frail, and so in 1804 it was decided that he should visit Europe partly in search of health, but partly also for literary and cultural advantages. He traveled through Italy, France, and England, meeting many distinguished persons and making many friends by his genial manners and attractive personality. On his return in 1806, he was admitted to the bar, but he devoted his time more to social engagements and literary experiments than to his profession. Before his trip abroad he had contributed to a New York paper a series of light satiric letters, signing them "Jonathan Oldstyle," a name which indicates at this early period his predilection for the seventh-century

Addisonian prose style. With James K. Paulding he now undertook another experiment, a semi-monthly periodical called *Salmagundi*. It was modeled on the *Spectator* of Addison and Steele, and though it did not run quite a year, it gave both of these men an outlet for their literary aspirations and eventually led to other undertakings in authorship.

Irving's works may be divided into three classes: his humorous and serious sketches and essays, his longer connected narratives, and his biographical and historical narratives. The first of these is the most important and will receive the major part of our attention.

A History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker (1809) was the first really important work by Irving. It was begun as a satiric burlesque on Dr. Samuel Mitchell's *Picture of New York*, but it was carried out in such a fine spirit of humorous extravaganza that it was at once recognized as an original and imaginative work. It was preceded by a clever series of advertising notes, in the form of news items about the peculiar and distressing disappearance of Diedrich Knickerbocker, "a small, elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and a cocked hat." He had left behind him a curious manuscript, which would be sold to pay his board bill. Naturally when this manuscript was published, everybody wanted to read it, and everybody, except a few serious-minded Dutch historians, was delighted with the fresh and good-natured badinage, the mock-serious exaggeration, and the quaint Dutch reminiscences. The book was talked about and bandied so freely that it gave a new word to the language, Knickerbocker, the generic name of the Dutch freeholders in America, a term later applied to the first distinctive period of American literature. It is a difficult thing for a purely humorous work to hold its place of popularity, and so we find to-day few readers of *Knickerbocker's History*. A little of it is still highly amusing, but the style in writing, as in dress, changes from generation to generation, and the broad splashes of humor and elephantine facetiousness of *Knickerbocker's History* are not so attractive to modern readers as they were to Irving's contemporaries.

After *Knickerbocker's History* Irving seems to have rested on his laurels for a period of ten years. He was nominally engaged in business with his brothers, but his duties seem to have been mainly to keep up the social side of the house. He was sent to Washington, ostensibly to protect the claims of

certain business interests before Congress, but his letters relate more of his experiences in Mrs. Dolly Madison's and others' drawing-rooms than of his business activities. He also visited Baltimore and Philadelphia, where he was received in the best society. His literary success had paved the way for him everywhere, and he was already something of a social lion. So ran the merry years away; and some rather serious ones, too, for Irving passed through the War of 1812, not in active service but as a military aid to Governor Tompkins of New York.

In 1815 he went to England to visit one of his brothers. He intended to stay only a short time, but it was 1831 before he set foot on American soil again. He became the familiar friend of many notable persons in England and Paris and Dresden, among them Sir Walter Scott, whom he visited at Abbotsford. Then the business affairs of the family had gone to the bad, and Irving turned to literature for support. In 1819 he sent his manuscript sketches back to New York and had them published serially in nine numbers as *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon*. Sir Walter Scott interested himself in Irving's behalf and finally succeeded in getting the famous English publishing house of Murray to bring out a standard edition in England during the next year. The book was a great success—the first American book, in fact, that had been widely read in England. Some of the sketches now appeal to us as over-sentimental and even mawkish, but the fine quality of the style, the rich humor, and the emotional fitness of most of the pieces make the *Sketch Book* a classic in our literature. Four of the papers have been singled out to endure as long as the language—"Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," two tales supposed to be the posthumous work of Diedrich Knickerbocker, and two serious essays, "Stratford-on-Avon" and "Westminster Abbey."

Other books of sketches and stories are *Bracebridge Hall* (1822), *Tales of a Traveler* (1824), *The Alhambra* (1832), and *Wolfert's Roost* (1855). Each of these contains some excellent work, but no one of them quite equals the *Sketch Book* in power and popularity. *The Alhambra*, called by Prescott "that delightful Spanish Sketch Book," is, next to the original volume, the best of all the series of short sketches and stories.

These essays, sketches, and tales, then, are the productions upon which Irving's literary fame chiefly rests. In this

connection we may quote a significant passage from a letter written by Irving in 1824 when some of his friends were urging him to write a novel: "For my part, I consider a story merely as a frame on which to stretch my materials. It is the play of thought and sentiment and language; the weaving in of characters, lightly, yet expressively delineated; the familiar and faithful exhibition of scenes in common life; and the half-concealed vein of humor that is often playing through the whole—these are among what I aim at, and upon which I felicitate myself in proportion as I think I succeed. I have preferred adopting the mode of sketches and short tales rather than long works, because I choose to take a line of writing peculiar to myself, rather than fall into the manner and school of any other writer."

We may dismiss the second class with but a brief mention of titles: *A Tour of the Prairies* (1835), *Astoria* (1836), and *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville* (1837). These, though American in setting and coloring, being the results of Irving's tour in what was then the wild western frontier, just across the Mississippi, are the least valuable of all Irving's works. They are mere ephemeral "pot-boilers," and their chief interest now lies in their historic record of the frontier life.

The third class of Irving's writings really begins with his second distinct literary impulse—namely, that received from his sojourn in Spain. Here we find the ambitious biographies and historical narratives taking shape. In 1826 Irving was invited to Spain to undertake a translation of a new work, *The Voyage of Columbus*. When he reached Madrid, he found that this new book was not suited for translation; but nothing daunted he began with prodigious energy to collect material for an original *Life of Columbus*. He found a great mass of documents ready to his hand, and in 1828 Murray published the three-volume *Life of Columbus*. This was the first of Irving's Spanish studies, and also his first effort in biographical narrative. Then followed a number of other books dealing with Spanish history, among them being *The Conquest of Granada* (1829), *Legend of the Conquest of Spain* (1835), and *Mahomet and His Successors* (1850). *The Alhambra* has already been mentioned in the discussion of Irving's shorter sketches.

It was while he was in Spain also that Irving conceived the plan of writing his biographical masterpiece, *The Life*

of *Washington* (1859), but it was not until after his second residence in Spain and his final return to America that he carried out this design. The one other biographical work which must not be omitted is *The Life of Oliver Goldsmith* (1849), published also after his final return to America. This is the most popular of all his biographies because it is briefer and probably more sympathetic in its treatment than either of the other two more extended studies. In fact, Goldsmith and Irving are similar in many respects. Each was good-natured and genial, each was more or less improvident and impecunious,—though Irving succeeded in accumulating a competence toward the end of his life,—each remained unmarried through life, and each possessed a peculiarly harmonious and charming prose style. Moreover, the subject-matter of a good deal of their work is similar, and, finally, each of them has been called the best-beloved author in his country. However, as Professor William P. Trent points out, Irving is not an imitator merely, but an original writer. "He is not an American Goldsmith; he is an Anglo-Saxon Irving."

Upon Irving's return to America in 1831 he thought he would settle down for a quiet and peaceful literary life. He bought an estate on the Hudson and named it "Sunnyside," and here he made himself comfortable. His American publishers brought out a complete edition of his works, a venture which was undertaken with some hesitation, but which proved eminently successful, Irving himself receiving \$88,000 in royalties before his death.

In 1842 he was appointed minister to Spain, an honor which he had abundantly earned, but one which he accepted almost as a burden because it took him away from his home. He gladly relinquished his post in 1846 and came back to America to complete his last literary work, *The Life of Washington*. He was fêted and sought after and honored in many ways by his admirers. But he was growing tired of it all, and his only hope now was that he might "go down with all sail set." He died at "Sunnyside," November 28, 1859, full of years and rich in love and honors. His tomb overlooks Sleepy Hollow and the majestic river which he loved and over which he has thrown the glamour of romance and literary legend.

(The standard life of Irving is that by Pierre Irving in three volumes. The biographies by Charles Dudley Warner and H. W. Boynton in the American Men of Letters and the Riverside Biographical Series respectively are excellent shorter studies.)

RIP VAN WINKLE

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday.
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre——

CARTWRIGHT

The following Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore, so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a book-worm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which indeed was a little questioned, on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say, that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends, for whom he felt the truest deference and affection; yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected, that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear by many folk, whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes; and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo Medal, or a Queen Anne's Farthing.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and

lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such

universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline 75 of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be con- 80 sidered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, 85 whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told 90 them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbor- 95 hood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's 100 lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would 105 never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone-fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to

110 do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word Rip was ready to attend to any body's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; 115 it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than 120 any where else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst 125 conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping 130 like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world 135 easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept 140 continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to 145 all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had

grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked 150 husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going 155 so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail 160 drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years 165 of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle 170 personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about 175 nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick 180 Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man,

who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

185 The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell
190 the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When any thing that was read or
195 related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the
200 fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

‡ From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the mem-
205 bers all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his
210 only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in
215 persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!"

Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

220

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, 225 he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below 230 him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain 235 glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the 240 valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" 245 He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time 250 Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked

anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder

presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a 290
company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins.
They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some
wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their
belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar
style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were 295
peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggyish
eyes: the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose,
and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with
a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various
shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be 300
the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with
a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet,
broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red
stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The
whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish 305
painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village
parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at
the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though
these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they 310
maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence,
and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he
had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of
the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they
were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals 315
of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they sud-
denly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such
fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre
countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his 320
knees smote together. His companion now emptied the
contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him
to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and
trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and
then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the wobegone party at nine-pins—the flagon—“Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip—“what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusting with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. “These mountain beds do not agree with me,” thought Rip, “and

if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path. 365 370

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty fire-lock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward. 385 390

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast 395

their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — every thing was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed — “My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety⁴³⁵ wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore,⁴⁴⁰ there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King⁴⁴⁵ George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large⁴⁵⁰ characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy⁴⁵⁵ tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a⁴⁶⁰ lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker’s Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.⁴⁶⁵

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying

470 him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was
475 Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with
480 one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor
485 quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It
490 was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but
495 merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

500 There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

505 "Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

510

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

535

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical

moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began
545 to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

550 "Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home
555 without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

560 "Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He
565 caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from
570 among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

575 Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and

put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, ⁵⁸⁰ and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, ⁵⁸⁵ who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He ⁵⁹⁰ assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there ⁵⁹⁵ every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon: being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow ⁶⁰⁰ of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. ⁶⁰⁵ Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, ⁶¹⁰ he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to any thing else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found

many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for
615 the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends
among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into
great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that
happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took
620 his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was
reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a
chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some
time before he could get into the regular track of gossip,
or could be made to comprehend the strange events that
625 had taken place during his torpor. How that there had
been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off
the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a sub-
ject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free
citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician;
630 the changes of states and empires made but little impression
on him; but there was one species of despotism under which
he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government.
Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the
yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he
635 pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle.
Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his
head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which
might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate,
or joy at his deliverance.

640 He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at
Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary
on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless,
owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled
down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man,
645 woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart.
Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and
insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this
was one point on which he always remained flighty. The
old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it

full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder- 650
storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they
say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of
nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked hus-
bands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their
hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip 655
Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE

The foregoing Tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to
Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor
Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphäuser mountain: the subjoined
note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an 660
absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity:

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but
nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our
old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events
and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than 665
this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authen-
ticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle
myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and
so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think
no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, 670
I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice,
and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story,
therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt.

D. K."

POSTSCRIPT

The following are traveling notes from a memorandum-book of 675
Mr. Knickerbocker:

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region
full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who
influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape,
and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old 680
squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of
the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and
shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies,
and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly
propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and 685
morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake
after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air: until, dis-
solved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing
the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an
hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, 690
sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of
its web; and when these clouds broke, wo betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou
or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains,

and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks; and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies, which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way, penetrated to the garden rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaters-kill.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

When I behold, with deep astonishment,
To famous Westminster how there resort
Living in brasse or stoney monument,
The princes and the worthies of all sorte;
Doe not I see reformde nobilitie,
Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,
And looke upon offenselesse majesty,
Naked of pomp or earthly domination?
And how a play-game of a painted stone
Contents the quiet now and silent sprites,
Whome all the world which late they stood upon
Could not content nor quench their appetites.
Life is a frost of cold felicitie,
And death the thaw of all our vanitie.

CHRISTOLERO'S EPIGRAMS, BY T. B. 1598.

On one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of Autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and, as I

passed its threshold, seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster School, 10 through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving along their 15 shadowy vaults, and seeming like a spectre from one of the neighboring tombs.

The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion 20 of former days. The gray walls are discolored by damp, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads, and other funereal emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the 25 arches; the roses which adorned the key-stones have lost their leafy beauty; every thing bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the 30 square of the cloisters; beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the centre, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendor. From between the arcades, the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud; and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the 35 azure heaven.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eye was attracted 40 to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies

of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times. (Vitalis. Abbas. 1082, and Gislebertus Crispinus. Abbas. 1114, and Laurentius. Abbas. 1176.) I remained some little while, musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon these gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave.

I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eyes gaze with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled

history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown.

And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ⁸⁰ ambition, to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those, whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy; and how ⁸⁵ many shapes, and forms, and artifices, are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. ⁹⁰ The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakspeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these ⁹⁵ memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the ¹⁰⁰ tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure: but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men ¹⁰⁵ is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his ¹¹⁰ renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding

115 actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

From Poet's Corner I continued my stroll towards that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but
120 which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn, I met with some illustrious name; or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in
125 niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together: warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates with crosiers and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet
130 where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armor. A large buckler was on one
135 arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast: the face was almost covered by the morion; the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader; of one of those military enthusiasts, who so strangely mingled
140 religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction; between the history and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport
145 with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fiction, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which poetry has spread over the wars for the sepulchre of Christ. They are the
150 relics of times utterly gone by; of beings passed from

recollection; of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land, of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those 155 effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the over-wrought conceits, and allegorical groups, which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, 160 also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage, than one which 165 affirms, of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous."

In the opposite transept to Poet's Corner stands a monument which is among the most renowned achievements of modern art; but which to me appears horrible rather than 170 sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale, by Roubillac. The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is falling from his fleshless frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted 175 husband's arms, who strives, with vain and frantic effort, to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit; we almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph bursting from the distended jaws of the spectre.— But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unneces- 180 sary terrors, and to spread horrors round the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by every thing that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead; or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation. 185

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent

aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear;—the rumbling of the passing equipage; the murmur of the multitude; or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the deathlike repose around: and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to hear the surges of active life hurrying along, and beating against the very walls of the sepulchre.

I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away; the distant tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening prayers; and I saw at a distance the choristers, in their white surplices, crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel. A flight of steps lead up to it, through a deep and gloomy, but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchres.

On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrustated with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb. Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak, though with the grotesque decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and swords; and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendor of gold and purple and crimson, with the cold gray fretwork of the roof. In the midst of this

grand mausoleum stands the sepulchre of its founder,—his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly-wrought brazen railing. 225

There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence; this strange mixture of tombs and trophies; these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementos which show the dust and oblivion in which all must sooner or later terminate. 230 Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feeling of loneliness, than to tread the silent and deserted scene of former throng and pageant. On looking round on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the rows of dusty but gorgeous banners that were once borne before them, my 235 imagination conjured up the scene when this hall was bright with the valor and beauty of the land; glittering with the splendor of jeweled rank and military array; alive with the tread of many feet and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away; the silence of death had settled again 240 upon the place, interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds, which had found their way into the chapel, and built their nests among its friezes and pendants—sure signs of solitariness and desertion.

When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they 245 were those of men scattered far and wide about the world; some tossing upon distant seas; some under arms in distant lands; some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets; all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honors: the melancholy reward of a 250 monument.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave; which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the 255 sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate

of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor.

260 The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep
265 shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving
270 in my mind the chequered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed.
275 The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

280 For in the silent grave no conversation,
 No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
 No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
 For nothing is, but all oblivion,
 Dust, and an endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and
285 rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal!—And now they rise in
290 triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound.—And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the
295 pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its

thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. 300 And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of 305 evening were gradually thickening round me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, 310 my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. 315 From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs; where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen, lie mouldering in their “beds of darkness.” Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, 320 in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. 325 Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness?—to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon arrive; how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away, and it 330 must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be

trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude. For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads
335 them to sport with awful and hallowed things; and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and groveling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funereal
340 ornaments; the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered; some mutilated; some covered with ribaldry and
345 insult—all more or less outraged and dishonored!

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker.
350 The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something
355 strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of
360 the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already fallen into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage
365 of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of death;

his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, 370 after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol 375 of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Brown, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors." History fades into fable; fact 380 becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalm- 385 ment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." 390

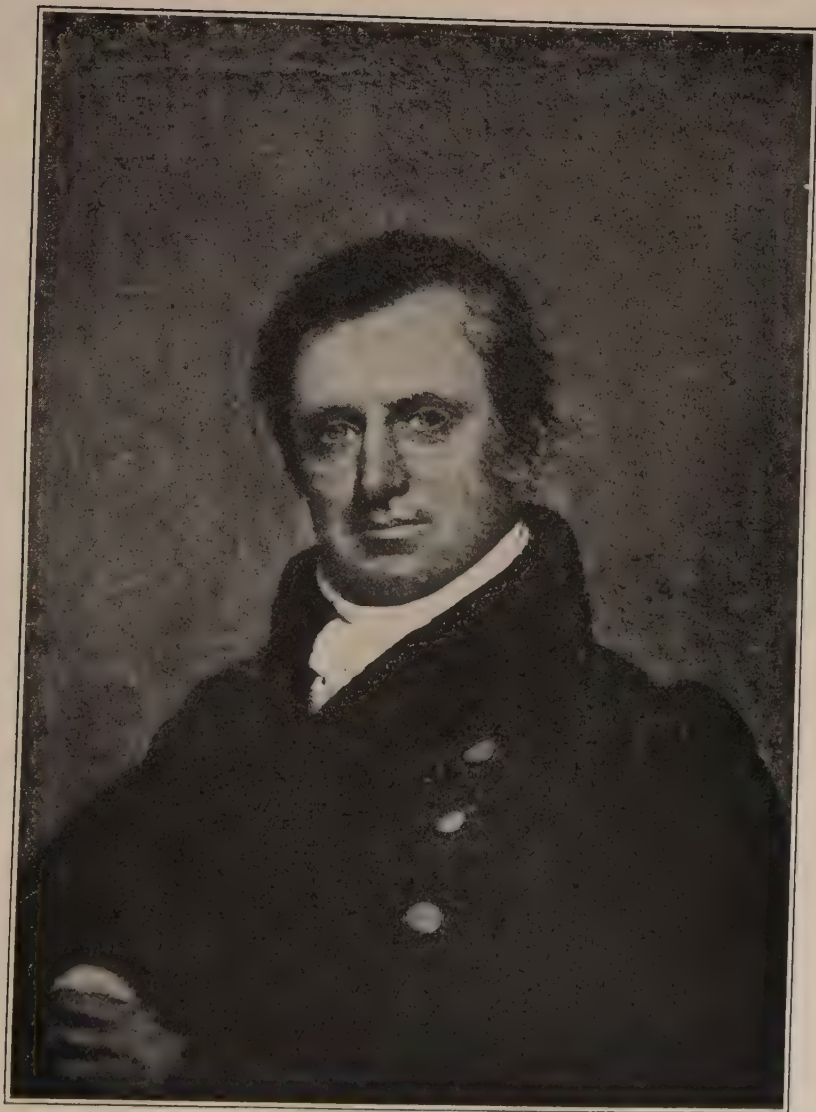
What then is to insure this pile which now towers above me from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle 395 through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower — when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death, and the ivy twine round the fallen column; and the fox-glove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man 400 passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

1789-1851

Almost since his very first appearance as an author James Fenimore Cooper has been called "The American Scott," but as Lowell long ago intimated, the comparison is much to the American author's disadvantage. It is true that Scott was the inspiration of some of the best of Cooper's creative work, and it is also true that there is a certain similarity between these authors in their love of outdoor life, adventure, and exciting action; in largeness and sweep rather than delicacy and finish of style; and in the final effects of their romances on the imagination of their readers. But in his power of reproducing past ages of history, in his wonderful array of original character creations, and in the architectural completeness and final artistic charm of his romances, Scott far and away surpasses his American follower.

Cooper is undoubtedly the most uneven of our greater writers. He has done some things wonderfully well, but he has also produced some books of exceedingly little worth. Along with his excellences he displays so many conspicuous faults as a stylist that there are some modern critics who feel inclined even to deny him a place among the major writers of America. It is true that his grammar is not always correct, that his diction is sometimes turgid and bombastic, and that there are many evidences of weakness in the architectonics, or structural elements, in his stories. It is also true that there is a lack of consistency, probability, and realism in his plots, and no one will deny that the majority of his characters, particularly his faultless "females," are more wooden and artificial than real flesh-and-blood men and women. Still, when we consider the richness of Cooper's invention, the beauty, sweep, and power of his natural backgrounds, the energy displayed in his few great character creations, the originality and intense Americanism of his major conceptions, and the interest-gripping power of his most successful tales, we must inevitably accept



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

him not only as one of our pioneer writers but as one of our largest creative geniuses.

The eleventh of the twelve children of William Cooper and Elizabeth Fenimore was born at Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789, and christened James. After he had reached maturity, by an act of the New York legislature he assumed his mother's maiden name and has ever since been known as James Fenimore Cooper. Judge William Cooper owned a large estate on the shores of Otsego Lake in central New York, and when James was about a year old, he moved into a large manor which he had built in the dense forests of his estate and named it "The Hall." Here at what has since become Cooperstown the boy grew up and became familiarly acquainted with those wild, free scenes of the primeval wilderness which he was later to people with its aboriginal denizens, the creations of his own imagination it is true, but based on actual observation of Indian and pioneer life as it was impressed on his childhood's memory. There was but little opportunity for formal education in this undeveloped territory, and so Judge Cooper sent his children to the more thickly populated settlements for their schooling. James was sent to Albany for a year to be tutored for college. With a very inadequate preparation he entered Yale at the early age of thirteen. He apparently paid little attention to his academic duties, and in his third year he was dismissed from the college. It is unfortunate that Cooper did not complete his education, for his style might have been greatly chastened and refined if he had submitted to the discipline of a careful literary training in his youth. Even after he left college he might have improved his style by practice and self-criticism if he had begun early enough; but he was past thirty when he began to write, and so he was never able to overcome fully the handicap of his youthful neglect of educational opportunities.

Judge Cooper, now a congressman, looked upon the navy as offering a promising career and certainly a good disciplinary training for his independent, self-willed, and adventurous son. Accordingly, at the time of the boy's dismissal from Yale he secured a post for him on a merchantman and sent him to sea. This was the method of preliminary training for officers of the navy in the days before the founding of the naval academy at Annapolis. For nearly a year the young sailor stood the tests before the mast, traveling through the

Straits of Gibraltar to Spain, returning by way of London, and crossing the Atlantic with all the experiences of storms, hardships, and excitements of those early days of pirates and freebooters. He then became a midshipman in the United States Navy, and for three years passed his life on board various ships, mostly on the Great Lakes, but also crossing the Atlantic in a visit to foreign ports. Of these early sea experiences we learn more from Cooper's sea tales than from any authentic records of his life during this period.

In 1810 Cooper secured a year's leave of absence from the navy with the privilege of retiring permanently if he so desired. In 1811, having in the meantime married Miss Susan De Lancey, he resigned his commission and for the next ten years lived the life of a farmer, or country gentleman, on his father's and his father-in-law's estates. It was about 1820 that the interesting episode occurred which turned Cooper's life into literary channels. While reading a novel of English society life to his wife, he suddenly threw down the book in disgust, exclaiming that he could write a better novel himself. His wife challenged him to make good his boast, and under her encouragement Cooper produced within a short time a two-volume novel, *Precaution*, a book which was a failure in everything except that it showed Cooper he really had a gift for writing. He knew little or nothing of English society, and so, as might have been foreseen, he did not succeed in portraying it. But when his friends encouraged him to try again, he turned in his next venture to an American subject and American scenery, and produced *The Spy*, the first widely successful American novel.

Cooper's stories may be conveniently treated in three classes: (1) his historical tales, best represented by *The Spy*; (2) his sea tales, best represented by *The Pilot*; and (3) the stories of Indian and pioneer life in the colonial days, best represented by the *Leatherstocking Tales*.

It was in 1821 that, with some hesitancy and at his own financial risk, Cooper published his first important novel, *The Spy*. It is a tale of the Revolution, based upon the romantic exploits of the spy, Harvey Birch, a secret agent in the confidence of Washington, but a man thoroughly hated and distrusted by the American patriots. His marvelous adventures in the war, his intrepid and sometimes reckless unconcern for his own safety, his astuteness and agility in extricating himself from perilous situations and

all kinds of difficulties, his mysterious mission, his charmed life, and his unswerving patriotism and loyalty to the American cause make Harvey Birch one of the prime favorites in the gallery of American fictitious characters. So realistically are his adventures described that several persons have claimed to be the original from which the character was drawn, and not a few readers, even to this day, are convinced that Harvey Birch is a historical character. *The Spy* was not only widely read in America and England, but it was almost immediately translated into every important foreign language and read with delight by practically every court and capital of the world. Just as Lord Byron by his poetical romances is said to have carried English literature on a pilgrimage through Europe, so James Fenimore Cooper may be said to be the first American writer of fiction to have gained a cosmopolitan hearing. Irving's *Sketch Book* had blazed the way, particularly to English favor, but Cooper extended the path to every civilized country of Europe. Had Cooper written nothing else, *The Spy* alone is enough to give him a place in the roll of American novelists. Its popularity has never waned and it is perhaps true that this thrilling romance has as many readers to-day as it had during its first years of popular favor. The other historical tales by Cooper are so far inferior to this one that they hardly deserve to be mentioned.

The next book which Cooper published was *The Pioneers* (1823), the first of the famous Leatherstocking Tales. But before taking up these, we shall consider another group of stories introduced by *The Pilot*, written in this same year but not published until so late in December that it is usually dated 1824. This was not only the first significant American sea tale, but in reality the first distinctively successful sea story in English literature. Smollett had first shown the possibilities of the sea as a new realm for romancers to conquer, but he had attracted few or no adventurers to follow him. Sir Walter Scott had just published *The Pirate*, a tale in which the sea naturally becomes prominent. On reading Scott's novel, which had been published anonymously, Cooper insisted that it was written by a landsman who knew very little about the sea from actual experience. His own experience in early life gave him peculiar advantages for the task which he now set for himself—namely, the writing of a book which should deal entirely with the ocean

and present real sailors and realistic events of a romantic character, so as to make the story a convincing presentation of life on the sea. *The Pilot* is based on the cruise of John Paul Jones, though nowhere in the story is the great Revolutionary sailor's name mentioned. It was a notable thing to introduce into a sea-tale such historical material, but still more notable was the creation of Long Tom Coffin, the rough, uncouth, superstitious, but faithful, honest, and loyal old tar. He stands with Harvey Birch, Natty Bumppo, and Chingachgook as one of the four greatest characters produced by Cooper's imagination. Cooper followed this first success in the romance of the sea by nine other sea tales, but it is hardly worth while recording the names of any of these except *The Red Rover* (1828) and *The Two Admirals* (1842).

The publication of the three great novels *The Spy*, *The Pioneers*, and *The Pilot* between 1821 and 1824 had given Cooper's name to the world, but it was in 1826 that he reached the very acme of his fame by the publication of the second and the best of the Leatherstocking Tales, *The Last of the Mohicans*. It has been confidently asserted that no American before or since has reached the world-wide popularity which he enjoyed at this time. Since 1822 he had been living in New York City to obtain educational advantages for his daughters and to be at the literary center of the country. He founded a club and was its acknowledged leader for several years. In fact, he was now something of a literary lion, and he felt distinctly the importance of his position as the most popular writer of his day. The poet Bryant in reporting a dinner to his wife wrote that Cooper "engrossed the whole conversation, and seems a little giddy with the great success his works have met with."

The scene of *The Last of the Mohicans* is the well-known wilderness of central New York where Cooper had spent his childhood. The conflict between the French and the English for the supremacy in America forms the historical background, and the vast forests and rivers and lakes the natural setting of the series of thrilling episodes which constitute the plot. Natty Bumppo, the famous scout, previously introduced as Leatherstocking in *The Pioneers*, is here presented in the prime of life and called Hawk-eye after the Indians' manner of designation. His friend Chingachgook, the stolid old Mohican chieftain, and the

lithe and athletic Uncas, sorrowfully called by Chingachgook "The Last of the Mohicans," and Magua, the treacherous Indian runner, a member of the Mohawk tribe and an enemy of the Mohicans, are among the chief character creations worthy of remembrance in this stirring romance of pioneer days in the American colonies.

The best sequence in which to read the five Leatherstocking Tales now is not in the order in which they were written but that in which the life of Natty Bumppo is presented chronologically in a sort of "drama in five acts." *The Deerslayer* (1841) shows the scout just merging into manhood; *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826) and *The Pathfinder* (1840) show him in the full vigor of middle life; *The Pioneers* (1823) presents him as already an old man, and in *The Prairie* (1827) his career terminates when he answers "Here!" to the last summons. Thus this heroic figure, the one great epic character in our literature, is fully drawn in these five romances. By common consent the series is now looked upon as America's greatest prose epic. Natty Bumppo, no matter by which of his four or five pseudonyms you call him, is undoubtedly one of the world's chief fictive characters. It is perhaps not so much as a personality as the representative of a vanished era in American history that he is revered. No matter how idealized the characters in these books may be, no matter how improbable the romantic adventures described, no matter how inaccurate and inconsistent in minor details of plot and style, the Leatherstocking Tales make up the truest epic of our early colonial life that the world possesses, and this great imaginative creation will undoubtedly hold its place in the public regard long after all else that Cooper wrote shall have been forgotten.

In 1826 Cooper, in the full flush of his popularity, went abroad with his family and remained for seven years in several of the European countries. During these years he began to write himself *down* almost as speedily as he had written himself *up* in the public regard. It is true that some of his great books were yet to be given to the world, but in the assumed rôle of defender of democratic institutions at all hazards, he soon won a number of enemies in aristocratic Europe; and on his return to America, having now been abroad long enough to recognize the shortcomings of his countrymen, he undertook the thankless task of reforming the nation by openly quarreling with it and castigating

its follies. The result was that he became as severely hated as he had been previously extravagantly praised. There is no doubt now, after the lapse of many years, that Cooper was at heart a loyal and devoted patriot, kind and tender in his family and personal relations, unswerving in his honesty, but unrelenting in his prosecution of what appeared to him as ignorance and injustice. He was lacking in tact and grace and diplomacy in dealing with individuals and the public, and hence he was an adept in what has been called "the gentle art of making enemies."

The result was that he was mercilessly attacked in the press, and he promptly retorted by suing for libel every paper in which he had been lampooned. He had a dozen or more of these suits during this period, and almost invariably he conducted his own cases and won favorable verdicts. This soon brought his detractors to their senses, and he was thereafter less violently assailed in the public prints, but no less violently condemned in private. Naturally these contests embittered Cooper's later years and prevented him from advancing steadily in his creative work. He wrote some books that are still valued both as literary productions and as historical documents. His *History of the United States Navy* (1839), for example, was condemned as a partisan document at the time, but it is now recognized as one of the important contributions to the history of our navy. For the most part, however, Cooper gave over his talents to the writing of severe criticisms and purpose novels, first espousing one cause and then another. His reputation brought him many readers for each new book, but the public soon learned to discredit these later productions, and to-day everybody realizes that it would have been much better for Cooper's fame if he had left unwritten at least two thirds of the thirty-two separate novels which he published.

Cooper finally retired from New York City, and made his permanent home at "The Hall" on Otsego Lake, near Cooperstown. Here he died, September 14, 1851, having rounded out to the day his sixty-second year. He was a brave, bold fighter and in many ways a good and worthy man; but he would have been much happier if he had won the love and respect rather than the distrust and enmity of his contemporaries. At his death a few of his friends in New York City, realizing his great service to American

letters, held a memorial service at which Daniel Webster and William Cullen Bryant delivered orations. There has never been a time since his death that Cooper's best stories have not had thousands of readers annually. Novels that have already lasted practically a century are more than likely destined to hold their place indefinitely.

(The standard life of Cooper is that by T. R. Lounsbury in the *American Men of Letters Series*.)

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

CHAPTER III, HAWK-EYE, CHINGACHGOOK, AND UNCAS

Before these fields were shorn and till'd,
Full to the brim our rivers flow'd;
The melody of waters fill'd
The fresh and boundless wood;
And torrents dash'd, and rivulets play'd,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

BRYANT

Leaving the unsuspecting Heyward and his confiding companions to penetrate still deeper into a forest that contained such treacherous inmates, we must use an author's privilege, and shift the scene a few miles to the westward
5 of the place where we have last seen them.

On that day, two men were lingering on the banks of a small but rapid stream, within an hour's journey of the encampment of Webb, like those who awaited the appearance of an absent person, or the approach of some expected
10 event. The vast canopy of woods spread itself to the margin of the river, overhanging the water, and shadowing its dark current with a deeper hue. The rays of the sun were beginning to grow less fierce, and the intense heat of the day was lessened, as the cooler vapors of the springs
15 and fountains rose above their leafy beds, and rested in the atmosphere. Still that breathing silence, which marks the drowsy sultriness of an American landscape in July, pervaded the secluded spot, interrupted only by the low voices of the men, the occasional and lazy tap of a wood-
20 pecker, the discordant cry of some gaudy jay, or a swelling on the ear, from the dull roar of a distant water fall.

These feeble and broken sounds were, however, too familiar to the foresters, to draw their attention from the more interesting matter of their dialogue. While one of these
25 loiterers showed the red skin and wild accoutrements of a

native of the woods, the other exhibited, through the mask of his rude and nearly savage equipments, the brighter, though sun-burnt and long-faded complexion of one who might claim descent from a European parentage. The former was seated on the end of a mossy log, in a posture 30 that permitted him to heighten the effect of his earnest language, by the calm but expressive gestures of an Indian engaged in debate. His body, which was nearly naked, presented a terrific emblem of death, drawn in intermingled colors of white and black. His closely shaved head, on 35 which no other hair than the well known and chivalrous scalping tuft was preserved, was without ornament of any kind, with the exception of a solitary eagle's plume, that crossed his crown, and depended over the left shoulder. A tomahawk and scalping-knife, of English manufacture, 40 were in his girdle; while a short military rifle, of that sort with which the policy of the whites armed their savage allies, lay carelessly across his bare and sinewy knee. The expanded chest, full formed limbs, and grave countenance of this warrior would denote that he had reached the vigor 45 of his days, though no symptoms of decay appeared to have yet weakened his manhood.

The frame of the white man, judging by such parts as were not concealed by his clothes, was like that of one who had known hardships and exertion from his earliest youth. His 50 person, though muscular, was rather attenuated than full; but every nerve and muscle appeared strung and indurated by unremitted exposure and toil. He wore a hunting-shirt of forest-green, fringed with faded yellow, and a summer cap of skins which had been shorn of their fur. He also 55 bore a knife in a girdle of wampum, like that which confined the scanty garments of the Indian, but no tomahawk. His moccasins were ornamented after the gay fashion of the natives, while the only part of his under dress which appeared below the hunting frock, was a pair of buckskin leggings that 60 laced at the sides, and which were gartered above the knees,

with the sinews of a deer. A pouch and horn completed his personal accoutrements, though a rifle of great length, which the theory of the more ingenious whites had taught
65 them was the most dangerous of all fire-arms, leaned against a neighboring sapling. The eye of the hunter, or scout, whichever he might be, was small, quick, keen, and restless, roving while he spoke, on every side of him, as if in quest of game, or distrusting the sudden approach of some lurking
70 enemy. Notwithstanding these symptoms of habitual suspicion, his countenance was not only without guile, but, at the moment at which he is introduced, it was charged with an expression of sturdy honesty.

"Even your traditions make the case in my favor, Chingachgook," he said, speaking in the tongue which was known
75 to all the natives who formerly inhabited the country between the Hudson and the Potomack, and of which we shall give a free translation for the benefit of the reader; endeavoring, at the same time, to preserve some of the peculiarities
80 both of the individual and of the language. "Your fathers came from the setting sun, crossed the big river, fought the people of the country, and took the land; and mine came from the red sky of the morning, over the salt lake, and did their work much after the fashion that had been set them
85 by yours; then let God judge the matter between us, and friends spare their words!"

"My fathers fought with the naked red man!" returned the Indian, sternly, in the same language. "Is there no
90 difference, Hawk-eye, between the stone-headed arrow of the warrior, and the leaden bullet with which you kill?"

"There is reason in an Indian, though Nature has made him with a red skin!" said the white man, shaking his head like one on whom such an appeal to his justice was not
95 thrown away. For a moment he appeared to be conscious of having the worst of the argument, then, rallying again, he answered the objection of his antagonist in the best manner his limited information would allow: "I am no

scholar, and I care not who knows it; but judging from what I have seen, at deer chases and squirrel hunts, of the sparks below, I should think a rifle in the hands of 100 their grandfathers was not so dangerous as a hickory bow and a good flint-head might be, if drawn with Indian judgment, and sent by an Indian eye."

"You have the story told by your fathers," returned the other, coldly waving his hand. "What say your old men? 105 do they tell the young warriors, that the pale-faces met the red men, painted for war and armed with the stone hatchet and wooden gun?"

"I am not a prejudiced man, nor one who vaunts himself on his natural privileges, though the worst enemy I have 110 on earth, and he is an Iroquois, daren't deny that I am genuine white," the scout replied, surveying, with secret satisfaction, the faded color of his bony and sinewy hand; "and I am willing to own that my people have many ways, of which, as an honest man, I can't approve. It is one of their customs 115 to write in books what they have done and seen, instead of telling them in their villages, where the lie can be given to the face of a cowardly boaster, and the brave soldier can call on his comrades to witness for the truth of his words. In consequence of this bad fashion, a man who is too consci- 120 entious to misspend his days among the women, in learning the names of black marks, may never hear of the deeds of his fathers, nor feel a pride in striving to outdo them. For myself, I conclude all the Bumppos could shoot, for I have a natural turn with a rifle, which must have been handed down 125 from generation to generation, as, our holy commandments tell us, all good and evil gifts are bestowed; though I should be loth to answer for other people in such a matter. But every story has its two sides: so I ask you, Chingachgook, what passed, according to the traditions of the red men, 130 when our fathers first met?"

A silence of a minute succeeded, during which the Indian sat mute; then, full of the dignity of his office, he commenced

his brief tale, with a solemnity that served to heighten its
135 appearance of truth.

"Listen, Hawk-eye, and your ear shall drink no lie.
'Tis what my fathers have said, and what the Mohicans
have done." He hesitated a single instant, and, bending
a cautious glance towards his companion, he continued, in
140 a manner that was divided between interrogation and asser-
tion—"Does not this stream at our feet run towards the
summer, until its waters grow salt, and the current flows
upward?"

"It can't be denied that your traditions tell you true in
145 both these matters," said the white man; "for I have been
there, and have seen them; though, why water, which is so
sweet in the shade, should become bitter in the sun, is an
alteration for which I have never been able to account."

"And the current!" demanded the Indian, who expected
150 his reply with that sort of interest that a man feels in the
confirmation of testimony, at which he marvels even while
he respects it; "the fathers of Chingachgook have not lied!"

"The holy Bible is not more true, and that is the truest
thing in Nature. They call this up-stream current the
155 tide, which is a thing soon explained, and clear enough.
Six hours the waters run in, and six hours they run out,
and the reason is this: when there is higher water in the
sea than in the river, they run in until the river gets to be
highest, and then it runs out again."

160 "The waters in the woods, and on the great lakes, run
downward until they lie like my hand," said the Indian,
stretching the limb horizontally before him, "and then
they run no more."

"No honest man will deny it," said the scout, a little
165 nettled at the implied distrust of his explanation of the mystery
of the tides: "and I grant that it is true on the small scale,
and where the land is level. But everything depends on
what scale you look at things. Now, on the small scale,
the 'arth is level; but on the large scale it is round. In this

manner, pools and ponds, and even the great fresh-water lakes, may be stagnant, as you and I both know they are, having seen them; but when you come to spread water over a great tract, like the sea, where the earth is round, how in reason can the water be quiet? You might as well expect the river to lie still on the brink of those black rocks a mile above us, though your own ears tell you that it is tumbling over them at this very moment!"

If unsatisfied by the philosophy of his companion, the Indian was far too dignified to betray his unbelief. He listened like one who was convinced, and resumed his narrative in his former solemn manner.

"We came from the place where the sun is hid at night, over great plains where the buffaloes live, until we reached the big river. There we fought the Alligewi till the ground was red with their blood. From the banks of the big river to the shores of the salt lake, there was none to meet us. The Maquas followed at a distance. We said the country should be ours from the place where the water runs up no longer on this stream to a river twenty suns' journey towards the summer. The land we had taken like warriors we kept like men. We drove the Maquas into the woods with the bears. They only tasted salt at the licks; they drew no fish from the great lake: we threw them the bones."

"All this I have heard and believe," said the white man, observing that the Indian paused: "but it was long before the English came into the country."

"A pine grew then where this chestnut now stands. The first pale-faces who came among us spoke no English. They came in a large canoe, when my fathers had buried the tomahawk with the red men around them. Then, Hawk-eye," he continued, betraying his deep emotion, only by permitting his voice to fall to those low, guttural tones, which render his language, as spoken at times, so very musical; "then, Hawk-eye, we were one people, and we were happy. The salt lake gave us its fish, the wood its deer,

and the air its birds. We took wives who bore us children; we worshipped the Great Spirit; and we kept the Maquas beyond the sound of our songs of triumph!"

"Know you anything of your own family at that time?"
210 demanded the white. "But you are a just man, for an Indian! and, as I suppose you hold their gifts, your fathers must have been brave warriors, and wise men at the council fire."

"My tribe is the grandfather of nations, but I am an
215 unmixed man. The blood of chiefs is in my veins, where it must stay for ever. The Dutch landed, and gave my people the fire-water; they drank until the heavens and the earth seemed to meet, and they foolishly thought they had found the Great Spirit. Then they parted with their land.
220 Foot by foot, they were driven back from the shores, until I, that am a chief and a Sagamore, have never seen the sun shine but through the trees, and have never visited the
v graves of my fathers!"

"Graves bring solemn feelings over the mind," returned
225 the scout, a good deal touched at the calm suffering of his companion; "and they often aid a man in his good intentions; though, for myself, I expect to leave my own bones unburied to bleach in the woods or to be torn asunder by the wolves. But where are to be found those of your race who came to
230 their kin in the Delaware country, so many summers since?"

"Where are the blossoms of those summers!—fallen, one by one: so all of my family departed, each in his turn, to the land of spirits. I am on the hill-top, and must go down into the valley; and when Uncas follows in my footsteps, there
235 will no longer be any of the blood of the Sagamores, for my boy is the last of the Mohicans."

"Uncas is here!" said another voice, in the same soft, guttural tones, near his elbow; "who speaks to Uncas?"

The white man loosened his knife in his leathern sheath,
240 and made an involuntary movement of the hand towards his rifle, at this sudden interruption; but the Indian sat

composed, and without turning his head at the unexpected sounds.

At the next instant, a youthful warrior passed between them, with a noiseless step, and seated himself on the bank of the rapid stream. No exclamation of surprise escaped the father, nor was any question asked, or reply given, for several minutes; each appearing to await the moment when he might speak, without betraying womanish curiosity or childish impatience. The white man seemed to take counsel from their customs, and, relinquishing his grasp of the rifle, he also remained silent and reserved. At length Chingachgook turned his eyes slowly towards his son and demanded—

“Do the Maquas dare to leave the print of their moccasins in these woods?”

“I have been on their trail,” replied the young Indian, “and know that they number as many as the fingers of my two hands; but they lie hid like cowards.”

“The thieves are out-lying for scalps and plunder!” said the white man, whom we shall call Hawk-eye, after the manner of his companions. “That busy Frenchman, Montcalm, will send his spies into our very camp, but he will know what road we travel!”

“’Tis enough!” returned the father, glancing his eye towards the setting sun; “they shall be driven like deer from their bushes. Hawk-eye, let us eat to-night, and show the Maquas that we are men to-morrow.”

“I am as ready to do the one as the other: but to fight the Iroquois ’tis necessary to find the skulkers; and to eat, ’tis necessary to get the game—talk of the devil and he will come; there is a pair of the biggest antlers I have seen this season moving the bushes below the hill! Now, Uncas,” he continued in a half whisper, and laughing with a kind of inward sound, like one who had learnt to be watchful, “I will bet my charger three times full of powder, against a foot of wampum, that I take him atwixt the eyes, and nearer to the right than to the left.”

"It cannot be!" said the young Indian, springing to his feet with youthful eagerness; "all but the tips of his horns
280 are hid!"

"He's a boy!" said the white man, shaking his head while he spoke, and addressing the father. "Does he think when a hunter sees a part of the creatur' he can't tell where the rest of him should be!"

285 Adjusting his rifle, he was about to make an exhibition of that skill, on which he so much valued himself, when the warrior struck up the piece with his hand, saying,

"Hawk-eye! will you fight the Maquas?"

"These Indians know the nature of the woods, as it
290 might be by instinct!" returned the scout, dropping his rifle, and turning away like a man who was convinced of his error. "I must leave the buck to your arrow, Uncas, or we may kill a deer for them thieves, the Iroquois, to eat."

The instant the father seconded this intimation by an
295 expressive gesture of the head, Uncas threw himself on the ground and approached the animal with wary movements. When within a few yards of the cover, he fitted an arrow to his bow with the utmost care, while the antlers moved, as if their owner snuffed an enemy in the tainted air. In
300 another moment the twang of the cord was heard, a white streak was seen glancing into the bushes, and the wounded buck plunged from the cover, to the very feet of his hidden enemy. Avoiding the horns of the infuriated animal, Uncas darted to his side, and passed his knife across the throat
305 when, bounding to the edge of the river, it fell, dyeing the waters with its blood.

"'Twas done with Indian skill," said the scout, laughing inwardly, but with vast satisfaction; "and 't was a pretty sight to behold! Though an arrow is a near shot, and needs
310 a knife to finish the work."

"Hugh!" ejaculated his companion, turning quickly, like a hound who scented game.

"By the Lord, here is a drove of them!" exclaimed the

scout, whose eyes began to glisten with the ardor of his usual occupation; "if they come within range of a bullet ³¹⁵ I will drop one, though the whole Six Nations should be lurking within sound! What do you hear, Chingachgook? for to my ears the woods are dumb."

"There is but one deer, and he is dead," said the Indian, bending his body till his ear nearly touched the earth. ³²⁰ "I hear the sounds of feet!"

"Perhaps the wolves have driven the buck to shelter, and are following on his trail."

"No. The horses of white men are coming!" returned the other, raising himself with dignity, and resuming his seat ³²⁵ on the log with his former composure. "Hawk-eye, they are your brothers; speak to them."

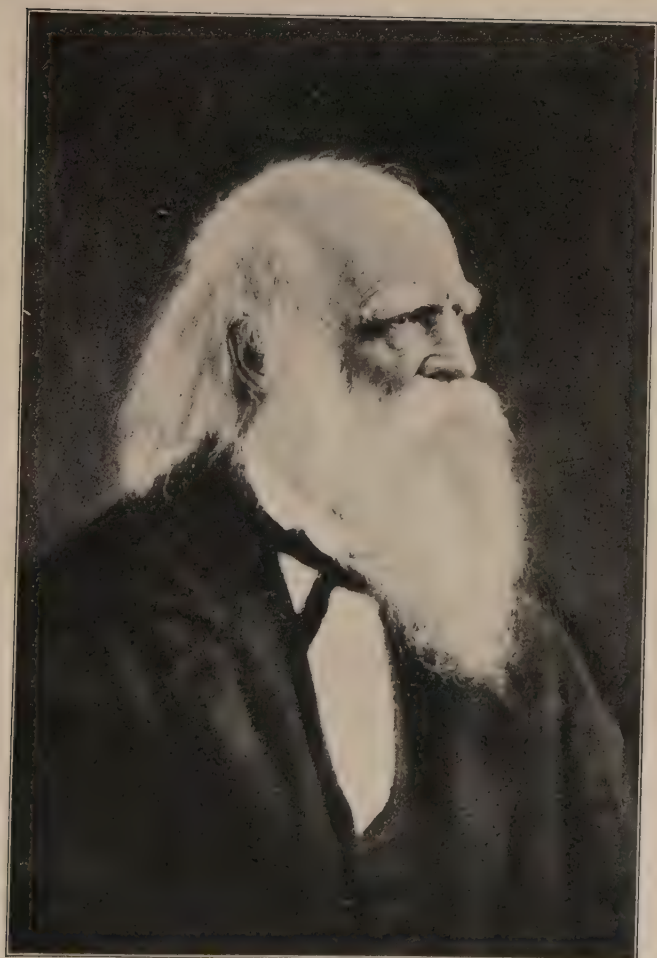
"That will I, and in English that the king need n't be ashamed to answer," returned the hunter, speaking in the language of which he boasted; "but I see nothing, nor do ³³⁰ I hear the sounds of man or beast; 't is strange that an Indian should understand white sounds better than a man who, his very enemies will own, has no cross in his blood, although he may have lived with the red skins long enough to be suspected! Ha! there goes something like the cracking of a ³³⁵ dry stick, too—now I hear the bushes move—yes, yes, there is a trampling that I mistook for the falls—and—but here they come themselves; God keep them from the Iroquois!"

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

1794-1878

William Cullen Bryant has been called "The American Wordsworth," because he was most profoundly influenced by the teachings of that great English poet in making nature the most prominent object of his reflective musings. He is undoubtedly America's greatest nature poet, just as Wordsworth is England's. He interpreted nature as he saw and knew it as a New England country boy; and while the application of his best poetry is universal, it was the American flowers, birds, and scenery that he painted, and the American point of view is everywhere evident. Bryant has also been called the first distinctively great American poet, the poet who first produced work recognized in England as in any way comparable to that of the nineteenth-century English poets who were his contemporaries. The fact that the greatest of the English critics, Matthew Arnold, said that Bryant was *facile princeps* among American poets and expressed his approval of Hartley Coleridge's judgment that "To a Waterfowl" was the best short poem in the English language, is proof enough that Bryant was at that early time recognized as a poet along with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. We do not mean to say that Bryant is in any sense as great a poet as either of the first two of these, but he certainly ranks above the minor poets, where Southey must be classed.

Bryant was born November 3, 1794, in Cummington, a town in the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, was a descendant of good Puritan stock from the days of the first settlement at Plymouth; and his mother, Sarah Snell, was likewise descended from a famous Puritan family, that of John and Priscilla Alden, whom Longfellow has immortalized in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Dr. Bryant was a cultured man and an ardent Federalist, and he took pains to educate his children in both literary and political lines after his own ideals. William Cullen was a remarkably precocious child. It is authoritatively stated that he



From a photograph

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

learned his alphabet at sixteen months, wrote poetry at nine years, translated Latin verses at ten, composed political satires at thirteen, and wrote the first draft of "Thanatopsis," which has since been recognized as an American if not a world masterpiece, before he was seventeen. It must be remembered in contemplating this last marvelous performance, however, that "Thanatopsis" had frequent revisions before it reached its present final form, and that the finest portions of the poem were added when the poet had reached his twenty-seventh year. When he was five years old, Bryant was sent to live with his grandfather Snell in order that he might attend school. The poet himself tells us that he was "almost an infallible speller," and one of the fleetest runners in school. His precocity made it seem profitable to give him a college education, and so he was sent to his maternal uncle to begin the study of Latin, and then to the Reverend Moses Hallock's preparatory school at Plainfield to begin Greek. He soon mastered both these ancient languages. His conquest of the difficult Greek was wonderfully rapid, for he tells us that within two months from the time he began with the Greek alphabet he had read through the New Testament in the original and was almost as familiar with it as with the English translation. Usually such precocity indicates early maturity and rapid decline of powers, but when we remember that Bryant retained his powers through a long and active journalistic life, and at the age of eighty was still producing excellent poetry, we are all the more astounded at this recital of his early development.

At sixteen Bryant entered Williams College and remained one year. He was disappointed in the advantages offered here, and with his father's consent, he decided to transfer to Yale College at New Haven, Connecticut, the next year. When the time came for him to leave for Yale, however, his father's straitened finances would not permit of further college training, and Bryant reluctantly gave up his cherished ambition and turned to the study of law. He read law in two private offices, and was admitted to the bar in 1815. For nine years he practiced his profession diligently but not enthusiastically, beginning at Plainfield where he had once attended school, but shortly afterwards removing to Great Barrington, a more promising town near by. Here he met and married Miss Frances Fairchild, and she proved to be

what he called the good angel of his life. During this period he addressed several poems to her, but preserved only one of them in his printed volumes—"The Fairest of the Rural Maids," which Poe called "the truest poem written by Bryant." Other poems later in life touch upon his beautiful attachment for her, such as "The Life That Is," in which he celebrates her recovery from an illness, and "October, 1866," which mourns her death.

It was in 1825 that Bryant finally gave up the practice of law, which had always been distasteful to him, and turned to journalism as a career. He was appointed to be editor of a monthly literary periodical called the *New York Review*. After a short and checkered career this journal was merged with others, and Bryant became assistant editor of the *New York Evening Post*. Within a short time the editor-in-chief died, and Bryant was promoted to this position. He made the *Evening Post* the best edited newspaper in New York, and he soon attained a controlling financial interest in this great daily, so that he was from this time on a comparatively wealthy man. In his youth, under the tuition and inspiration of his father, who was a staunch Federalist, Bryant had written and published "The Embargo," a severe satire on the Democratic president, Thomas Jefferson. It seems like a stroke of the irony of fate that in later life he should become the chief editorial writer and owner of a great Democratic journal. In his new position he was an influential spokesman for high political and moral ideals, and he became quite distinguished, not as an orator, but as a maker of high-toned and finished addresses on many historic and literary occasions. He traveled much during his later years, making no fewer than seven visits abroad. He contributed travel letters to his paper during these trips, and afterwards collected the best of these in a volume called *Letters of a Traveler*. While he did not meet with the éclat that greeted some of our later literary men in their visits to Europe, he was everywhere recognized as a man of distinction, and he had the unfailing good taste not to parade his own social success nor to betray the hospitality of his entertainers by writing them up in his letters.

Bryant's career as a real poet began in 1817 with his father's presentation of "Thanatopsis" and "A Fragment" (later called "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood") to

the editors of the *North American Review*. The story of the amazement of these men at the character of the verse, no such poetry having hitherto been produced on this side of the Atlantic, has been frequently told. The genesis of "To a Waterfowl," written when he went to Plainfield to practice law in 1818, is also well known. (See the introductory notes to these poems in pp. 510-515.) Bryant never surpassed these early efforts, though some critics hold that he sustained the reputation made in his early years even when he became an octogenarian. In 1821 he published his first thin volume of poems, and in 1832 a second and enlarged edition appeared, the most notable of the additional poems being "A Forest Hymn," "To the Fringed Gentian," "Song of Marion's Men," and "Death of the Flowers." The last named poem opens with the familiar lines,

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

and closes with a beautiful tribute to his beloved sister, who had died in the autumn. Other editions of the poems appeared from time to time, and by 1864 Bryant had garnered a considerable volume of poems, though he was not so prolific as most of our major poets. "The Prairies," a poem full of the breadth and sweep of our western plains; "The Battlefield," in which occurs the most frequently quoted passage in all his poetry,

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers."

"Oh Mother of a Mighty Race," a patriotic tribute to America; "Robert of Lincoln," an onomatopoeic bird song entirely different in tone from anything else that Bryant wrote; "Sella" and "The Little People of the Snow," two longer fairy pieces; and "The Flood of Years," a reversion to the theme and manner of "Thanatopsis" when the poet was eighty-two, are perhaps the best of these later productions.

As a relief from his grief over the death of his wife in 1866, Bryant turned to the translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. He had previously translated some portions of the fifth book of the *Odyssey*, but he now set seriously

about converting the whole of the two great Homeric epics into blank verse. This remarkable achievement, begun when he was seventy-two and completed when he was seventy-seven, may be placed with Longfellow's translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia* and Bayard Taylor's of Goethe's *Faustus* as one of the three greatest translations produced in America, works which rank high among the best of this kind in all English literature.

Bryant died on June 12, 1878, from concussion of the brain due to a fall caused by a sunstroke suffered by him two weeks before his death while he was making an address at the unveiling of a statue to the Italian patriot Mazzini. During the last years of his life he was many times called the first citizen of the republic. His life was pure and noble, and he well deserved the encomiums that were spoken and written of him all over the country. He was undoubtedly a great and good man. Nature, whom he loved so well and interpreted so beautifully, had made him one of her own noblemen. He was buried at Roslyn, Long Island, where he owned an estate and where his wife was buried twelve years before.

It has been customary since Lowell's criticism (see "A Fable for Critics," p. 364) to speak of Bryant's coldness and lack of passion. It is undoubtedly true that there is a lack of enthusiastic passion or demonstrative sentiment in his poetry, but it would be more accurate to call his style restrained and classic than stiff and frigid. Bryant was a man of deep feeling, but he was naturally reserved in disposition, and he controlled his feelings with that perfect poise, self-restraint, and repose which is characteristic of the classic poets at their best. He was a devoted son, husband, and father, a loyal friend, and a patriotic citizen. There is certainly a note of tender delicacy, genuine warmth, and deep spirituality in much of his poetry. Among some modern critics, too, there is a tendency to belittle Bryant's poetical genius because of the evident didacticism, the serious ethical purpose, and the melancholy note in much of his verse. It is very true that these elements exist in his poetry, and perhaps to the modern artistic temperament there is a too patent moral and a too constantly somber or sober tone in his best poems. But this was the natural tendency of his genius; and even if the range of his muse was not wide, he has certainly expressed himself well in his chosen

domain. None of our poets has better expressed the fundamental seriousness and the sober delight in noble ethical ideals of the Anglo-Saxon race, and we may safely predict that the best of Bryant's poetry, as represented in "Thanatopsis" and "To a Waterfowl," will be read long after much that is now held in high esteem by his detractors shall have passed into oblivion.

(The standard life of Bryant is that by his son-in-law, Parke Godwin, in two volumes. Two more recent briefer studies are those by John Bigelow in the American Men of Letters Series and W. A. Bradley in the English Men of Letters Series.)

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
5 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
10 Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
15 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
20 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
25 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
30 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good, 85
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;
 The venerable woods—rivers that move 40
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun, 45
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings 50
 Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
 Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there:
 And millions in those solitudes, since first 55
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe 60
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come 65
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train

Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
 70 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, which moves
 75 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 80 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

5 Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly limned upon the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

10 Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—

The desert and illimitable air,—

15

Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,

At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,

Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,

Though the dark night is near.

20

And soon that toil shall end;

Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,

And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,

Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven

25

Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart

Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,

And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,

Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,

30

In the long way that I must tread alone,

Will lead my steps aright.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and
sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie
dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the
jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood

In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers

- 10 Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,

And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;

- 15 But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty
stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days
will come,

- 20 To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late
he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

- 25 And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the
leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:

Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of
ours,

- 30 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

5

Spink, spank, spink;

Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:

10

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

15

Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:

20

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.

25

Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:

30

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
35 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
40 Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
45 Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
50 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

55 Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
60 Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;

Fun and frolic no more he knows;

65

Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;

Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

When you can pipe that merry old strain,

70

Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

Chee, chee, chee.

WALT WHITMAN

1819-1892

Walt Whitman, "The Good Gray Poet," was during his lifetime a literary storm center, and even yet his name cannot be mentioned in any circle of readers without bringing forth both a paean of praise and a chorus of condemnation. Some one has called him the best loved and the best hated of all our writers. He had a desperately hard struggle to gain a hearing, but he persisted with a supreme and undisturbed patience and self-confidence, and triumphed in the end. As time goes on, his figure looms larger and larger on the literary horizon, so that there are many who now recognize in this so-called sensual, self-vaunting, unlettered hoodlum of Manhattan, the one universally great literary genius produced by American democracy.

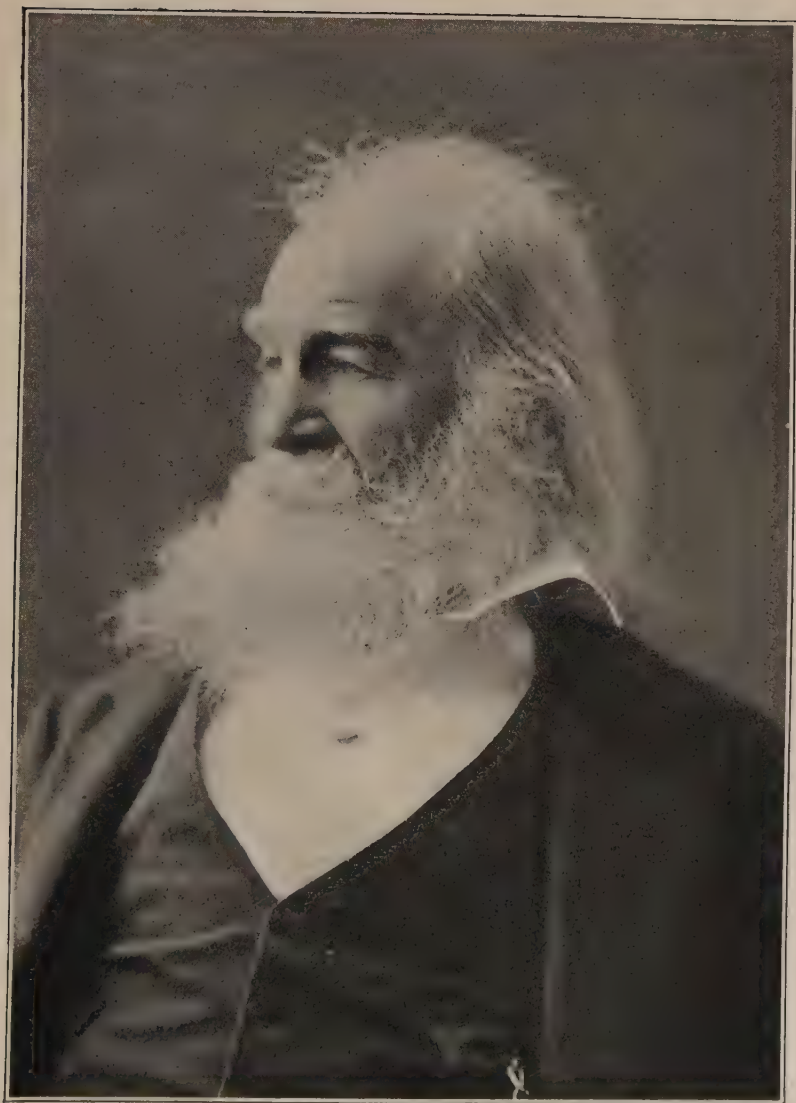
Whitman was born May 31, 1819, at the old family homestead, West Hills, near Huntington, Long Island. His father came from a line of English yeomen who had long been established in America, and his mother was descended from the Holland-Dutch family of Van Velsor, which had a similarly long residence in this country. They were of the simple, unlettered farming and seafaring classes, and made little pretension to material prosperity or social standing. Whitman was always unfeignedly proud of his humble origin, for he knew that he came from a plain, strong, virile, healthy, American stock, and thus as a true son of the soil he might claim to be the appointed poet of democracy.

"Starting from fish-shape Paumanok where I was born,
Well-begotten, and raised by a perfect mother,"

he says; and again,

"My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here, from parents
the same, and their parents the same."

In this old home on Long Island, or Paumanok, as he loved to call it, the child lived until he was four years old, absorbing even at this age the rural sights and sounds, the vigor and freshness of the salt sea air, and the power and constancy



WALT WHITMAN

of the ocean. Truly the sea was "the cradle endlessly rocking" for this child of Nature. During the child's fifth year, his father removed to Brooklyn to engage in the builder's trade, but the boy still had free access to the ancestral home and to the wild and unfrequented parts of the island. There are hundreds of allusions that prove Walt was a great deal more of a country-bred than a city-bred boy.

His education in the public schools of Brooklyn closed when he was thirteen. He began now to help earn his own bread by working in a lawyer's office as an errand boy. He soon entered upon an apprenticeship to the printer's trade, however, and until his seventeenth year found employment in various capacities in printing establishments. Then for two or three years he taught country schools on Long Island, boarding around, as was the custom, and familiarizing himself with the life of the common people. He was a prime favorite with old and young, playing ball with the boys and engaging in his favorite sport of fishing as opportunity afforded. It is said that he succeeded admirably as a teacher, using a sort of oral method of his own invention, and commanding always the respect and affection of his pupils and patrons. Then he opened a printing office at Huntington and founded a weekly paper, *The Long Islander*. His success in this venture was not pronounced, and the paper soon changed hands, but this was the beginning of his career as a journalist. He now contributed sentimental sketches and stories to some of the New York papers, and worked in a desultory sort of way at his trade of printing. This was his fallow or *loafing* period, as he called it. He was studying men and women in real life with all the intensity and constancy of application that many another youth puts on his college course. The city streets and the country lanes, filled with all sorts and conditions of life, were Walt Whitman's university. He was exceedingly fond of the theater and opera, too, and he managed to see and hear a great many of the foremost actors and singers of his time.

Whitman was progressing slowly in his chosen field of journalism, and in 1848 he became editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, a daily paper of some importance. He had been composing a great deal of conventional prose and verse, among other things many tales after the manner of Hawthorne

and one novel—all of little worth. He expressed the wish later in life that these early productions might be allowed to remain in their deserved oblivion. About this time a gentleman from the South offered him an editorial position on a newly founded daily, *The Crescent*, in New Orleans, and Whitman accepted the position because it would give him an opportunity to see something of America. With his younger brother Jeff he made a leisurely trip down the Mississippi, learning much from these new sights and experiences. He did not remain long in the South, and we find him again making a leisurely working tour back to New York and Brooklyn by way of St. Louis, Chicago, Niagara, and Albany. On this journey of eight thousand miles he was formulating some conception of the sweep and grandeur of the land he loved and was to sing so well. He was still taking life easy, still in his fallow period. "I loaf and invite my soul," he wrote later in the "Song of Myself." He worked but little at his regular business, but spent many hours in loitering around the streets, riding on the tops of cabs, talking and consorting with all sorts and types of people, taking long solitary walks in the woods and swims in the Sound, and letting his imagination brood over all. He often carried some old book with him to browse in or to digest at leisure. He enumerates among these the New and Old Testaments, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Dante, Ossian, Scott, Shakespeare. It was a wonderful experience to read these old masterpieces in the woods or by the sea, and their influence on the development of his own individual genius was undoubtedly profound. Shakespeare and Homer he especially admired, often reciting long passages from them as he raced, naked from one of his swims, up and down the hard sandy beach of the then secluded Coney Island region. Emerson and Carlyle were also powerful stimulants absorbed by Whitman at this time.

Whitman now associated himself with his father as a builder and trader of houses. His work prospered, and there was a fair prospect that he might become comfortably well off; but according to his own statement and the universal evidence of others, the making or possession of money had no fascination for him. He suddenly gave up his new business to devote himself to the strange and hard career which he felt irresistibly called to. Though he had had an affair of the heart and knew the joys and the tragedy of illicit

love, he had never been legally married and so had none of the responsibilities of a family resting upon him. His own wants were few and easily supplied. His real ambition to become a poet, ever before him and never once despaired of, was slowly ripening, and with a kind of solitary persistence he kept brooding over his mission, and working surely, steadily, unobtrusively into that style which he afterwards flashed upon the world as a new and original type of poetry.

In 1855, set up and printed largely by himself in the office of some friends, appeared the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, the strangest, most misunderstood, most maligned book that ever came from the American press. It was like Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* in England, a work of genius, but hooted and hissed and misinterpreted until some knowing ones expounded the riddle. *Leaves of Grass* was written in a kind of unrimed free verse, with lines of from four or five to sixty-five or seventy syllables arranged in a sort of phrasal rhythm to suit the ear or the caprice of the author. Whether it is verse or rhythmical prose is still a debated point. It is certain that there is no other verse like it, and it is also certain that the long prose preface is almost as rhythmical as any other part of the book. Whitman himself said much later, when some of the earlier excrescences had been removed, that he consciously threw out all the conventional machinery of verse, "the entire stock in trade of rhyme-talking heroes and heroines and all the love-sick plots of customary poetry, and constructs his verse in a loose and free metre of his own, of an irregular length of lines, apparently lawless at first perusal, although on a closer examination a certain regularity appears, like the recurrence of lesser and larger waves on the sea-shore, rolling in without intermission, and fitfully rising and falling." Readers have almost universally testified that Whitman's verse seems most like real poetry when read aloud out-of-doors, and particularly under the waving trees or by the throbbing sea, with the drift of clouds and the swoop of sea-birds overhead. His whole aim was to be himself and no other, to be original and no imitator, to be the spokesman of his own soul and of democratic America, and not an echo of the dead muses of other times and other nations.

Whitman succeeded in his aim—succeeded so well in writing an entirely new book that when it appeared it was called "the work of some escaped lunatic," and the

author was belabored as one whose soul was the reincarnation of "a donkey who died of disappointed love." Lowell could never overcome his disgust for the author of *Leaves of Grass*, Whittier threw the book in the fire when he read it, and many critics accepted literally what Whitman said about his barbaric yawp, his grossness and sensuality, and even animality, and his identification of himself with universal matters of sex and the whole physical and psychical life of man. Emerson, however, saw in this book, as he had seen in Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, distinct evidences of genius. He wrote the author a letter which has been frequently reprinted but which loses nothing by repetition, for it was the first note of authoritative recognition which Whitman received and the impetus from which his fame has grown. Emerson said in part: "I find it [*Leaves of Grass*] the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. . . . I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I have great joy in it. I find incomparable things said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment which so delights us, and which large perception only can inspire. I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere for such a start It has the best merits, namely of fortifying and encouraging."

The next year the second and greatly enlarged edition of *Leaves of Grass* appeared with appended additional matter containing Emerson's letter and Whitman's long reply in which he constantly addressed Emerson as master. Emerson's name under the sentence "I greet you at the beginning of a great career" was actually printed on the back of the book, an act of bad taste which only a sublimely egotistical or an uncultured man could have been guilty of. In spite of Emerson's generous recognition of a new light, the book did not sell. In England the recognition was more spontaneous, though not enough interest was manifested greatly to encourage the new poet. But Whitman needed no encouragement—at least he was not to be daunted by discouragement. He had determined to have his own way, and neither praise nor blame, encouragement nor discouragement seemed to deflect him in the least from his purpose. Years later he wrote, "The best comfort of the whole business . . . is that unstopp'd and unwarp'd by any influence outside the soul within me, I have had my say

entirely in my own way and put it unerringly on record—the value thereof to be decided by time.” He did not bid for “soft eulogies, big money returns, nor the approbation of existing schools and conventions”; and so he moved on his way unruffled and undisturbed. The third edition of his book appeared in 1860 with many changes and additions, as was his custom.

The Civil War was the culminating experience in Walt Whitman’s education as the poet of democracy. He did not volunteer for active service, but his brother George did, and when Walt heard that George was wounded and in a hospital in Virginia he went to the front. Finding his brother already recovered, but thousands of others in the hospitals needing comfort and aid, he became a volunteer nurse in and around Washington. It is said that he literally came into touch with thousands of soldiers while on his rounds, and served them all alike, whether northern or southern, high or low, deserving or undeserving, with an unswerving and all-encompassing devotion. He was a strong, clean, healthy, magnetic specimen of manhood; his very presence seemed a benediction and a curative power to the sick and wounded soldiers. He carried in his haversack all sorts of articles that would meet the needs of the patients or cheer them in their confinement. For one he would write a letter, from another take a dying message for loved ones, to another give a comrade’s manly farewell kiss. He said in one of his letters of this period that no greater love ever existed than that between him and these poor sick, dying soldier boys. No more inspiring story of the war has come down to us than this of the unselfish and large charity of Walt Whitman in the hospitals. He literally gave himself for others, for his health broke down under the strain, his system becoming inoculated with malaria and his body infected with blood poison from dressing a wound.

After the war, when he had recovered from his illness, he was given a clerkship in the Department of the Interior; but when Secretary Harlan discovered that Whitman was the author of what he called an indecent and immoral book, he peremptorily dismissed him from the service. Some of Whitman’s friends interceded but could not move the secretary from his decision. Then another position of equal pay was found for Whitman in the Attorney-General’s department, the offending poet was quietly transferred, and

the incident was thought to be closed. It was closed so far as any further official action was concerned, but William D. O'Connor, a passionate journalist of Irish extraction, published "The Good Gray Poet," a pamphlet containing a gallant but injudicious defense of Whitman and a terrific arraignment of Secretary Harlan. This opened up the old discussion of Whitman's frankness and so-called indecency in treating matters of sex, and probably did more harm than good so far as the poet's reputation was concerned. But the title, "The Good Gray Poet," and the description fixed the name and appearance of the prematurely gray-haired hero forever in the public mind, and from this time onward Whitman had defenders and detractors enough. He had now surely *arrived*, as he had perhaps prematurely announced in the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*.

Whitman's appearance at this time (1865) should be described, and no one has more fully or enthusiastically sketched him than his champion, William O'Connor. "For years past, thousands of people in New York, in Brooklyn, in Boston, in New Orleans, and latterly in Washington, have seen, even as I saw two hours ago, tallying, one might say, the streets of our American cities, and fit to have for his background and accessories their streaming populations and ample and rich façades, a man of striking masculine beauty—a poet—powerful and venerable in appearance; large, calm, superbly formed; oftenest clad in the careless, rough, and always picturesque costume of the common people; resembling, and generally taken by strangers for, some great mechanic or stevedore, or seaman, or grand laborer of one kind or another; and passing slowly in this guise, with nonchalant and haughty step along the pavement, with the sunlight and shadows falling around him. The dark sombrero he usually wears was, when I saw him just now, the day being warm, held for the moment in his hand; rich light an artist would have chosen lay upon his uncovered head, majestic, large, Homeric, and set upon his strong shoulders with the grandeur of ancient sculpture. I marked the countenance, serene, proud, cheerful, florid, grave; the brow seamed with noble wrinkles; the features massive and handsome, with firm blue eyes; the eyebrows and eyelids especially showing that fullness of arch seldom seen save in the antique busts; the flowing hair and fleecy beard, both very gray, and tempering with a look of age

the youthful aspect of one who is but forty-five; the simplicity and purity of his dress, cheap and plain, but spotless, from snowy falling collar to burnished boot, exhaling faint fragrance; the whole form surrounded with manliness as with a nimbus, and breathing, in its perfect health and vigor, the august charm of the strong."

Just after the close of the Civil War, Whitman published a new volume of poems called *Drum-Taps*, and when the volume was going through the press he composed four poems which he called "Memorials for President Lincoln," and added them as a supplement. This volume contains some of Whitman's very finest work, notably the threnody "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" and the lyric lament "O Captain! My Captain!" From time to time other poems and prose pieces came out, and new and enlarged editions of *Leaves of Grass* appeared up until 1891, when the tenth and final form of this remarkable poetic evolution was prepared by the poet, some of it passing through his hands even after he had taken to his bed for the last time. It was in 1873 that he suffered a paralytic stroke and had to give up his position in Washington. He went to Camden, New Jersey, and lived with his brother for a few years until he partially recovered his health. During the remainder of his life he lectured occasionally on Lincoln, made journeys to the Far West and to Canada, and was the recipient of many visits from friends and admirers. His books were now more remunerative, and he was enabled to buy a modest little home at Camden. Here, even though broken in health, he enjoyed life up to the last. He had what he most craved, the comradeship and good-fellowship of those who understood and loved him. In 1888 he suffered the second stroke of paralysis, and from this time until his death, March 26, 1892, he was practically a helpless invalid. But up to the very last he retained his buoyancy of spirit and alertness of mind.

In 1882 Whitman published a delightful prose volume, being notes taken from his own commonplace books, observations and comments on nature, men, and events, and called it *Specimen Days*. This and *Democratic Vistas*, *Memoranda of the War*, and his letters and prefaces, make up the bulk of his prose remains. There are some excellent things excellently said, but the interest in Whitman's prose is due more perhaps to the veneration of his own personality and

the revelation of this personality in these works than to any absolute artistic value which may attach to the volumes themselves.

As to Whitman's message in his poetry, his great themes were selfhood, comradeship, love, joy, nature, God, immortality, death, and above all democracy as exemplified in the American states. Edward Holmes analyzes Whitman as being intensely emotional, intensely self-conscious, intensely optimistic, and intensely American. We might add to this the one all-inclusive characteristic, and say he was intensely human. No one ever lived who was more normally and unmistakably a man. Lincoln's estimate squares true with every atom of his being, "Well, *he* looks like a *man*!" The only serious weakness to be observed in his poetical output is that it is not always inspired. Wordsworth defined poetry as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotion recollected in tranquillity." Whitman's poetry seems spontaneous enough, but it does not always express powerful emotion. Like Wordsworth, he was rather self-conscious and imagined that everything he felt and saw and thought or dreamed was worthy of preservation. And so, like Wordsworth again, he sometimes reaches banality instead of inspiration. The logical evolution of some of his poems is very vague or even totally indistinguishable. He injects topics that seem utterly foreign to his purpose, and he gives long catalogues of names and facts that can be logically designated only by the term "balderdash."

And yet when we look back on Whitman now that a quarter of a century has passed since his death, we can begin to place him in his true historic perspective. There is no doubt but that he was one of the largest-brained, biggest-hearted men of his century. He had little or no formal education; and yet, without model or foreign influence, when he felt the stirrings of genius within him he made his own instrument of expression merely by the rule of doing it. He said himself finally that he considered *Leaves of Grass* experimental as a literary form, just as he considered the American government itself an experiment in democracy. The gradual revisions of the *Leaves* practically always tend toward a more restrained and artistic form of expression, and some of the later poetical works are almost above reproach in their artistic design, unity, and totality of effect, and poetic evolution. We may say that Walt

Whitman was a born poetical genius who found his own formless vehicle of expression at thirty-five, and tried to perfect himself in it by inflicting it on an unprepared public for the next thirty-five years. Whitman is not a broadly popular poet and perhaps never will be, for his work as a whole offers too strong a meat and is too elemental and cosmic for the general public. But there is no longer any question as to his genius or as to the fundamental purity and goodness of his nature. His readers are steadily increasing as the world comes more and more to understand the man and his message, and it does not seem too rash now to predict that within the present century his name will be placed at the top in the list of the creative poets of America.

(Among the many lives of Whitman, perhaps the best for general use are those by Bliss Perry in the American Men of Letters Series and by George R. Carpenter in the English Men of Letters Series. Two other sympathetic books should be consulted, the studies by John Addington Symonds [English] and John Burroughs [American].)

OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING

- Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond, where the child
leaving his bed wander'd alone, bareheaded, barefoot,
5 Down from the shower'd halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as
if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briars and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories sad brother, from the fitful risings and
fallings I heard,
10 From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and swollen as
if with tears,
From those beginning notes of yearning and love there in the
mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart never to cease,
From the myriad thence-arous'd words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
15 From such as now they start the scene revisiting,
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,
20 I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them,
A reminiscence sing.

Once Paumanok,

When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass
was growing,

Up this seashore in some briers, 25
 Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two together,
 And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown,
 And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
 And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent, with
 bright eyes,
 And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never dis- 30
 turbng them,
 Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together.

Two together! 35
Winds blow south or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together. 40

Till of a sudden,
 May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,
 One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,
 Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next,
 Nor ever appear'd again. 45

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
 And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,
 Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
 Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
 I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird, 50
 The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

55 Yes, when the stars glisten'd,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He call'd on his mate,
60 He pour'd forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Yes, my brother I know,
The rest might not, but I have treasur'd every note,
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the
shadows,
65 Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and
sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listen'd long and long;

Listen'd to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
70 Following you my brother.

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and lapping, every one
close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

75 *Low hangs the moon, it rose late,*
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the breakers?
80 *What is that little black thing I see there in the white?*

Loud! loud! loud!

Loud I call to you, my love!

*High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,
Surely you must know who is here, is here,
You must know who I am, my love.*

85

Low-hanging moon!

What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?

O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!

O moon do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! land! O land!

90

*Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate
back again if you only would,*

For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!

*Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some
of you.*

O throat! O trembling throat!

95

Sound clearer through the atmosphere!

Pierce the woods, the earth,

Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.

Shake out carols!

Solitary here, the night's carols!

100

Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!

Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!

O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!

O reckless despairing carols.

But soft! sink low!

105

Soft! let me just murmur,

And do you wait a moment you husky-nois'd sea,

For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,

*So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
110 But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately
to me.*

*Hither my love!
Here I am! here!
With this just-sustain'd note I announce myself to you,
This gentle call is for you my love, for you.*

*115 Do not be decoy'd elsewhere,
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice,
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,
Those are the shadows of leaves.*

*O darkness! O in vain!
120 O I am very sick and sorrowful.*

*O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.*

*125 O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more.*

*130 The aria sinking,
All else continuing, the stars shining,
The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous echoing,
With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly moaning,
On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,
135 The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping, the
face of the sea almost touching,
The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his hair
the atmosphere dallying,*

The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last tumultuously bursting,
The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering, 140
The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some drown'd
secret hissing,
To the outsetting bard.

Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul,)
Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it really to me? 145
For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I have
heard you,
Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,
And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs, clearer,
louder, and more sorrowful than yours,
A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within me,
never to die.

O you singer solitary, singing by yourself, projecting me, 150
O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease perpetuating
you,
Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,
Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent from me,
Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before
what there in the night,
By the sea under the yellow and sagging moon, 155
The messenger there arous'd, the fire, the sweet hell within,
The unknown want, the destiny of me.

O give me the clew! (it lurks in the night here somewhere,)
O if I am to have so much, let me have more!

A word then, (for I will conquer it,) 160
The word final, superior to all,

Subtle, sent up—what is it?—I listen;
Are you whispering it, and have been all the time, you sea-
waves?
Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?

- 165 Whereto answering, the sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whisper'd me through the night, and very plainly before
daybreak,
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word death
And again death, death, death, death,
170 Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my arous'd
child's heart,
But edging near as privately for me rustling at my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly
all over,
Death, death, death, death, death.

- Which I do not forget,
175 But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,
That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's gray
beach,
With the thousand responsive songs at random,
My own songs awaked from that hour,
And with them the key, the word up from the waves,
180 The word of the sweetest song and all songs,
That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet,
(Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in
sweet garments, bending aside.)
The sea whisper'd me.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D

I

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the
night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west, 5
And thought of him I love.

2

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides the
star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me! 10
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

3

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-
wash'd palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves
of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the
perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the door- 15
yard,
With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of
rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

4

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush, 20
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life, (for well dear brother I know,
25 If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die.)

5

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets
 peep'd from the ground, spotting the gray debris,
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing
 the endless grass,
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud
 in the dark-brown fields uprisen,
30 Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the
 orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

6

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the
 land,
35 With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities draped in
 black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veil'd
 women standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the
 night,
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and
 the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre
 faces,
40 With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices
 rising strong and solemn, .
With all the mournful voices of the dirges pour'd around
 the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—where
 amid these you journey,

With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

45

7

(Nor for you, for one alone,
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring,
For fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for you
O sane and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and 'early lilies,
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins all of you O death.)

50

8

O western orb sailing the heaven,
Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I
walk'd,
As I walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night
after night,
As you droop'd from the sky low down as if to my side,
(while the other stars all look'd on,)
As we wander'd together the solemn night, (for something I
know not what kept me from sleep,)
As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how
full you were of woe,
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cool
transparent night,
As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the netherward
black of the night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where you sad
orb,
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

55

65

9

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes, I hear your
call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you,
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detain'd me,
70 The star my departing comrade holds and detains me.

10

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that
has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
75 Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western
sea, till there on the prairies meeting,
These and with these and the breath of my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

11

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
80 To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke
lucid and bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent,
sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green
leaves of the trees prolific,
85 In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river,
with a wind-dapple here and there,
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the
sky, and shadows,

And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of
chimneys,

And all the scenes of life and the workshops and the
workmen homeward returning.

12

Lo, body and soul—this land,

My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and 93
hurrying tides, and the ships,

The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the
light, Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,

And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd with grass and
corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,

The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,

The gentle soft-born measureless light,

95

The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfill'd noon,

The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,

Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

13

Sing on, sing on you gray-brown bird,

Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from the 100
bushes,

Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on, dearest brother, warble your reedy song,

Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!

O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!

105

You only I hear—yet the star holds me, (but will soon depart,)

Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

14

Now while I sat in the day and look'd forth,

In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring,
and the farmers preparing their crops,

- 110 In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes
and forests,
In the heavenly aerial beauty, (after the perturb'd winds and
the storms,)
Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing,
and the voices of children and women,
The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they
sail'd,
And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields
all busy with labor,
115 And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each
with its meals and minutia of daily usages,
And the streets how their throbbings throb'd, and the
cities pent—lo, then and there,
Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me
with the rest,
Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail,
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge
of death.
- 120 Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the
hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in
the dimness,
125 To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.
- And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,
The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.
- From deep secluded recesses,
130 From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death. 135

Prais'd be the fathomless universe
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death. 140

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come
unfalteringly. 145

Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the
dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death. 150

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feast-
ings for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are
fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I
know,
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee. 155

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
160 Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the
prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and
ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death.*

15

To the tally of my soul,
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
165 With pure deliberate notes spreading, filling the night.

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
And I with my comrades there in the night;

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
170 As to long panoramas of visions.

And I saw askant the armies,
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierc'd with
missiles I saw them,
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and
bloody,
175 And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs (and all in
silence,)
And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,
I saw the debris and debris of all the slain soldiers of the war,
180 But I saw they were not as was thought,
They themselves were fully at rest, they suffer'd not,
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the mother suffer'd,
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffer'd,
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.

16

Passing the visions, passing the night, 185
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song of
my soul,
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-
altering song,
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling,
flooding the night,
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet 190
again bursting with joy,
Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
I leave thee there in the dooryard, blooming, returning with
spring.

I cease from my song for thee, 195
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, com-
muning with thee,
O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievments out of the night,
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul, 200
With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance
full of woe,
With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the
bird,
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever to
keep, for the dead I loved so well,
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands—and
this for his dear sake,
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul, 205
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is
won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

5 But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;

10 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

15 It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
done,

20 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

THE MYSTIC TRUMPETER

I

Hark, some wild trumpeter, some strange musician,
Hovering unseen in air, vibrates capricious tunes to-night.

I hear thee trumpeter, listening alert I catch thy notes,
Now pouring, whirling like a tempest round me,
Now low, subdued, now in the distance lost.

5

2

Come nearer bodiless one, haply in thee resounds
Some dead composer, haply thy pensive life
Was fill'd with aspirations high, uniform'd ideals,
Waves, oceans musical, chaotically surging,
That now ecstatic ghost, close to me bending, thy cornet 10
 echoing, pealing,
Gives out to no one's ears but mine, but freely gives to mine,
That I may thee translate.

3

Blow trumpeter free and clear, I follow thee,
While at thy liquid prelude, glad, serene,
The fretting world, the streets, the noisy hours of day 15
 withdraw,
A holy calm descends like dew upon me,
I walk in cool refreshing night the walks of paradise,
I scent the grass, the moist air and the roses;
Thy song expands my numb'd imbonded spirit, thou freest,
 launchest me,
Floating and basking upon heaven's lake.

20

4

Blow again trumpeter! and for my sensuous eyes,
Bring the old pageants, show the feudal world.

What charm thy music works! thou makest pass before me,
Ladies and cavaliers long dead, barons are in their castle
 halls, the troubadours are singing,

25 Arm'd knights go forth to redress wrongs, some in quest of
the holy Graal;

I see the tournament, I see the contestants incased in heavy
armor seated on stately champing horses,

I hear the shouts, the sounds of blows and smiting steel;

I see the Crusaders' tumultuous armies—hark, how the
cymbals clang,

Lo, where the monks walk in advance, bearing the cross on
high.

5

30 Blow again trumpeter! and for thy theme,

Take now the enclosing theme of all, the solvent and the
setting,

Love, that is pulse of all, the sustenance and the pang,

The heart of man and woman all for love;

No other theme but love — knitting, enclosing, all-diffusing
love.

35 O how the immortal phantoms crowd around me!

I see the vast alembic ever working, I see and know the
flames that heat the world,

The glow, the blush, the beating hearts of lovers,

So blissful happy some, and some so silent, dark, and nigh
to death;

Love, that is all the earth to lovers—love, that mocks time
and space,

40 Love, that is day and night—love, that is sun and moon and
stars,

Love, that is crimson, sumptuous, sick with perfume,

No other words but words of love, no other thought but love.

6

Blow again trumpeter—conjure war's alarums.

Swift to thy spell a shuddering hum like distant thunder rolls,

45 Lo, where the arm'd men hasten—lo, mid the clouds of dust
the glint of bayonets,

I see the grime-faced cannoneers, I mark the rosy flash amid
the smoke, I hear the cracking of the guns;
Nor war alone—thy fearful music-song, wild player, brings
every sight of fear,
The deeds of ruthless brigands, rapine, murder—I hear the
cries for help!
I see ships foundering at sea, I behold on deck and below
deck the terrible tableaux.

7

O trumpeter, methinks I am myself the instrument thou 50
playest,
Thou melt'st my heart, my brain—thou movest, drawest,
changest them at will;
And now thy sullen notes send darkness through me,
Thou takest away all cheering light, all hope,
I see the enslaved, the overthrown, the hurt, the opprest
of the whole earth,
I feel the measureless shame and humiliation of my race, 55
it becomes all mine,
Mine too the revenges of humanity, the wrongs of ages,
baffled feuds and hatreds,
Utter defeat upon me weighs—all lost—the foe victorious,
(Yet mid the ruins Pride colossal stands unshaken to
the last,
Endurance, resolution to the last.)

8

Now trumpeter for thy close, 60
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet,
Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith and hope,
Rouse up my slow belief, give me some vision of the future,
Give me for once its prophecy and joy.

O glad, exulting, culminating song! 65
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes,
Marches of victory—man disenthral'd—the conqueror at last,

Hymns to the universal God from universal man—all joy!
A reborn race appears—a perfect world, all joy!

70 Women and men in wisdom innocence and health—all joy!
Riotous laughing bacchanals fill'd with joy!

War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank earth purged—nothing
but joy left!

The ocean fill'd with joy—the atmosphere all joy!

Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! joy in the ecstasy of
life!

75 Enough to merely be! enough to breathe!

Joy! joy! all over joy!



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803-1882

Matthew Arnold, in his lecture on Emerson, said that if we should judge him perfectly impartially we would have to admit that Emerson is not a great poet, not a great prose writer, not even a great philosopher, but that he is "pre-eminently the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." In ranking Emerson relatively in American literature, however, we do not hesitate to say that he is one of our great poets, even though he is not preëminent in this field; that he is unquestionably our greatest essayist; and that in the moral and spiritual realm he is one of the world's great teachers. No educated American can afford to be unacquainted with the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He was descended from a long line of New England ministers, his father, Reverend William Emerson, being minister at the First Unitarian Church in Boston at the time of Emerson's birth, and his grandfather of the same name being minister at Concord during the American Revolution. Emerson was graduated from Harvard College at the age of eighteen. It is said that he attracted no particular notice while he was in college, but he made a good record and took some of the honors, notably the election to be class poet and the second prize in the Boylston contest in English composition. Immediately after graduation he engaged in teaching, but in 1823 he returned to the divinity school of Harvard College and began studying definitely for the ministry. He was ordained in 1829, and was at once installed as assistant minister in the Second Unitarian Church of Boston. In this year he married Miss Ellen Tucker. She did not live long, however, and some years later Emerson was married to Miss Lidian Jackson, who bore him several children and made him a happy home at Concord. Emerson became full minister of the Second Church when his colleague resigned in 1829, and for over three years he served the church acceptably. In 1832 he began to have conscientious scruples about his fitness to commemorate the Lord's Supper,

and on September 9 of that year he preached his farewell sermon and courageously resigned his pulpit.

Thus thrown on his own resources for a livelihood, Emerson began to lecture and write. He visited Europe in 1833 and met many famous men of letters, notably Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, De Quincey, George Eliot, and Cowper. On his return he settled in Concord (1834) and took up his residence at the famous old house known as the "Old Manse," where his grandfather, Reverend William Emerson, Sr., had lived, and where Hawthorne later lived and wrote *Mosses from an Old Manse*. The correspondence between Emerson and Carlyle, begun at this period, extended to the death of Carlyle in 1881, and the series of letters between these two great masters is one of the most notable in all English and American literature. The lecture platform was from this time on Emerson's pulpit. In fact, it was largely through Emerson that lyceum lecturing as a means of public entertainment and instruction was first brought into favor in this country. He had a marvelously sweet and appealing voice, and his fresh, vigorous, tonic messages attracted and inspired his audiences even when they did not fully understand the import of what he was saying.

On September 12, 1835, Emerson delivered at Concord a speech called "An Historical Discourse on the Second Centennial Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town," and when the monument commemorating the battle of Concord was dedicated on July 4, 1837, he was called upon to write a hymn for the occasion. The little poem which he produced, and which is included in this volume, has since become one of the national poetical treasures.

In 1836 Emerson's first book, called *Nature*, appeared. It was a small volume of less than one hundred pages, but it was packed full of inspiration, idealism, and profound philosophy. It was written in a tense, poetical, rhapsodic prose style, and naturally it attracted very little attention. Holmes calls it a reflective prose poem. It sets forth ideas on nature similar to those expressed by Wordsworth in his poetry, and it is the seed-field for many of the transcendental ideas later developed by Emerson on the constitution of nature, God, and the soul of man. The public was not ready for such a volume, and not more than five hundred copies of this really epoch-making book were sold within twelve years after its publication.

Nevertheless, Emerson was now rapidly becoming a notable figure in the intellectual life of New England. In 1837 he was asked to deliver the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, and he prepared for this occasion that notable address, "The American Scholar." Lowell spoke of the occasion of its delivery as an event "without former parallel in our literary annals," and Holmes said, "This great oration was our intellectual Declaration of Independence."

The *Essays*, First Series, appeared in 1841, and the Second Series in 1844. Most of these essays were first given as lectures. Naturally the lecturer could polish and revise his addresses as he delivered them from time to time, and so when he was ready to give them to the world as essays, he had put his thought in its finished and final form. There is great compression of thought and condensation and precision of style in these compositions. It has been said that he who runs may read, but this saying cannot be applied to Emerson's essays. One must stop and think, and think deeply, or else one will miss the best of Emerson's thought. No book in our literature is more worthy of one's close study and attention, and none will give the young mind such fine practice in interpretative mental exercise. In fact, Emerson is one of the most inspiring of all writers; it is said that he has made more thoughtful readers than has any other American writer. He is certainly a stimulating mental tonic, and every ambitious youth should give his very best effort to the mastery of a few of the simpler pieces, and eventually should read all twenty-four of the essays in these two volumes. For this book we have selected "Heroism" and "Compensation" as two of the most stimulating for young readers, but there are many others equally good, not only in the two volumes of essays, but in the remaining prose works of Emerson.

Among the other prose books of Emerson are *Representative Men* (1850), *English Traits* (1850), *Conduct of Life* (1860), *Society and Solitude* (1870), *Letters and Social Aims* (1875). These are made up largely of lectures and essays similar in thought and style to the better known *Essays*. All through the years of his maturity Emerson had the habit of jotting down his thoughts in his *Journals*, and from this intellectual storehouse he drew material for his addresses and books. This wonderful miscellaneous source book

for the study of Emerson's thought and the development of his mind and character was recently published in ten volumes.

Emerson's style is unique. He said what he had to say in brilliant, epigrammatic sentences, often so condensed as to be almost unintelligible to the superficial reader. He had little smoothness or sweetness of style, though he possessed wonderful facility in turning expressive phrases, and occasionally he rose into passages of majestic beauty and sublimity. He may be said to be weak in the architectural or combining and arranging power of style. He throws his brilliant sentences and paragraphs together in a vague sort of order. There is certainly not that smoothness in transition that we now expect and demand of the average good prose stylist. He said himself that he sought no order or harmony of style in his writing. He speaks of his sentences as composed of "infinitely repellent particles," and he also called his method that of the lapidary who builds his house of boulders, piling them up in almost indiscriminate masses. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his life of Emerson in the American Men of Letters Series, says: "Emerson's style is epigrammatic, incisive, authoritative, sometimes quaint, never obscure, except when he is handling nebulous subjects. His paragraphs are full of brittle sentences that break apart and are independent units, like the fragments of a coral colony. His imagery is frequently daring, leaping from the concrete to the abstract, from the special to the general and universal, and *vice versa*, with a bound that is like a flight."

As a poet Emerson has usually not been ranked high, but there are some who consider him the greatest of American poets. There is no use denying that he was a mediocre poetical craftsman in so far as mere technical excellences are concerned. His rhythm is often harsh and wobbly, and his rimes are sometimes untrue and even impossible. There is little or no steady evolution of thought or largeness and finality of treatment in many of his poems, but in others, particularly some of the shorter ones, there are an artistic finish and a completeness and perfection of expression that leave little to be desired. That Emerson was at bottom a real poet is no less evident in his best prose than in his best poetry. He took the office of poet seriously, and he almost always eventually put his finest thoughts into rhythmic

form. The poems selected in this volume are sufficient evidence that Emerson was a poet of high merit.

Emerson died April 27, 1882, and was buried near Hawthorne in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. An immense rough boulder of rose quartz, typical of the combination of beauty and strength in Emerson's genius, now marks his grave.

HEROISM

"Paradise is under the shadow of swords."

MAHOMET

Ruby wine is drunk by knaves,
Sugar spends to fatten slaves,
Rose and vine-leaf deck buffoons;
Thunderclouds are Jove's festoons,
Drooping oft in wreaths of dread
Lightning-knotted round his head;
The hero is not fed on sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats;
Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails.

[1] In the elder English dramatists, and mainly in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a constant recognition of gentility, as if a noble behavior were as easily marked in the society of their age as color is in our American population. When any Rodrigo, Pedro or Valerio enters, though he be a stranger, the duke or governor exclaims, 'This is a gentleman,'—and proffers civilities without end; but all the rest are slag and refuse. In harmony with this delight in personal advantages there is in their plays a certain heroic cast of character and dialogue,—as in *Bonduca*, *Sophocles*, the *Mad Lover*, the *Double Marriage*,—wherein the speaker is so earnest and cordial and on such deep grounds of character, that the dialogue, on the slightest additional incident in the plot, rises naturally into poetry. Among many texts take the following. The Roman *Martius* has conquered *Athens*,—all but the invincible spirits of *Sophocles*, the duke of *Athens*, and *Dorigen*, his wife. The beauty of the latter inflames *Martius*, and he seeks to save her husband; but *Sophocles* will not ask his life, although assured that a word will save him, and the execution of both proceeds:—

Valerius. Bid thy wife farewell.

Soph. No, I will take no leave. My Dorigen,
Yonder, above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,
My spirit shall hover for thee. Prithee, haste.

35

Dor. Stay, Sophocles,— with this tie up my sight;
Let not soft nature so transformed be,
And lose her gentler sexed humanity,
To make me see my lord bleed. So, 't is well;
Never one object underneath the sun
Will I behold before my Sophocles:
Farewell; now teach the Romans how to die.

40

Mar. Dost know what 't is to die?

Soph. Thou dost not, Martius,
And, therefore, not what 't is to live; to die
Is to begin to live. It is to end
An old, stale, weary work and to commence
A newer and a better. 'T is to leave
Deceitful knaves for the society

45

Of gods and goodness. Thou thyself must part
At last from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs,
And prove thy fortitude what then 't will do.

50

Val. But art not grieved nor vexed to leave thy life thus?

Soph. Why should I grieve or vex for being sent
To them I ever loved best? Now I'll kneel,
But with my back toward thee: 't is the last duty
This trunk can do the gods.

55

Mar. Strike, strike, Valerius,
Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth.
This is a man, a woman. Kiss thy lord,
And live with all the freedom you were wont.
O love! thou doubly hast afflicted me
With virtue and with beauty. Treacherous heart,
My hand shall cast thee quick into my urn,
Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.

60

Val. What ails my brother?

Soph. Martius, O Martius,
Thou now hast found a way to conquer me.

65

Dor. O star of Rome! what gratitude can speak
Fit words to follow such a deed as this?

70

Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius,
With his disdain of fortune and of death,
Captived himself, has captivated me,
And though my arm hath ta'en his body here,
His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul.
By Romulus, he is all soul, I think;
He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot be gyved,
Then we have vanquished nothing; he is free,
And Martius walks now in captivity."

75

[2] I do not readily remember any poem, play, sermon, 80
novel or oration that our press vents in the last few years,
which goes to the same tune. We have a great many flutes

and flageolets, but not often the sound of any fife. Yet Wordsworth's "Laodamia," and the ode of "Dion," and
85 some sonnets, have a certain noble music; and Scott will sometimes draw a stroke like the portrait of Lord Evandale given by Balfour of Burley. Thomas Carlyle, with his natural taste for what is manly and daring in character, has suffered no heroic trait in his favorites to drop from his bio-
90 graphical and historical pictures. Earlier, Robert Burns has given us a song or two. In the Harleian Miscellanies there is an account of the battle of Lutzen which deserves to be read. And Simon Ockley's History of the Saracens recounts the prodigies of individual valor, with admiration all the more
95 evident on the part of the narrator that he seems to think that his place in Christian Oxford requires of him some proper protestations of abhorrence. But if we explore the literature of Heroism we shall quickly come to Plutarch, who is its Doctor and historian. To him we owe the Brasidas,
100 the Dion, the Epaminondas, the Scipio of old, and I must think we are more deeply indebted to him than to all the ancient writers. Each of his "Lives" is a refutation to the despondency and cowardice of our religious and political theorists. A wild courage, a Stoicism not of the schools but
105 of the blood, shines in every anecdote, and has given that book its immense fame.

[3] We need books of this tart cathartic virtue more than books of political science or of private economy. Life is a festival only to the wise. Seen from the nook and
110 chimney-side of prudence, it wears a ragged and dangerous front. The violations of the laws of nature by our predecessors and our contemporaries are punished in us also. The disease and deformity around us certify the infraction of natural, intellectual and moral laws, and often violation on
115 violation to breed such compound misery. A lock-jaw that bends a man's head back to his heels; hydrophobia that makes him bark at his wife and babes; insanity that makes him eat grass; war, plague, cholera, famine, indicate a certain

ferocity in nature, which, as it had its inlet by human crime, must have its outlet by human suffering. Unhappily no ¹²⁰ man exists who has not in his own person become to some amount a stockholder in the sin, and so made himself liable to a share in the expiation.

[4] Our culture therefore must not omit the arming of the man. Let him hear in season that he is born into the ¹²⁵ state of war, and that the commonwealth and his own well-being require that he should not go dancing in the weeds of peace, but warned, self-collected and neither defying nor dreading the thunder, let him take both reputation and life in his hand, and with perfect urbanity dare the gibbet and ¹³⁰ the mob by the absolute truth of his speech and the rectitude of his behavior.

[5] Towards all this external evil the man within the breast assumes a warlike attitude, and affirms his ability to cope single-handed with the infinite army of enemies. To ¹³⁵ this military attitude of the soul we give the name of Heroism. Its rudest form is the contempt for safety and ease, which makes the attractiveness of war. It is a self-trust which slights the restraints of prudence, in the plenitude of its energy and power to repair the harms it may suffer. The ¹⁴⁰ hero is a mind of such balance that no disturbances can shake his will, but pleasantly and as it were merrily he advances to his own music, alike in frightful alarms and in the tipsy mirth of universal dissoluteness. There is somewhat not philosophical in heroism; there is somewhat not holy in it; ¹⁴⁵ it seems not to know that other souls are of one texture with it; it has pride; it is the extreme of individual nature. Nevertheless we must profoundly revere it. There is somewhat in great actions which does not allow us to go behind them. Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always ¹⁵⁰ right; and although a different breeding, different religion and greater intellectual activity would have modified or even reversed the particular action, yet for the hero that thing he does is the highest deed, and is not open to the

155 censure of philosophers or divines. It is the avowal of the unschooled man that he finds a quality in him that is negligent of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatred, of reproach, and knows that his will is higher and more excellent than all actual and all possible antagonists.

160 [6] Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of mankind and in contradiction, for a time, to the voice of the great and good. Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character. Now to no other man can its wisdom appear as it does to him, for every man must
165 be supposed to see a little farther on his own proper path than any one else. Therefore just and wise men take umbrage at his act, until after some little time be past; then they see it to be in unison with their acts. All prudent men see that the action is clean contrary to a sensual prosperity; for every
170 heroic act measures itself by its contempt of some external good. But it finds its own success at last, and then the prudent also extol.

[7] Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last
175 defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness and of a fortitude not to be
180 wearied out. Its jest is the littleness of common life. That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth is the butt and merriment of heroism. Heroism, like Plotinus, is almost ashamed of its body. What shall it say then to the sugar-plums and cats'-cradles, to the toilet, compliments,
185 quarrels, cards and custard, which rack the wit of all society? What joys has kind nature provided for us dear creatures! There seems to be no interval between greatness and meanness. When the spirit is not master of the world, then it is its dupe. Yet the little man takes the great hoax so innocently, works in it so headlong and believing, is born red, and
190

dies gray, arranging his toilet, attending on his own health, laying traps for sweet food and strong wine, setting his heart on a horse or a rifle, made happy with a little gossip or a little praise, that the great soul cannot choose but laugh at such earnest nonsense. "Indeed, these humble considera-¹⁰⁵ tions make me out of love with greatness. What a disgrace it is to me to take note how many pairs of silk stockings thou hast, namely, these and those that were the peach-colored ones; or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use!"²⁰⁰

[8] Citizens, thinking after the laws of arithmetic, consider the inconvenience of receiving strangers at their fireside, reckon narrowly the loss of time and the unusual display; the soul of a better quality thrusts back the unseasonable economy into the vaults of life, and says, I will²⁰⁵ obey the God, and the sacrifice and the fire he will provide. Ibn Haukal, the Arabian geographer, describes a heroic extreme in the hospitality of Sogd, in Bukharia. "When I was in Sogd I saw a great building, like a palace, the gates of which were open and fixed back to the wall with large nails.²¹⁰ I asked the reason, and was told that the house had not been shut, night or day, for a hundred years. Strangers may present themselves at any hour and in whatever number; the master has amply provided for the reception of the men and their animals and is never happier than when they²¹⁵ tarry for some time. Nothing of the kind have I seen in any other country." The magnanimous know very well that they who give time, or money, or shelter, to the stranger,—so it be done for love and not for ostentation,—do, as it were, put God under obligation to them, so perfect are the com-²²⁰ pensations of the universe. In some way the time they seem to lose is redeemed and the pains they seem to take remunerate themselves. These men fan the flame of human love and raise the standard of civil virtue among mankind. But hospitality must be for service and not for show, or it pulls²²⁵ down the host. The brave soul rates itself too high to value

itself by the splendor of its table and draperies. It gives what it hath, and all it hath, but its own majesty can lend a better grace to bannocks and fair water than belong to city
230 feasts.

[9] The temperance of the hero proceeds from the same wish to do no dishonor to the worthiness he has. But he loves it for its elegance, not for its austerity. It seems not worth his while to be solemn and denounce with bitterness
235 flesh-eating or wine-drinking, the use of tobacco, or opium, or tea, or silk, or gold. A great man scarcely knows how he dines, how he dresses; but without railing or precision his living is natural and poetic. John Eliot, the Indian Apostle, drank water, and said of wine,—“It is a noble,
240 generous liquor and we should be humbly thankful for it, but, as I remember, water was made before it.” Better still is the temperance of King David, who poured out on the ground unto the Lord the water which three of his warriors had brought him to drink, at the peril of their lives.

[10] It is told of Brutus, that when he fell on his sword after the battle of Philippi, he quoted a line of Euripides,—
“O Virtue! I have followed thee through life, and I find thee at last but a shade.” I doubt not the hero is slandered by this report. The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its
250 nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. It does not need plenty, and can very well abide its loss.

[11] But that which takes my fancy most in the heroic
255 class, is the good-humor and hilarity they exhibit. It is a height to which common duty can very well attain, to suffer and to dare with solemnity. But these rare souls set opinion, success, and life at so cheap a rate that they will not soothe their enemies by petitions, or the show of sorrow, but
260 wear their own habitual greatness. Scipio, charged with peculation, refuses to do himself so great a disgrace as to wait for justification, though he had the scroll of his accounts

in his hands, but tears it to pieces before the tribunes. Socrates's condemnation of himself to be maintained in all honor in the Prytaneum, during his life, and Sir Thomas More's playfulness at the scaffold, are of the same strain. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Sea Voyage," Juletta tells the stout captain and his company,—

Jul. Why, slaves, 't is in our power to hang ye.

Master.

Very likely,

270

'T is in our powers, then, to be hanged, and scorn ye.

These replies are sound and whole. Sport is the bloom and glow of a perfect health. The great will not condescend to take any thing seriously; all must be as gay as the song of a canary, though it were the building of cities or the eradication of old and foolish churches and nations which have cumbered the earth long thousands of years. Simple hearts put all the history and customs of this world behind them, and play their own game in innocent defiance of the Blue-Laws of the world; and such would appear, could we see the human race assembled in vision, like little children frolicking together, though to the eyes of mankind at large they wear a stately and solemn garb of works and influences. 275

[12] The interest these fine stories have for us, the power of a romance over the boy who grasps the forbidden book under his bench at school, our delight in the hero, is the main fact to our purpose. All these great and transcendent properties are ours. If we dilate in beholding the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we are already domesticating the same sentiment. Let us find room for this great guest in our small houses. The first step of worthiness will be to disabuse us of our superstitious associations with places and times, with number and size. Why should these words, Athenian, Roman, Asia and England, so tingle in the ear? Where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River and Boston Bay you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But 280 285 290 295

here we are; and, if we will tarry a little, we may come to
300 learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here,
and art and nature, hope and fate, friends, angels and the
Supreme Being shall not be absent from the chamber where
thou sittest. Epaminondas, brave and affectionate, does
305 not seem to us to need Olympus to die upon, nor the Syrian
sunshine. He lies very well where he is. The Jerseys were
handsome ground enough for Washington to tread, and
London streets for the feet of Milton. A great man makes
his climate genial in the imagination of men, and its air the
beloved element of all delicate spirits. That country is the
310 fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds. The
pictures which fill the imagination in reading the actions of
Pericles, Xenophon, Columbus, Bayard, Sidney, Hampden,
teach us how needlessly mean our life is; that we, by the
depth of our living, should deck it with more than regal or
315 national splendor, and act on principles that should interest
man and nature in the length of our days.

[13] We have seen or heard of many extraordinary young
men who never ripened, or whose performance in actual life
was not extraordinary. When we see their air and mien,
320 when we hear them speak of society, of books, of religion, we
admire their superiority; they seem to throw contempt on our
entire polity and social state; theirs is the tone of a youthful
giant who is sent to work revolutions. But they enter an
active profession and the forming Colossus shrinks to the
325 common size of man. The magic they used was the ideal
tendencies, which always make the Actual ridiculous; but
the tough world had its revenge the moment they put their
horses of the sun to plough in its furrow. They found no
example and no companion, and their heart fainted. What
330 then? The lesson they gave in their first aspirations is yet
true; and a better valor and a purer truth shall one day
organize their belief. Or why should a woman liken herself
to any historical woman, and think, because Sappho, or
Sévigné, or De Staël, or the cloistered souls who have had

genius and cultivation do not satisfy the imagination and 335
the serene Themis, none can,—certainly not she? Why
not? She has a new and unattempted problem to solve,
perchance that of the happiest nature that ever bloomed.
Let the maiden, with erect soul, walk serenely on her way,
accept the hint of each new experience, search in turn all 340
the objects that solicit her eye, that she may learn the power
and the charm of her new-born being, which is the kindling
of a new dawn in the recesses of space. The fair girl who
repels interference by a decided and proud choice of in-
fluences, so careless of pleasing, so wilful and lofty, inspires 345
every beholder with somewhat of her own nobleness. The
silent heart encourages her; O friend, never strike sail to a
fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas.
Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is cheered and
refined by the vision. 350

[14] The characteristic of heroism is its persistency.
All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of gener-
osity. But when you have chosen your part, abide by it,
and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world.
The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the 355
heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy
of people in those actions whose excellence is that they
outrun sympathy and appeal to a tardy justice. If you
would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve
him, do not take back your words when you find that 360
prudent people do not commend you. Adhere to your own
act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something
strange and extravagant and broken the monotony of a
decorous age. It was a high counsel that I once heard
given to a young person,—“Always do what you are 365
afraid to do.” A simple manly character need never make
an apology, but should regard its past action with the
calmness of Phocion, when he admitted that the event of
the battle was happy, yet did not regret his dissuasion
from the battle. 370

[15] There is no weakness or exposure for which we cannot find consolation in the thought—this is a part of my constitution, part of my relation and office to my fellow-creature. Has nature covenanted with me that I should
375 never appear to disadvantage, never make a ridiculous figure? Let us be generous of our dignity as well as of our money. Greatness once and for ever has done with opinion. We tell our charities, not because we wish to be praised for them, not because we think they have great merit, but for our
380 justification. It is a capital blunder; as you discover when another man recites his charities.

[16] To speak the truth, even with some austerity, to live with some rigor of temperance, or some extremes of generosity, seems to be an asceticism which common good-
385 nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men. And not only need we breathe and exercise the soul by assuming the penalties of abstinence, of debt, of solitude, of unpopularity,—but it behooves the
390 wise man to look with a bold eye into those rarer dangers which sometimes invade men, and to familiarize himself with disgusting forms of disease, with sounds of execration, and the vision of violent death.

[17] Times of heroism are generally times of terror,
395 but the day never shines in which this element may not work. The circumstances of man, we say, are historically somewhat better in this country and at this hour than perhaps ever before. More freedom exists for culture. It will not now run against an axe at the first step out of
400 the beaten track of opinion. But whoso is heroic will always find crises to try his edge. Human virtue demands her champions and martyrs, and the trial of persecution always proceeds. It is but the other day that the brave Lovejoy gave his breast to the bullets of a mob, for the
405 rights of free speech and opinion, and died when it was better not to live.

[18] I see not any road of perfect peace which a man can walk, but after the counsel of his own bosom. Let him quit too much association, let him go home much, and stablish himself in those courses he approves. The un- 410
 mitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honor, if need be in the tumult, or on the scaffold. Whatever outrages have happened to men may befall a man again; and very easily in a republic, if there appear any signs 415
 of a decay of religion. Coarse slander, fire, tar and feathers and the gibbet, the youth may freely bring home to his mind and with what sweetness of temper he can, and inquire how fast he can fix his sense of duty, braving such penalties, whenever it may please the next newspaper and a sufficient 420
 number of his neighbors to pronounce his opinions incendiary.

[19] It may calm the apprehension of calamity in the most susceptible heart to see how quick a bound Nature has set to the utmost infliction of malice. We rapidly approach a brink over which no enemy can follow us:— 425

“Let them rave:
 Thou art quiet in thy grave.”

In the gloom of our ignorance of what shall be, in the hour when we are deaf to the higher voices, who does not envy those who have seen safely to an end their manful endeavor? 430
 Who that sees the meanness of our politics but inly congratulates Washington that he is long already wrapped in his shroud, and for ever safe; that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him? Who does not sometimes envy the good and brave who are 435
 no more to suffer from the tumults of the natural world, and await with curious complacency the speedy term of his own conversation with finite nature? And yet the love that will be annihilated sooner than treacherous has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal but a native 440
 of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being.

COMPENSATION

- The wings of Time are black and white,
 Pied with morning and with night.
 Mountain tall and ocean deep
 Trembling balance duly keep.
 5 In changing moon, in tidal wave,
 Glows the feud of Want and Have.
 Gauge of more and less through space
 Electric star and pencil plays.
 The lonely Earth amid the balls
 10 That hurry through the eternal halls,
 A makeweight flying to the void,
 Supplemental asteroid,
 Or compensatory spark,
 Shoots across the neutral Dark.
-
- 15 Man's the elm, and Wealth the vine,
 Stanch and strong the tendrils twine:
 Though the frail ringlets thee deceive,
 None from its stock that vine can reave.
 Fear not, then, thou child infirm,
 20 There's no god dare wrong a worm.
 Laurel crowns cleave to deserts
 And power to him who power exerts;
 Hast not thy share? On winged feet,
 Lo! it rushes thee to meet;
 25 And all that Nature made thy own,
 Floating in air or pent in stone,
 Will rive the hills and swim the sea
 And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

- [1] Ever since I was a boy I have wished to write a
 30 discourse on Compensation; for it seemed to me when very
 young that on this subject life was ahead of theology and
 the people knew more than the preachers taught. The
 documents too from which the doctrine is to be drawn,
 charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always
 35 before me, even in sleep; for they are the tools in our hands,
 the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the
 farm and the dwelling-house; greetings, relations, debts
 and credits, the influence of character, the nature and
 endowment of all men. It seemed to me also that in it
 40 might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of
 the soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition;
 and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation

of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared moreover that if this doctrine could be stated in 45 terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey, that would not suffer us to lose our way.

[2] I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing 50 a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and 55 from Scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offence appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe when the meeting broke up they separated without remark on the sermon. 60

[3] Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compen- 65 sation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day,—bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? 70 Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was,—‘We are to have *such* a good time as the sinners have now’;—or, to push it to its extreme import,—‘You sin now, we shall sin by and by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful we expect our revenge 75 to-morrow.’

[4] The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The

blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base
90 estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success,
instead of confronting and convicting the world from the
truth; announcing the presence of the soul; the omnipotence
of the will; and so establishing the standard of good and ill,
of success and falsehood.

85 [5] I find a similar base tone in the popular religious
works of the day and the same doctrines assumed by the
literary men when occasionally they treat the related topics.
I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum,
and not in principle, over the superstitions it has displaced.
90 But men are better than their theology. Their daily life
gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring soul leaves
the doctrine behind him in his own experience, and all men
feel sometimes the falsehood which they cannot demonstrate.
For men are wiser than they know. That which they hear
95 in schools and pulpits without afterthought, if said in con-
versation would probably be questioned in silence. If a
man dogmatize in a mixed company on Providence and the
divine laws, he is answered by a silence which conveys well
enough to an observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, but
100 his incapacity to make his own statement.

[6] I shall attempt in this and the following chapter
to record some facts that indicate the path of the law of
Compensation; happy beyond my expectation if I shall truly
draw the smallest arc of this circle.

105 [7] Polarity, or action and reaction, we meet in every
part of nature; in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in
the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; in the
inspiration and expiration of plants and animals; in the
equation of quantity and quality in the fluids of the animal
110 body; in the systole and diastole of the heart; in the undu-
lations of fluids and of sound; in the centrifugal and cen-
tripetal gravity; in electricity, galvanism, and chemical
affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle,

the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must 115 condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole; as, spirit, matter; man, woman; odd, even; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.

120

[8] Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each 125 individual of every animal tribe. The reaction, so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A 130 surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

[9] The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time, and the 135 converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets is another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history is another. The cold climate invigorates. The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers or scorpions.

140

[10] The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation 145 with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For every thing you have missed, you have gained something else; and for every thing you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the

gatherer gathers too much, Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some levelling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society and by temper and position a bad citizen,—a morose ruffian, with a dash of the pirate in him?—Nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village school, and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate the granite and felspar, takes the boar out and puts the lamb in and keeps her balance true.

[11] The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace, and the best of his manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters who stand erect behind the throne. Or do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither has this an immunity. He who by force of will or of thought is great and overlooks thousands, has the charges of that eminence. With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light? he must bear witness to the light, and always outrun that sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction, by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets?—he must cast behind him their admiration, and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth, and become a byword and a hissing.

[12] This law writes the laws of cities and nations. It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it. Things

refuse to be mismanaged long. *Res nolunt diu male administrari*. Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict. If the law is too mild, private vengeance comes in. If the government is a terrific democracy, the pressure is resisted by an over-charge of energy in the citizen, and life glows with a fiercer flame. The true life and satisfactions of man seem to elude the utmost rigors or felicities of condition and to establish themselves with great indifferency under all varieties of circumstances. Under all governments the influence of character remains the same,—in Turkey and in New England about alike. Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him.

[13] These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Every thing in nature contains all the powers of nature. Every thing is made of one hidden stuff; as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part all the details, all the aims, furtherances, hindrances, energies and whole system of every other. Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world and a correlative of every other. Each one is an entire emblem of human life; of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course and its end. And each one must somehow accommodate the whole man and recite all his destiny.

[14] The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on

eternity,—all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears with all his parts in every
 225 moss and cobweb. The value of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil; if the affinity, so the repulsion; if the force, so the limitation.

[15] Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral.
 230 That soul which within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. We feel its inspiration; out there in history we can see its fatal strength. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. *Oi*
 235 *κύβοι Διὸς ἀεὶ ἐνπίπτουσι*,—The dice of God are always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication-table, or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, balances itself. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more nor less, still returns to you. Every secret is
 240 told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. What we call retribution is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or a limb, you
 245 know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind.

[16] Every act rewards itself, or in other words integrates itself, in a twofold manner; first in the thing, or in real nature; and secondly in the circumstance, or in apparent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. The
 250 causal retribution is in the thing and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the
 255 offence, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure

which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end preëxists in the means, the 260 fruit in the seed.

[17] Whilst thus the world will be whole and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate; for example,—to gratify the senses we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character. 265 The ingenuity of man has always been dedicated to the solution of one problem,—how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave 270 it bottomless; to get a *one end*, without an *other end*. The soul says, 'Eat'; the body would feast. The soul says, 'The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul'; the body would join the flesh only. The soul says, 'Have dominion over all things to the ends of virtue'; the body 275 would have the power over things to its own ends.

[18] The soul strives amain to live and work through all things. It would be the only fact. All things shall be added unto it,—power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty. The particular man aims to be somebody; to set up for himself; 280 to truck and higgler for a private good; and, in particulars, to ride that he may ride; to dress that he may be dressed; to eat that he may eat; and to govern, that he may be seen. Men seek to be great; they would have offices, wealth, power, and fame. They think that to be great is to possess one side 285 of nature,—the sweet, without the other side, the bitter.

[19] This dividing and detaching is steadily counteracted. Up to this day it must be owned no projector has had the smallest success. The parted water reunites behind our hand. Pleasure is taken out of pleasant things, 290 profit out of profitable things, power out of strong things, as soon as we seek to separate them from the whole. We can no more halve things and get the sensual good, by itself,

than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a
 295 light without a shadow. "Drive out Nature with a fork,
 she comes running back."

[20] Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which
 the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that
 he does not know, that they do not touch him;—but the
 300 brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul. If he
 escapes them in one part they attack him in another more
 vital part. If he has escaped them in form and in the
 appearance, it is because he has resisted his life and fled from
 himself, and the retribution is so much death. So signal
 305 is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of
 the good from the bad, that the experiment would not be
 tried,—since to try it is to be mad,—but for the circum-
 stance that when the disease began in the will, of rebellion
 and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the
 310 man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to
 see the sensual allurements of an object and not see the
 sensual hurt; he sees the mermaid's head but not the dragon's
 tail, and thinks he can cut off that which he would have from
 that which he would not have. "How secret art thou who
 315 dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, O thou only great
 God, sprinkling with an unwearied providence certain penal
 blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires!"

[21] The human soul is true to these facts in the paint-
 ing of fable, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation.
 320 It finds a tongue in literature unawares. Thus the Greeks
 called Jupiter, Supreme Mind; but having traditionally
 ascribed to him many base actions, they involuntarily made
 amends to reason by tying up the hands of so bad a god.
 He is made as helpless as a king of England. Prometheus
 325 knows one secret which Jove must bargain for; Minerva,
 another. He cannot get his own thunders; Minerva keeps
 the key of them:—

"Of all the gods, I only know the keys
 That ope the solid doors within whose vaults
 His thunders sleep."

A plain confession of the in-working of the All and of its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the same ethics; and it would seem impossible for any fable to be invented and get any currency which was not moral. Aurora forgot to ask youth for her lover, and though Tithonus is immortal, 335 he is old. Achilles is not quite invulnerable; the sacred waters did not wash the heel by which Thetis held him. Siegfried, in the Nibelungen, is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back whilst he was bathing in the dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal. And so it 344 must be. There is a crack in every thing God has made. It would seem there is always this vindictive circumstance stealing in at unawares even into the wild poesy in which the human fancy attempted to make bold holiday and to shake itself free of the old laws,—this back-stroke, this kick 345 of the gun, certifying that the law is fatal; that in nature nothing can be given, all things are sold.

[22] This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis, who keeps watch in the universe and lets no offence go unchastised. The Furies they said are attendants on justice, and if the 350 sun in heaven should transgress his path they would punish him. The poets related that stone walls and iron swords and leathern thongs had an occult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners; that the belt which Ajax gave Hector dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of 355 Achilles, and the sword which Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell. They recorded that when the Thasians erected a statue to Theagenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals went to it by night and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from 360 its pedestal and was crushed to death beneath its fall.

[23] This voice of fable has in it somewhat divine. It came from thought above the will of the writer. That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it; that which he does not know; that which flowed out of his 365 constitution and not from his too active invention; that which

in the study of a single artist you might not easily find, but in the study of many you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Phidias it is not, but the work of man in that early
 370 Hellenic world that I would know. The name and circumstance of Phidias, however convenient for history, embarrass when we come to the highest criticism. We are to see that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering
 375 volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.

[24] Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of reason, or the statements of an absolute truth without
 380 qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions. That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And this law of laws, which the
 385 pulpit, the senate and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets and workshops by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

[25] All things are double, one against another.—Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for
 390 blood; measure for measure; love for love.—Give, and it shall be given you.—He that watereth shall be watered himself.—What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it.—Nothing venture, nothing have.—Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less.—Who doth not
 395 work shall not eat.—Harm watch, harm catch.—Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them.—If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own.—Bad counsel confounds the adviser.—The Devil is an ass.

400 [26] It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from

the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

[27] A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With ⁴⁰⁵ his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread-ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or rather it is a harpoon hurled at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, ⁴¹⁰ a coil of cord in the boat, and, if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain or to sink the boat.

[28] You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious ⁴¹⁵ to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins and ⁴²⁰ you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons; of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy. ⁴²⁵

[29] All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with ⁴³⁰ perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war ⁴³⁵ between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

[30] All the old abuses in society, universal and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are

avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great
410 sagacity and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he
teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is
a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers
for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our
laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for
445 ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government
and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing.
He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

[31] Of the like nature is that expectation of change
which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary
450 activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of
Polycrates, the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads
every generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble
asceticism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the
balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

455 [32] Experienced men of the world know very well that
it is best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man
often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in
his own debt. Has a man gained any thing who has received
a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by
460 borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's
wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the
instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part and of
debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The
transaction remains in the memory of himself and his
465 neighbor; and every new transaction alters according to its
nature their relation to each other. He may soon come to
see that he had better have broken his own bones than to
have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest
price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

470 [33] A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of
life, and know that it is the part of prudence to face every
claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your
talents, or your heart. Always pay; for first or last you
must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand

for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postpone-⁴⁷⁵ment. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base,—and that is the one base⁴⁸⁰ thing in the universe,—to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much⁴⁸⁵ good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

[34] Labor is watched over by the same pitiless laws. Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labor. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application⁴⁹⁰ of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skilful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening; in your sailor, good sense applied to navigation; in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving; in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs. So⁴⁹⁵ do you multiply your presence, or spread yourself throughout your estate. But because of the dual constitution of things, in labor as in life there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is knowledge and virtue, whereof⁵⁰⁰ wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labor cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives.⁵⁰⁵ The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.

[35] Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the
515 doctrine that every thing has its price,—and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price,—is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the
520 action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel-edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot-rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop-bill as
525 in the history of a state—do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

[36] The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor.
530 He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox
535 and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Some damning circumstance always transpires. The laws and substances of nature,—water, snow, wind, gravitation,—become penal-
540 ties to the thief.

[37] On the other hand the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which
545 like fire turns every thing to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm; but as the royal armies sent against

Napoleon, when he approached cast down their colors and from enemies became friends, so disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offence, poverty, prove benefactors:—

“Winds blow and waters roll
Strength to the brave and power and deity,
Yet in themselves are nothing.”

550

[38] The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not 555 somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly under- 560 stands a truth until he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has suffered from the one and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? 565 Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone and acquire habits of self-help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

[39] Our strength grows out of our weakness. The indignation which arms itself with secret forces does not 570 . awaken until we are pricked and stung and sorely assailed. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; 575 he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin 580 and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended

in a newspaper. As long as all that is said is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as
585 honeyed words of praise are spoken for me I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength
590 of the temptation we resist.

[40] The same guards which protect us from disaster, defect and enmity, defend us, if we will, from selfishness and fraud. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men
595 suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes
600 on itself the guaranty of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden, the better for you; for compound interest on
605 compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

[41] The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies
610 voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason and traversing its work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather
615 justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys, who run with fire-engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns

their spite against the wrongdoers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. Hours of sanity and consideration are always arriving to communities, as to individuals, when the truth is seen and the martyrs are justified.

[42] Thus do all things preach the indifference of circumstances. The man is all. Every thing has two sides, a good and an evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn to be content. But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifference. The thoughtless say, on hearing these representations,—What boots it to do well? there is one event to good and evil; if I gain any good I must pay for it; if I lose any good I gain some other; all actions are indifferent.

[43] There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Essence, or God, is not a relation or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade on which as a background the living universe paints itself forth, but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work, for it is not. It cannot work any good; it cannot work any harm. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

[44] We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy and does not come to a crisis or judgment anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted

655 the law? Inasmuch as he carries the malignity and the lie with him he so far deceases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also; but, should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account.

660 [45] Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that the gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. There is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom; they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action I properly *am*; in a virtuous act I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered
665 from Chaos and Nothing and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses limits, and always affirms an Optimism, never a Pessimism.

670 [46] His life is a progress, and not a station. His instinct is trust. Our instinct uses "more" and "less" in application to man, of the *presence of the soul*, and not of its absence; the brave man is greater than the coward; the true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a man and not less,
675 than the fool and knave. There is no tax on the good of virtue, for that is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence, without any comparative. Material good has its tax, and if it came without desert or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will blow it away. But all the good
680 of nature is the soul's, and may be had if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is, by labor which the heart and the head allow. I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn, for example to find a pot of buried gold, knowing that it brings with it new burdens. I do not wish more external goods,—
685 neither possessions, nor honors, nor powers, nor persons. The gain is apparent; the tax is certain. But there is no tax on the knowledge that the compensation exists and that it is not desirable to dig up treasure. Herein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace. I contract the boundaries of
690 possible mischief. I learn the wisdom of St. Bernard,—

"Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

[47] In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature 695 seems to be the distinction of More and Less. How can Less not feel the pain; how not feel indignation or malevolence towards More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad and knows not well what to make of it. He almost shuns their eye; he fears they will upbraid 700 God. What should they do? It seems a great injustice. But see the facts nearly and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases. His is mine. I am my 705 brother and my brother is me. If I feel overshadowed and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love; I can still receive; and he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur he loves. Thereby I make the discovery that my brother is my guardian, acting for me with the friendliest designs, and 710 the estate I so admired and envied is my own. It is the nature of the soul to appropriate all things. Jesus and Shakespeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His virtue,—is not that mine? His wit,—if it cannot be made 715 mine, it is not wit.

[48] Such also is the natural history of calamity. The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole 720 system of things, its friends and home and laws and faith, as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigor of the individual these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind 725 they are incessant and all worldly relations hang very

loosely about him, becoming as it were a transparent fluid membrane through which the living form is seen, and not, as in most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many
730 dates and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews
735 his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advancing, resisting, not coöperating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

[49] We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that
740 archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread
745 and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, 'Up and onward for evermore!' We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we
750 rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

[50] And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss
755 of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or
760 genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a

household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances ⁷⁶⁵ and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the ⁷⁷⁰ banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

CONCORD HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE BATTLE MONUMENT,
APRIL 19, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

5

10

15

THE RHODORA:

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
5 The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
10 This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
15 But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
5 I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
10 Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!

Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

15

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

20

25

30

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

35

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,

40

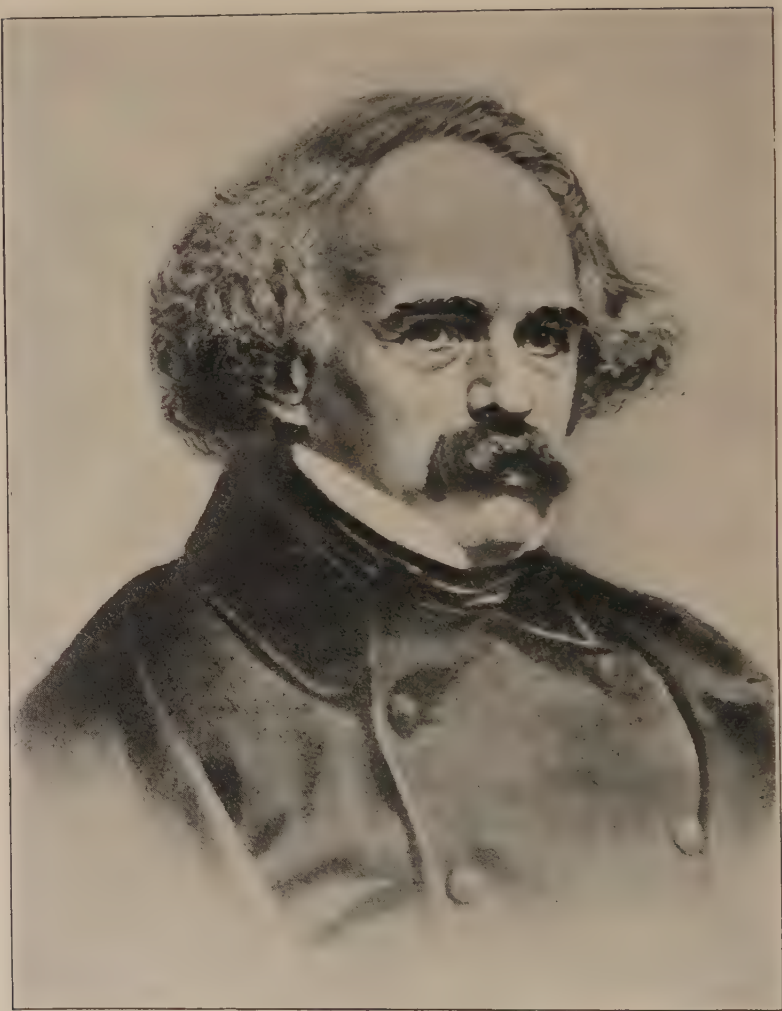
45

Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
50 All beside was unknown waste;
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
55 Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
60 Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

DAYS

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
5 To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleaded garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
10 Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

1804-1864

Nathaniel Hawthorne, born in the seacoast town of Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804, was descended from two generations of sea captains and from a long line of Puritan magistrates and warriors. Among his progenitors on his father's side were some who persecuted the Quakers and authorized the executions of witches in the celebrated Salem witchcraft delusion. It is said that the curse of one of the sufferers lingered like a black blot in the blood, and it has been suggested that the dark and gloomy cast of Hawthorne's genius was traceable to this ancestral source. His mother was a Manning, another distinguished Puritan family, and so we may certainly say that Hawthorne came naturally by that Puritan conscience of which he was to become the renowned artistic interpreter.

When he was four years old, his father died while away on a sea voyage, and his mother shut herself up from the world in a sort of life-long grief. After several years she moved to the large Manning land holdings on Sebago Lake, Maine, and here Nathaniel lived from his ninth until his fourteenth year. As he afterwards declared, this was one of the bright periods in his rather gloomy and solitary early life. "I ran quite wild," he wrote, "and would, I doubt not, have willingly run wild till this time, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling-piece; but reading a good deal, too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakespeare and *The Pilgrim's Progress*." This last book, along with another early favorite of Hawthorne's, Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, is significant as the source of his delight in the creation of allegorical settings for his own stories.

His mother returned to Salem to seek means of education for her three children. She selected a tutor for Nathaniel, and within two years he was ready to enter Bowdoin College. Franklin Pierce, afterwards president of the United States, was one class ahead of Hawthorne, and Longfellow was in the same class, that of 1825. Hawthorne made a few close friendships, notably with Pierce and Horatio Bridge, the

last named being his most intimate friend, and the one who believed in him and had most influence in turning him toward authorship.

After graduation Hawthorne went back to Salem, where his mother still lived. And in "a solitary chamber under the eaves" of the house on Herbert Street, not far from where he was born, he developed through the next twelve years his powerful and original literary style. All the members of the family were seclusive in their habits. The two sisters kept to their rooms, the mother had her meals served in her separate apartment, and naturally in such a household, Hawthorne developed to the fullest extent what he called his "cursed habit of solitude." He published anonymously an immature novel called *Fanshawe* in 1828, but he afterwards wished to withdraw it from circulation. He became extremely fastidious about the finish and style of his work, and it is said that during this period of his literary apprenticeship he wrote and rewrote and then burned many tales and sketches. He published a few pieces in the *New England Magazine* and in the early issues of *The Token*, a Boston annual; and under G. C. Goodrich's editorship of *The Token* he increased his contributions to this annual, so that within a few years he had published enough stories to make up the first edition of the happily christened *Twice-told Tales* (1837). This volume was subsequently (1842) enlarged from eighteen to thirty-nine tales, and it has since held its place as one of the few permanent short-story collections in our literature. *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846) and *The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales* (1852) are similar collections. Except for the work of Poe and Irving nothing has yet appeared in our literature that can be compared with these tales for finish of style, literary art, and profound analysis of the various phases of human life. Part of them are mere sketches or essays, others are based on historical incidents, but most of them are works of pure fancy and imagination. Even when the skeleton or basal facts are historical, the real flesh and blood, the creative part of the story, is almost entirely imaginative and original. It is almost impossible to select the best of these stories for special mention. Every critic of the volumes seems to light upon different ones as the best, and no two persons are found to agree. We have selected for our purpose three stories that have met with general approval and certainly

three that well represent Hawthorne's art at its best—"The Great Carbuncle," "The Ambitious Guest," and "The Wedding-Knell."

It was the publication of *Twice-told Tales* that led to Hawthorne's acquaintance, and later engagement and marriage, with Miss Sophia Peabody. Elizabeth Peabody, the elder sister, became interested in the author of these exquisite short stories, and through her friendship with Hawthorne's sisters she invited Hawthorne to call at her home. Here he met the youngest of the three sisters, Sophia, and even though she was something of an invalid at this time, her bright, well-trained mind and her artistic temperament—for she was gifted with brush and pencil—attracted the romancer from his social seclusion. Her beneficent influence caused the petals of his soul to expand like a flower in the spring sunshine. She was similarly attracted by his classic, masculine features and athletic frame as well as by the wonderful charm of his mind. Their love story, since given to the public in Hawthorne's letters, is one of the sweetest and happiest in the annals of literature. She gave him encouragement and stimulus and love, and he gave her life and home and happiness. Her health improved after her marriage, and three children were born to them, Una, Julian, and Rose.

But when Hawthorne met Miss Peabody he was not able to support an invalid wife; so the engagement ran on for four years before the marriage took place in 1842. George Bancroft, in the meantime, used his influence to have Hawthorne appointed to the position of weigher and gauger at the Boston Custom House. He labored at this, to him, unsavory task for two years, and then took his savings of one thousand dollars and invested them in the impractical social community of Brook Farm, a transcendental experiment in which physical labor and intellectual activities were to be alternately and equally enjoyed. The experiment proved a failure, of course, and Hawthorne lost his money. In spite of this serious loss, however, he determined now to marry. He took his wife to the Old Manse in Concord, the house already made famous by Emerson's residence in it, and now made doubly so by Hawthorne's occupancy; and there he began the long and desperate struggle of making a living by his pen. The story of these impecunious years has been fully told by the family letters, and the

happy way in which the couple met their difficulties will always arouse interest. Once Mrs. Hawthorne, noticing a large tear in one of her husband's garments, remarked that it was strange that they did not have more ready money, since her husband was a man of such large rents. She fairly worshiped him, and he was as devoted to her, and this made these years of poverty not only endurable but happy ones.

Friends came to the rescue again, and Hawthorne was appointed collector, or surveyor, of the port of Salem. This gave him a better immediate income, but it cut off his literary productivity for a time. He planned a larger work on the basis of some old records which he found in the office at Salem, but the work did not progress satisfactorily. When he announced his removal from office in 1849, Mrs. Hawthorne complacently remarked, "Oh, then you can write your book!" And when the impractical dreamer wanted to know what they could live on while it was being written, she disclosed a pile of gold coins which she had saved out of her weekly allowance for household expenses and hidden away for just such an emergency. The book was written; it was *The Scarlet Letter*, by common consent designated as the one absolutely great masterpiece of fiction in all American literature. Hawthorne's friend, James T. Field, the publisher, came over from Boston toward the end of the year and found the germ of the manuscript already in shape, and in 1850 the enlarged romance was published. It took the public by storm and has ever since retained its position as the greatest American novel.

After the phenomenal success of *The Scarlet Letter*, Hawthorne's period of being what he called "the obscurest man of letters in America" was over. He moved to "the little red cottage" near Lennox in the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts, and here he wrote the second of his four great romances, *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851). Here, also, those delightful books for young readers, *The Wonder-Book* (1852) and *Tanglewood Tales* (1853), both based on the old Greek and Roman hero myths, were produced. *Grandfather's Chair* (1841) and several other juvenile books had been written much earlier; and with these new volumes and several other childhood pieces, like "The Snow Image" and "Little Daffydowndilly," the contributions of Hawthorne to our juvenile classics are very important.

During 1852 Hawthorne moved his family to West Newton, a suburb of Boston, and here he produced his third great novel, *The Blithedale Romance*, reflecting largely his experiences at Brook Farm in Roxbury, not very far from West Newton. He had not yet found the home to suit him, however, and so he purchased the old house of the Alcotts in Concord near Emerson's residence, and christened it "The Wayside."

In this year, 1852, Hawthorne wrote a campaign life of his friend Franklin Pierce, who was now a candidate for the presidency. Naturally, upon being elected, President Pierce desired to reward his friend and supporter, and consequently he appointed him to be consul at Liverpool, England. This was a lucrative position, and the income from the office, together with the increased returns from his books, put Hawthorne and his family above want for the remainder of his life. He did not enjoy the work nor the honors of his new position, but he went through the routine with the same punctilious devotion to duty that he had shown in his previous official positions. The literary results of this residence abroad were *Our Old Home; a Series of English Sketches*, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* some years later, and the last of his great romances, *The Marble Faun*, written at Rome and published in England under the title *The Transformed* in 1860.

After the appearance of *The Marble Faun*, Hawthorne returned to his home in Concord. Here he attempted some further literary work, but his health was gradually giving way, and the old creative impulse was almost gone. He started several romances, among them *Septimus Felton*, *Dr. Grimshaw's Secret*, and *The Dolliver Romance*, but none of them were satisfactorily completed. In a vain search for improvement in health, he went on a carriage trip with Franklin Pierce through the mountains of New Hampshire. When they reached Portsmouth, his strength gave out and he died alone in his room in an inn, May 17, 1864. He was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, his grave being now marked with a plain marble headboard not over a foot high bearing the simple inscription "Hawthorne."

Three things make Hawthorne's work great—first, the originality and spontaneity of his conceptions; second, the fundamental moral truth and spiritual purity underlying these conceptions; and third, the supreme artistry of the

form of expression in which he has presented these conceptions. No writer in America has depended more absolutely and more consistently on his own ideas and instincts as to what material was best suited to his genius. Hawthorne's work is unique because his genius was unique, and because he allowed it to mature slowly and naturally, without the intermixture of foreign elements or the distraction of foreign models. There is no English author with whom we care to compare him, for he was too original, too much himself to be like any one of them. In the second place, while he dealt with sin and the human conscience and some of the darker aspects of life, he handled these problems with the utmost purity of conception. Some parents do not wish for their daughters to read *The Scarlet Letter*, but they are merely obsessed with a mistaken idea. There never was a purer book nor a more powerful appeal for Christlike charity toward those who have sinned and felt all the awful pangs of expiation and the final purification of character through repentance and steadfast resistance. So it is with all Hawthorne's works; there is not a word of sacrilege, nor a hint of encouragement to the evil-doer, nor a cause for a blush on the cheek of the purest-minded maiden. Finally, also, in his style, Hawthorne is a supreme artist. His manner of expression sits as naturally on him as his own features. There is no strut, no superficial veneer, no painfully evident striving after effect, no trick or artifice, but every word and phrase is as natural and easy and spontaneous as the conception which gave it birth. The picturesqueness, the vivid character portrayal, the music and rhythm of his prose cadences, the apt and precise diction, the dominant tone of spirituality, the suggestive other-worldliness—in short, the pure artistry of his style—all this undoubtedly places him in the first rank of American literary artists.

(The best life of Hawthorne is by George E. Woodberry in the American Men of Letters Series. Henry James, Jr., has also written a brilliant criticism in the English Men of Letters Series.)

THE AMBITIOUS GUEST

One September night a family had gathered round their hearth and piled it high with the driftwood of mountain streams, the dry cones of the pine, and the splintered ruins of great trees that had come crashing down the precipice. Up the chimney roared the fire, and brightened the room with its broad blaze. The faces of the father and mother had a sober gladness; the children laughed. The eldest daughter was the image of Happiness at seventeen, and the aged grandmother, who sat knitting in the warmest place, was the image of Happiness grown old. They had found the "herb heart's-ease" in the bleakest spot of all New England. This family were situated in the Notch of the White Hills, where the wind was sharp throughout the year, and pitilessly cold in the winter, giving their cottage all its fresh inclemency before it descended on the valley of the Saco. They dwelt in a cold spot and a dangerous one, for a mountain towered above their heads so steep that the stones would often rumble down its sides and startle them at midnight.

The daughter had just uttered some simple jest that filled them all with mirth, when the wind came through the Notch and seemed to pause before their cottage, rattling the door with a sound of wailing and lamentation before it passed into the valley. For a moment it saddened them, though there was nothing unusual in the tones. But the family were glad again when they perceived that the latch was lifted by some traveller whose footsteps had been unheard amid the dreary blast which heralded his approach, and wailed as he was entering and went moaning away from the door.

Though they dwelt in such a solitude, these people held daily converse with the world. The romantic pass of the

Notch is a great artery through which the life-blood of internal commerce is continually throbbing between Maine
35 on one side and the Green Mountains and the shores of the St. Lawrence on the other. The stage-coach always drew up before the door of the cottage. The wayfarer with no companion but his staff paused here to exchange a word, that the sense of loneliness might not utterly overcome him
40 ere he could pass through the cleft of the mountain or reach the first house in the valley. And here the teamster on his way to Portland market would put up for the night and, if a bachelor, might sit an hour beyond the usual bedtime, and steal a kiss from the mountain maid at parting.
45 It was one of those primitive taverns where the traveller pays only for food and lodging, but meets with a homely kindness beyond all price. When the footsteps were heard, therefore, between the outer door and the inner one, the whole family rose up, grandmother, children and all, as if
50 about to welcome some one who belonged to them, and whose fate was linked with theirs.

The door was opened by a young man. His face at first wore the melancholy expression, almost despondency, of one who travels a wild and bleak road at nightfall and
55 alone, but soon brightened up when he saw the kindly warmth of his reception. He felt his heart spring forward to meet them all, from the old woman who wiped a chair with her apron to the little child that held out its arms to him. One glance and smile placed the stranger on a footing
60 of innocent familiarity with the eldest daughter.

"Ah! this fire is the right thing," cried he, "especially when there is such a pleasant circle round it. I am quite benumbed, for the Notch is just like the pipe of a great pair of bellows; it has blown a terrible blast in my face all the
65 way from Bartlett."

"Then you are going towards Vermont?" said the master of the house as he helped to take a light knapsack off the young man's shoulders.

"Yes, to Burlington, and far enough beyond," replied he. "I meant to have been at Ethan Crawford's to-night, but a pedestrian lingers along such a road as this. It is no matter; for, when I saw this good fire and all your cheerful faces, I felt as if you had kindled it on purpose for me and were waiting my arrival. So I shall sit down among you and make myself at home."

The frank-hearted stranger had just drawn his chair to the fire when something like a heavy footstep was heard without, rushing down the steep side of the mountain as with long and rapid strides, and taking such a leap in passing the cottage as to strike the opposite precipice. The family held their breath, because they knew the sound, and their guest held his by instinct.

"The old mountain has thrown a stone at us for fear we should forget him," said the landlord, recovering himself. "He sometimes nods his head and threatens to come down, but we are old neighbors, and agree together pretty well upon the whole. Besides, we have a sure place of refuge hard by if he should be coming in good earnest."

Let us now suppose the stranger to have finished his supper of bear's meat, and by his natural felicity of manner, to have placed himself on a footing of kindness with the whole family; so that they talked as freely together as if he belonged to their mountain brood. He was of a proud, yet gentle spirit, haughty and reserved among the rich and great, but ever ready to stoop his head to the lowly cottage door, and be like a brother or a son at the poor man's fireside. In the household of the Notch he found warmth and simplicity of feeling, the pervading intelligence of New England, and a poetry of native growth which they had gathered when they little thought of it from the mountain peaks and chasms, and at the very threshold of their romantic and dangerous abode. He had travelled far and alone; his whole life, indeed, had been a solitary path, for, with the lofty caution of his nature, he had kept himself apart from those

105 who might otherwise have been his companions. The family, too, though so kind and hospitable, had that consciousness of unity among themselves and separation from the world at large which, in every domestic circle, should still keep a holy place where no stranger may intrude. But
110 this evening a prophetic sympathy impelled the refined and educated youth to pour out his heart before the simple mountaineers, and constrained them to answer him with the same free confidence. And thus it should have been. Is not the kindred of a common fate a closer tie than that of birth?
115 The secret of the young man's character was a high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in the grave. Yearning desire had been transformed to hope, and hope, long cherished, had become like certainty that, obscurely as
120 he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his pathway, though not, perhaps, while he was treading it. But when posterity should gaze back into the gloom of what was now the present, they would trace the brightness of his footsteps, brightening as meaner glories faded, and confess that a
125 gifted one had passed from his cradle to his tomb with none to recognize him.

"As yet," cried the stranger, his cheek glowing and his eye flashing with enthusiasm—"as yet I have done nothing. Were I to vanish from the earth to-morrow, none would
130 know so much of me as you—that a nameless youth came up at nightfall from the valley of the Saco, and opened his heart to you in the evening, and passed through the Notch by sunrise, and was seen no more. Not a soul would ask, 'Who was he? Whither did the wanderer go?' But I can-
135 not die till I have achieved my destiny. Then let Death come: I shall have built my monument."

There was a continual flow of natural emotion gushing forth amid abstracted reverie which enabled the family to understand this young man's sentiments, though so foreign
140 from their own. With quick sensibility of the ludicrous, he

blushed at the ardor into which he had been betrayed.

"You laugh at me," said he, taking the eldest daughter's hand and laughing himself. "You think my ambition as nonsensical as if I were to freeze myself to death on the top of Mount Washington only that people might spy at 145 me from the country roundabout. And truly that would be a noble pedestal for a man's statue."

"It is better to sit here by this fire," answered the girl, blushing, "and be comfortable and contented, though nobody thinks about us." 150

"I suppose," said her father, after a fit of musing, "there is something natural in what the young man says; and if my mind had been turned that way, I might have felt just the same. It is strange, wife, how his talk has set my head running on things that are pretty certain never to come to 155 pass."

"Perhaps they may," observed the wife. "Is the man thinking what he will do when he is a widower?"

"No, no!" cried he, repelling the idea with reproachful kindness. "When I think of your death, Esther, I think 160 of mine too. But I was wishing we had a good farm in Bartlett or Bethlehem or Littleton or some other township round the White Mountains, but not where they could tumble on our heads. I should want to stand well with my neighbors and be called squire and sent to General Court 165 for a term or two; for a plain, honest man may do as much good there as a lawyer. And when I should be grown quite an old man, and you an old woman, so as not to be long apart, I might die happy enough in my bed, and leave you all crying around me. A slate gravestone would suit me 170 as well as a marble one, with just my name and age, and a verse of a hymn, and something to let people know that I lived an honest man and died a Christian."

"There, now!" exclaimed the stranger; "it is our nature to desire a monument, be it slate or marble, or a pillar of 175 granite, or a glorious memory in the universal heart of man."

"We're in a strange way to-night," said the wife, with tears in her eyes. "They say it's a sign of something when folks' minds go a-wandering so. Hark to the children!"

180 They listened accordingly. The younger children had been put to bed in another room, but with an open door between; so that they could be heard talking busily among themselves. One and all seemed to have caught the infection from the fireside circle, and were outvying each other in wild
185 wishes and childish projects of what they would do when they came to be men and women. At length a little boy, instead of addressing his brothers and sisters, called out to his mother.

"I'll tell you what I wish, mother," cried he: "I want you
190 and father and grandma'm, and all of us, and the stranger too, to start right away and go and take a drink out of the basin of the Flume."

Nobody could help laughing at the child's notion of leaving a warm bed and dragging them from a cheerful fire, to visit
195 the basin of the Flume—a brook, which tumbles over the precipice, deep within the Notch.

The boy had hardly spoken, when a wagon rattled along the road, and stopped a moment before the door. It appeared to contain two or three men who were cheering their hearts
200 with the rough chorus of a song which resounded in broken notes between the cliffs, while the singers hesitated whether to continue their journey or put up here for the night.

"Father," said the girl, "they are calling you by name."

But the good man doubted whether they had really called
205 him, and was unwilling to show himself too solicitous of gain by inviting people to patronize his house. He therefore did not hurry to the door, and the lash being soon applied, the travellers plunged into the Notch, still singing and laughing, though their music and mirth came back drearily
210 from the heart of the mountain.

"There, mother!" cried the boy, again; "they'd have given us a ride to the Flume."

Again they laughed at the child's pertinacious fancy for a night-ramble. But it happened that a light cloud passed over the daughter's spirit; she looked gravely into the fire and drew a breath that was almost a sigh. It forced its way, in spite of a little struggle to repress it. Then, starting and blushing, she looked quickly round the circle, as if they had caught a glimpse into her bosom. The stranger asked what she had been thinking of. 215

"Nothing," answered she, with a downcast smile; "only I felt lonesome just then." 220

"Oh, I have always had a gift of feeling what is in other people's hearts," said he, half seriously. "Shall I tell the secrets of yours? For I know what to think when a young girl shivers by a warm hearth and complains of lonesomeness at her mother's side. Shall I put these feelings into words?" 225

"They would not be a girl's feelings any longer if they could be put into words," replied the mountain nymph, laughing, but avoiding his eye. 230

All this was said apart. Perhaps a germ of love was springing in their hearts so pure that it might blossom in Paradise, since it could not be matured on earth; for women worship such gentle dignity as his, and the proud, contemplative, yet kindly, soul is oftenest captivated by simplicity like hers. But while they spoke softly, and he was watching the happy sadness, the lightsome shadows, the shy yearnings, of a maiden's nature, the wind through the Notch took a deeper and drearier sound. It seemed, as the fanciful stranger said, like the choral strain of the spirits of the blast who in old Indian times had their dwelling among these mountains and made their heights and recesses a sacred region. There was a wail along the road, as if a funeral were passing. To chase away the gloom, the family threw pine-branches on their fire till the dry leaves crackled and the flame arose, discovering once again a scene of peace and humble happiness. The light hovered about them fondly 235

and caressed them all. There were the little faces of the
230 children peeping from their bed apart, and here the father's
frame of strength, the mother's subdued and careful mien,
the high-browed youth, the budding girl, and the good old
grandam, still knitting in the warmest place.

The aged woman looked up from her task, and with
235 fingers ever busy was the next to speak.

"Old folks have their notions," said she, "as well as young
ones. You've been wishing and planning and letting your
heads run on one thing and another till you've set my mind
a-wandering too. Now, what should an old woman wish for,
260 when she can go but a step or two before she comes to her
grave? Children, it will haunt me night and day till I tell
you."

"What is it, mother?" cried the husband and wife at once.

Then the old woman, with an air of mystery which drew
265 the circle closer round the fire, informed them that she had
provided her grave-clothes some years before—a nice linen
shroud, a cap with a muslin ruff, and everything of a finer
sort than she had worn since her wedding-day. But this
evening an old superstition had strangely recurred to her.
270 It used to be said in her younger days that if anything were
amiss with a corpse—if only the ruff were not smooth or the
cap did not set right—the corpse in the coffin and beneath
the clods, would strive to put up its cold hands and arrange
it. The bare thought made her nervous.

275 "Don't talk so, grandmother!" said the girl, shuddering.

"Now," continued the old woman, with singular earnest-
ness, yet smiling strangely at her own folly, "I want one
of you, my children, when your mother is dressed and in the
coffin,—I want one of you to hold a looking-glass over my
280 face. Who knows but I may take a glimpse at myself
and see whether all's right?"

"Old and young, we dream of graves and monuments,"
murmured the stranger-youth. "I wonder how mariners
feel when the ship is sinking and they, unknown and

undistinguished, are to be buried together in the ocean, ²⁸⁵ that wide and nameless sepulchre?"

For a moment the old woman's ghastly conception so engrossed the minds of her hearers that a sound abroad in the night, rising like the roar of a blast, had grown broad, deep, and terrible before the fated group were conscious of ²⁹⁰ it. The house and all within it trembled; the foundations of the earth seemed to be shaken, as if this awful sound were the peal of the last trump. Young and old exchanged one wild glance and remained an instant pale, affrighted, without utterance or power to move. Then the same shriek ²⁹⁵ burst simultaneously from all their lips:

"The slide! The slide!"

The simplest words must intimate, but not portray, the unutterable horror of the catastrophe. The victims rushed from their cottage and sought refuge in what they deemed ³⁰⁰ a safer spot, where, in contemplation of such an emergency, a sort of barrier had been reared. Alas! they had quitted their security and fled right into the pathway of destruction. Down came the whole side of the mountain in a cataract of ruin. Just before it reached the house the stream broke ³⁰⁵ into two branches, shivered not a window there, but overwhelmed the whole vicinity, blocked up the road, and annihilated everything in its dreadful course. Long ere the thunder of that great slide had ceased to roar among the mountains the mortal agony had been endured, and the ³¹⁰ victims were at peace. Their bodies were never found.

The next morning the light smoke was seen stealing from the cottage chimney up the mountain-side. Within, the fire was yet smouldering on the hearth, and the chairs in a circle round it, as if the inhabitants had but gone forth ³¹⁵ to view the devastation of the slide and would shortly return, to thank Heaven for their miraculous escape. All had left separate tokens by which those who had known the family were made to shed a tear for each. Who has not heard their name? The story has been told far and wide, and will ³²⁰

forever be a legend of these mountains. Poets have sung their fate.

There were circumstances which led some to suppose that a stranger had been received into the cottage on this awful night, and had shared the catastrophe of all its inmates; others denied that there were sufficient grounds for such a conjecture. Woe for the high-souled youth with his dream of earthly immortality! His name and person utterly unknown, his history, his way of life, his plans, a mystery never to be solved, his death and his existence equally a doubt,—whose was the agony of that death-moment?

THE GREAT CARBUNCLE¹

A MYSTERY OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

At nightfall once in the olden time, on the rugged side of one of the Crystal Hills, a party of adventurers were refreshing themselves after a toilsome and fruitless quest for the Great Carbuncle. They had come thither, not as friends nor partners in the enterprise, but each, save one youthful pair, impelled by his own selfish and solitary longing for this wondrous gem. Their feeling of brotherhood, however, was strong enough to induce them to contribute a mutual aid in building a rude hut of branches and kindling a great fire of shattered pines that had drifted down the headlong current of the Amonoosuck, on the lower bank of which they were to pass the night. There was but one of their number, perhaps, who had become so estranged from natural sympathies by the absorbing spell of the pursuit as to acknowledge no satisfaction at the sight of human faces in the remote and solitary region whither they had

¹The Indian tradition on which this somewhat extravagant tale is founded is both too wild and too beautiful to be adequately wrought up in prose. Sullivan, in his *History of Maine*, written since the Revolution, remarks that even then the existence of the Great Carbuncle was not entirely discredited.

ascended. A vast extent of wilderness lay between them and the nearest settlement, while scant a mile above their heads was that black verge where the hills throw off their shaggy mantle of forest-trees and either robe themselves in clouds or tower naked into the sky. The roar of the Amnoosuck would have been too awful for endurance if only a solitary man had listened while the mountain stream talked with the wind.

The adventurers, therefore, exchanged hospitable greetings and welcomed one another to the hut where each man was the host and all were the guests of the whole company. They spread their individual supplies of food on the flat surface of a rock and partook of a general repast; at the close of which a sentiment of good-fellowship was perceptible among the party, though repressed by the idea that the renewed search for the Great Carbuncle must make them strangers again in the morning. Seven men and one young woman, they warmed themselves together at the fire, which extended its bright wall along the whole front of their wigwam. As they observed the various and contrasted figures that made up the assemblage, each man looking like a caricature of himself in the unsteady light that flickered over him, they came mutually to the conclusion that an odder society had never met, in city or wilderness, on mountain or plain.

The eldest of the group—a tall, lean, weatherbeaten man some sixty years of age—was clad in the skins of wild animals whose fashion of dress he did well to imitate, since the deer, the wolf, and the bear had long been his most intimate companions. He was one of those ill-fated mortals, such as the Indians told of, whom in their early youth the Great Carbuncle smote with a peculiar madness and became the passionate dream of their existence. All who visited that region knew him as “the Seeker,” and by no other name. As none could remember when he first took up the search, there went a fable in the valley of the Saco that for his inordinate

lust after the Great Carbuncle he had been condemned to wander among the mountains till the end of time, still with
55 the same feverish hopes at sunrise, the same despair at eve. Near this miserable Seeker sat a little elderly personage wearing a high-crowned hat shaped somewhat like a crucible. He was from beyond the sea—a Doctor Cacaphodel, who had wilted and dried himself into a mummy by continually
60 stooping over charcoal-furnaces and inhaling unwholesome fumes during his researches in chemistry and alchemy. It was told of him—whether truly or not—that at the commencement of his studies he had drained his body of all its richest blood and wasted it, with other inestimable ingredients, in
65 an unsuccessful experiment, and had never been a well man since. Another of the adventurers was Master Ichabod Pigsnot, a weighty merchant and selectman of Boston, and an elder of the famous Mr. Norton's church. His enemies had a ridiculous story that Master Pigsnot was accustomed
70 to spend a whole hour after prayer-time every morning and evening in wallowing naked among an immense quantity of pine-tree shillings, which were the earliest silver coinage of Massachusetts. The fourth whom we shall notice had no name that his companions knew of, and was chiefly distinguished by a sneer that always contorted his thin visage,
75 and by a prodigious pair of spectacles which were supposed to deform and discolor the whole face of nature to this gentleman's perception. The fifth adventurer likewise lacked a name, which was the greater pity, as he appeared
80 to be a poet. He was a bright-eyed man, but woefully pined away, which was no more than natural if, as some people affirmed, his ordinary diet was fog, morning mist, and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine whenever he could get it. Certain it is that the
85 poetry which flowed from him had a smack of all these dainties. The sixth of the party was a young man of haughty mien and sat somewhat apart from the rest, wearing his plumed hat loftily among his elders, while the fire

glittered on the rich embroidery of his dress and gleamed intensely on the jewelled pommel of his sword. This was 90 the lord De Vere, who when at home was said to spend much of his time in the burial-vault of his dead progenitors rummaging their mouldy coffins in search of all the earthly pride and vainglory that was hidden among bones and dust; so that, besides his own share, he had the collected haughti- 95 ness of his whole line of ancestry.

Lastly, there was a handsome youth in rustic garb, and by his side a blooming little person in whom a delicate shade of maiden reserve was just melting into the rich glow of a young wife's affection. Her name was Hannah, and her 100 husband's Matthew—two homely names, yet well enough adapted to the simple pair who seemed strangely out of place among the whimsical fraternity whose wits had been set agog by the Great Carbuncle.

Beneath the shelter of one hut, in the bright blaze of the 105 same fire, sat this varied group of adventurers, all so intent upon a single object that of whatever else they began to speak their closing words were sure to be illuminated with the Great Carbuncle. Several related the circumstances that brought them thither. One had listened to a traveller's 110 tale of this marvellous stone in his own distant country, and had immediately been seized with such a thirst for beholding it as could only be quenched in its intensest lustre. Another, so long ago as when the famous Captain Smith visited these coasts, had seen it blazing far at sea, and had felt no rest in 115 all the intervening years till now that he took up the search. A third, being encamped on a hunting-expedition full forty miles south of the White Mountains, awoke at midnight and beheld the Great Carbuncle gleaming like a meteor, so that the shadows of the trees fell backward from it. They spoke 120 of the innumerable attempts which had been made to reach the spot, and of the singular fatality which had hitherto withheld success from all adventurers, though it might seem so easy to follow to its source a light that overpowered the

125 moon and almost matched the sun. It was observable that each smiled scornfully at the madness of every other in anticipating better fortune than the past, yet nourished a scarcely-hidden conviction that he would himself be the favored one. As if to allay their too sanguine hopes, they
130 recurred to the Indian traditions that a spirit kept watch about the gem and bewildered those who sought it either by removing it from peak to peak of the higher hills or by calling up a mist from the enchanted lake over which it hung. But these tales were deemed unworthy of credit, all professing to
135 believe that the search had been baffled by want of sagacity or perseverance in the adventurers, or such other causes as might naturally obstruct the passage to any given point among the intricacies of forest, valley, and mountain.

In a pause of the conversation the wearer of the prodigious
140 spectacles looked round upon the party, making each individual in turn the object of the sneer which invariably dwelt upon his countenance.

"So, fellow-pilgrims," said he, "here we are, seven wise men and one fair damsel, who doubtless is as wise as any
145 graybeard of the company. Here we are, I say, all bound on the same goodly enterprise. Methinks, now, it were not amiss that each of us declare what he proposes to do with the Great Carbuncle, provided he have the good hap to clutch it.—What says our friend in the bear skin? How mean you,
150 good sir, to enjoy the prize which you have been seeking the Lord knows how long among the Crystal Hills?"

"How enjoy it!" exclaimed the aged Seeker, bitterly. "I hope for no enjoyment from it: that folly has passed long ago. I keep up the search for this accursed stone because
155 the vain ambition of my youth has become a fate upon me in old age. The pursuit alone is my strength, the energy of my soul, the warmth of my blood, and the pith and marrow of my bones! Were I to turn my back upon it, I should fall down dead on the hither side of the notch which
160 is the gateway of this mountain region. Yet not to have my

wasted lifetime back again would I give up my hopes of the Great Carbuncle. Having found it, I shall bear it to a certain cavern that I wot of, and there, grasping it in my arms, lie down and die and keep it buried with me forever."

"O wretch regardless of the interests of science," cried 165
Doctor Cacaphodel, with philosophic indignation, "thou art not worthy to behold even from afar off the lustre of this most precious gem that ever was concocted in the laboratory of Nature. Mine is the sole purpose for which a wise man may desire the possession of the Great Carbuncle. 170
Immediately on obtaining it—for I have a presentiment, good people, that the prize is reserved to crown my scientific reputation—I shall return to Europe and employ my remaining years in reducing it to its first elements. A portion of the stone will I grind to impalpable powder, other parts 175 shall be dissolved in acids or whatever solvents will act upon so admirable a composition, and the remainder I design to melt in the crucible or set on fire with the blowpipe. By these various methods I shall gain an accurate analysis, and finally bestow the result of my labors upon the world in a 180 folio volume."

"Excellent!" quoth the man with the spectacles. "Nor need you hesitate, learned sir, on account of the necessary destruction of the gem, since the perusal of your folio may teach every mother's son of us to concoct a Great Carbuncle 185 of his own."

"But verily," said Master Ichabod Pigsnot, "for mine own part, I object to the making of these counterfeits, as being calculated to reduce the marketable value of the true gem. I tell ye frankly, sirs, I have an interest in keeping up 190 the price. Here have I quitted my regular traffic, leaving my warehouse in the care of my clerks, and putting my credit to great hazard, and, furthermore, have put myself in peril of death or captivity by the accursed heathen savages, and all this without daring to ask the prayers of the congre- 195 gation, because the quest for the Great Carbuncle is deemed

little better than a traffic with the evil one. Now, think ye that I would have done this grievous wrong to my soul, body, reputation, and estate without a reasonable chance of
200 profit?"

"Not I, pious Master Pigsnot," said the man with the spectacles. "I never laid such a great folly to thy charge."

"Truly, I hope not," said the merchant. "Now, as touching this Great Carbuncle, I am free to own that I have
205 never had a glimpse of it, but, be it only the hundredth part so bright as people tell, it will surely outvalue the Great Mogul's best diamond, which he holds at an incalculable sum; wherefore, I am minded to put the Great Carbuncle on shipboard and voyage with it to England, France, Spain,
210 Italy, or into heathendom if Providence should send me thither, and, in a word, dispose of the gem to the best bidder among the potentates of the earth, that he may place it among his crown-jewels. If any of ye have a wiser plan, let him expound it."

215 "That have I, thou sordid man!" exclaimed the poet. "Dost thou desire nothing brighter than gold, that thou wouldst transmute all this ethereal lustre into such dross as thou wallowest in already? For myself, hiding the jewel under my cloak, I shall hie me back to my attic-chamber,
220 in one of the darksome alleys of London. There night and day will I gaze upon it. My soul shall drink its radiance; it shall be diffused throughout my intellectual powers and gleam brightly in every line of poesy that I indite. Thus long ages after I am gone the splendor of the Great Carbuncle will blaze around my name."

"Well said, Master Poet!" cried he of the spectacles. "Hide it under thy cloak, sayest thou? Why, it will gleam through the holes and make thee look like a jack-o'-lantern!"

"To think," ejaculated the lord De Vere, rather to himself than his companions, the best of whom he held utterly unworthy of his intercourse—"to think that a fellow in a
230 tattered cloak should talk of conveying the Great Carbuncle

to a garret in Grub Street! Have not I resolved within myself that the whole earth contains no fitter ornament for the great hall of my ancestral castle? There shall it flame 235 for ages, making a noonday of midnight, glittering on the suits of armor, the banners and escutcheons, that hang around the wall, and keeping bright the memory of heroes. Wherefore have all other adventurers sought the prize in vain but that I might win it and make it a symbol of the glories 240 of our lofty line? And never on the diadem of the White Mountains did the Great Carbuncle hold a place half so honored as is reserved for it in the hall of the De Veres!"

"It is a noble thought," said the Cynic, with an obsequious sneer. "Yet, might I presume to say so, the gem would 245 make a rare sepulchral lamp, and would display the glories of Your Lordship's progenitors more truly in the ancestral vault than in the castle-hall."

"Nay, forsooth," observed Matthew, the young rustic, who sat hand in hand with his bride, "the gentleman has 250 bethought himself of a profitable use for this bright stone. Hannah here and I are seeking it for a like purpose."

"How, fellow?" exclaimed His Lordship, in surprise. "What castle-hall hast thou to hang it in?"

"No castle," replied Matthew, "but as neat a cottage 255 as any within sight of the Crystal Hills. Ye must know, friends, that Hannah and I, being wedded the last week, have taken up the search of the Great Carbuncle because we shall need its light in the long winter evenings and it will be such a pretty thing to show the neighbors when they 260 visit us! It will shine through the house, so that we may pick up a pin in any corner, and will set all the windows aglowing as if there were a great fire of pine-knots in the chimney. And then how pleasant, when we awake in the night, to be able to see one another's faces!" 265

There was a general smile among the adventurers at the simplicity of the young couple's project in regard to this wondrous and invaluable stone, with which the greatest

monarch on earth might have been proud to adorn his palace.

270 Especially the man with spectacles, who had sneered at all the company in turn, now twisted his visage into such an expression of ill-natured mirth that Matthew asked him, rather peevishly, what he himself meant to do with the Great Carbuncle.

275 "The Great Carbuncle!" answered the Cynic, with inflexible scorn. "Why, you blockhead, there is no such thing in *rerum natura*. I have come three thousand miles, and am resolved to set my foot on every peak of these mountains and poke my head into every chasm for the sole purpose of
280 demonstrating to the satisfaction of any man one whit less an ass than thyself that the Great Carbuncle is all a humbug."

Vain and foolish were the motives that had brought most of the adventurers to the Crystal Hills, but none so vain, so foolish, and so impious too, as that of the scoffer with the
285 prodigious spectacles. He was one of those wretched and evil men whose yearnings are downward to the darkness instead of heavenward, and who, could they but extinguish the lights which God hath kindled for us, would count the midnight gloom their chiefest glory.

290 As the Cynic spoke, several of the party were startled by a gleam of red splendor, that showed the huge shapes of the surrounding mountains and the rock-bestrewn bed of the turbulent river, with an illumination unlike that of their fire, on the trunks and black boughs of the forest-trees. They
295 listened for the roll of thunder, but heard nothing, and were glad that the tempest came not near them. The stars—those dial-points of heaven—now warned the adventurers to close their eyes on the blazing logs and open them in dreams to the glow of the Great Carbuncle.

300 The young married couple had taken their lodgings in the farthest corner of the wigwam, and were separated from the rest of the party by a curtain of curiously woven twigs such as might have hung in deep festoons around the bridal-bower of Eve. The modest little wife had wrought this piece

of tapestry while the other guests were talking. She and her ³⁰⁵ husband fell asleep with hands tenderly clasped, and awoke from visions of unearthly radiance to meet the more blessed light of one another's eyes. They awoke at the same instant and with one happy smile beaming over their two faces, which grew brighter with their consciousness of the ³¹⁰ reality of life and love. But no sooner did she recollect where they were than the bride peeped through the interstices of the leafy curtain and saw that the outer room of the hut was deserted.

"Up, dear Matthew!" cried she, in haste. "The strange ³¹⁵ folk are all gone. Up this very minute, or we shall lose the Great Carbuncle!"

In truth, so little did these poor young people deserve the mighty prize which had lured them thither that they had slept peacefully all night and till the summits of the hills ³²⁰ were glittering with sunshine, while the other adventurers had tossed their limbs in feverish wakefulness or dreamed of climbing precipices, and set off to realize their dreams with the earliest peep of dawn. But Matthew and Hannah after their calm rest were as light as two young deer, and ³²⁵ merely stopped to say their prayers and wash themselves in a cold pool of the Amonoosuck, and then to taste a morsel of food ere they turned their faces to the mountain-side. It was a sweet emblem of conjugal affection as they toiled up the difficult ascent, gathering strength from the mutual aid ³³⁰ which they afforded.

After several little accidents, such as a torn robe, a lost shoe, and the entanglement of Hannah's hair in a bough, they reached the upper verge of the forest and were now to pursue a more adventurous course. The innumerable ³³⁵ trunks and heavy foliage of the trees had hitherto shut in their thoughts, which now shrank affrighted from the region of wind and cloud and naked rocks and desolate sunshine that rose immeasurably above them. They gazed back at the obscure wilderness which they had traversed, and longed ³⁴⁰

to be buried again in its depths rather than trust themselves to so vast and visible a solitude.

"Shall we go on?" said Matthew, throwing his arm round Hannah's waist both to protect her and to comfort his heart
345 by drawing her close to it.

But the little bride, simple as she was, had a woman's love of jewels, and could not forego the hope of possessing the very brightest in the world, in spite of the perils with which it must be won.

350 "Let us climb a little higher," whispered she, yet tremulously, as she turned her face upward to the lonely sky.

"Come, then," said Matthew, mustering his manly courage and drawing her along with him; for she became timid again the moment that he grew bold.

355 And upward, accordingly, went the pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, now treading upon the tops and thickly interwoven branches of dwarf pines which by the growth of centuries, though mossy with age, had barely reached three feet in altitude. Next they came to masses and fragments
360 of naked rock heaped confusedly together, like a cairn reared by giants in memory of a giant chief. In this bleak realm of upper air nothing breathed, nothing grew; there was no life but what was concentrated in their two hearts; they had climbed so high that Nature herself seemed no longer
365 to keep them company. She lingered beneath them within the verge of the forest-trees, and sent a farewell glance after her children as they strayed where her own green footprints had never been. But soon they were to be hidden from her eye. Densely and dark the mists began to gather below,
370 casting black spots of shadow on the vast landscape and sailing heavily to one centre, as if the loftiest mountain peak had summoned a council of its kindred clouds. Finally the vapors welded themselves, as it were, into a mass, presenting the appearance of a pavement over which the wanderers
375 might have trodden, but where they would vainly have sought an avenue to the blessed earth which they had lost.

And the lovers yearned to behold that green earth again—more intensely, alas! than beneath a clouded sky they had ever desired a glimpse of heaven. They even felt it a relief to their desolation when the mists, creeping gradually up the mountain, concealed its lonely peak, and thus annihilated—at least, for them—the whole region of visible space. But they drew closer together with a fond and melancholy gaze, dreading lest the universal cloud should snatch them from each other's sight. Still, perhaps, they would have been resolute to climb as far and as high between earth and heaven as they could find foothold if Hannah's strength had not begun to fail, and with that her courage also. Her breath grew short. She refused to burden her husband with her weight, but often tottered against his side, and recovered herself each time by a feebler effort. At last, she sank down on one of the rocky steps of the acclivity.

"We are lost, dear Matthew," said she, mournfully; "we shall never find our way to the earth again. And oh how happy we might have been in our cottage!"

"Dear heart, we will yet be happy there," answered Matthew. "Look! In this direction, the sunshine penetrates the dismal mist; by its aid I can direct our course to the passage of the Notch. Let us go back, love, and dream no more of the Great Carbuncle."

"The sun cannot be yonder," said Hannah, with despondence. "By this time it must be noon; if there could ever be any sunshine here, it would come from above our heads."

"But look!" repeated Matthew, in a somewhat altered tone. "It is brightening every moment. If not sunshine, what can it be?"

Nor could the young bride any longer deny that a radiance was breaking through the mist and changing its dim hue to a dusky red, which continually grew more vivid, as if brilliant particles were interfused with the gloom. Now, also, the cloud began to roll away from the mountain, while, as it heavily withdrew, one object after another started out

of its impenetrable obscurity into sight with precisely the effect of a new creation before the indistinctness of the old chaos had been completely swallowed up. As the process went on they saw the gleaming of water close at their feet, and found themselves on the very border of a mountain lake, deep, bright, clear, and calmly beautiful, spreading from brim to brim of a basin that had been scooped out of the solid rock. A ray of glory flashed across its surface. The pilgrims looked whence it should proceed, but closed their eyes, with a thrill of awful admiration, to exclude the fervid splendor that glowed from the brow of a cliff impending over the enchanted lake.

For the simple pair had reached that lake of mystery, and found the long-sought shrine of the Great Carbuncle.

They threw their arms around each other and trembled at their own success, for as the legends of this wondrous gem rushed thick upon their memory they felt themselves marked out by fate, and the consciousness was fearful. Often from childhood upward they had seen it shining like a distant star, and now that star was throwing its intensest lustre on their hearts. They seemed changed to one another's eyes in the red brilliancy that flamed upon their cheeks, while it lent the same fire to the lake, the rocks, and sky, and to the mists which had rolled back before its power. But with their next glance they beheld an object that drew their attention even from the mighty stone. At the base of the cliff, directly beneath the Great Carbuncle, appeared the figure of a man with his arms extended in the act of climbing and his face turned upward as if to drink the full gush of splendor. But he stirred not, no more than if changed to marble.

"It is the Seeker," whispered Hannah, convulsively grasping her husband's arm. "Matthew, he is dead."

"The joy of success has killed him," replied Matthew, trembling violently. "Or perhaps the very light of the Great Carbuncle was death."

"The Great Carbuncle!" cried a peevish voice behind them. "The Great Humbug! If you have found it, prithee 450 point it out to me."

They turned their heads, and there was the Cynic with his prodigious spectacles set carefully on his nose, staring now at the lake, now at the rocks, now at the distant masses of vapor, now right at the Great Carbuncle itself, yet seemingly as unconscious of its light as if all the scattered clouds were condensed about his person. Though its radiance actually threw the shadow of the unbeliever at his own feet as he turned his back upon the glorious jewel, he would not be convinced that there was the least glimmer there. 460

"Where is your Great Humbug?" he repeated. "I challenge you to make me see it."

"There!" said Matthew, incensed at such perverse blindness, and turning the Cynic round toward the illuminated cliff. "Take off those abominable spectacles, and you 465 cannot help seeing it."

Now these colored spectacles probably darkened the Cynic's sight, in at least as great a degree as the smoked glasses through which people gaze at an eclipse. With resolute bravado, however, he snatched them from his nose, 470 and fixed a bold stare full upon the ruddy blaze of the Great Carbuncle. But scarcely had he encountered it when, with a deep, shuddering groan, he dropped his head and pressed both hands across his miserable eyes. Thenceforth there was in very truth no light of the Great Carbuncle, nor any 475 other light on earth, nor light of heaven itself, for the poor Cynic. So long accustomed to view all objects through a medium that deprived them of every glimpse of brightness, a single flash of so glorious a phenomenon, striking upon his naked vision, had blinded him for ever. 480

"Matthew," said Hannah, clinging to him, "let us go hence."

Matthew saw that she was faint, and kneeling down, supported her in his arms while he threw some of the thrillingly

485 cold water of the enchanted lake upon her face and bosom.
It revived her, but could not renovate her courage.

“Yes, dearest,” cried Matthew, pressing her tremulous form to his breast; “we will go hence and return to our humble cottage. The blessed sunshine and the quiet moon-
490 light shall come through our window. We will kindle the cheerful glow of our hearth at eventide and be happy in its light. But never again will we desire more light than all the world may share with us.”

“No,” said his bride, “for how could we live by day or
495 sleep by night in this awful blaze of the Great Carbuncle?”

Out of the hollow of their hands, they drank each a draught from the lake, which presented them its waters uncontaminated by an earthly lip. Then, lending their guidance to the blinded Cynic, who uttered not a word, and
500 even stifled his groans in his own most wretched heart, they began to descend the mountain. Yet as they left the shore, till then untrodden, of the spirit's lake, they threw a farewell glance toward the cliff and beheld the vapors gathering in dense volumes, through which the gem burned
505 duskily.

As touching the other pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, the legend goes on to tell that the worshipful Master Ichabod Pignort soon gave up the quest as a desperate speculation, and wisely resolved to betake himself again to his warehouse,
510 near the town-dock, in Boston. But as he passed through the Notch of the mountains a war-party of Indians captured our unlucky merchant and carried him to Montreal, there holding him in bondage till by the payment of a heavy ransom he had woefully subtracted from his hoard of pine-
515 tree shillings. By his long absence, moreover, his affairs had become so disordered that for the rest of his life, instead of wallowing in silver, he had seldom a sixpence-worth of copper. Doctor Cacaphodel, the alchemist, returned to his laboratory with a prodigious fragment of granite, which he ground to
520 powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible and burned

with the blowpipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day. And for all these purposes the gem itself could not have answered better than the granite. The poet, by a somewhat similar mistake, made prize of a great piece of ice which he found in a sunless 525 chasm of the mountains, and swore that it corresponded in all points with his idea of the Great Carbuncle. The critics say that, if his poetry lacked the splendor of the gem, it retained all the coldness of the ice. The lord De Vere went back to his ancestral hall, where he contented himself with 530 a wax-lighted chandelier, and filled in due course of time another coffin in the ancestral vault. As the funeral torches gleamed within that dark receptacle, there was no need of the Great Carbuncle to show the vanity of earthly pomp.

The Cynic, having cast aside his spectacles, wandered 535 about the world a miserable object, and was punished with an agonizing desire of light for the wilful blindness of his former life. The whole night long he would lift his splendor-blasted orbs to the moon and stars; he turned his face eastward at sunrise as duly as a Persian idolater; he made 540 a pilgrimage to Rome to witness the magnificent illumination of St. Peter's Church, and finally perished in the Great Fire of London, into the midst of which he had thrust himself with the desperate idea of catching one feeble ray from the blaze that was kindling earth and heaven. 545

Matthew and his bride spent many peaceful years and were fond of telling the legend of the Great Carbuncle. The tale, however, towards the close of their lengthened lives, did not meet with the full credence that had been accorded to it by those who remembered the ancient lustre of the gem. 550 For it is affirmed that from the hour when two mortals had shown themselves so simply wise as to reject a jewel which would have dimmed all earthly things its splendor waned. When other pilgrims reached the cliff, they found only an opaque stone with particles of mica glittering on its surface. 555 There is also a tradition that as the youthful pair departed

the gem was loosened from the forehead of the cliff and fell into the enchanted lake, and that at noontide the Seeker's form may still be seen to bend over its quenchless gleam.

580 Some few believe that this inestimable stone is blazing as of old, and say that they have caught its radiance, like a flash of summer lightning, far down the valley of the Saco. And be it owned that many a mile from the Crystal Hills I saw a wondrous light around their summits, and was
585 lured by the faith of poesy to be the latest pilgrim of the Great Carbuncle.

THE WEDDING-KNELL

There is a certain church in the city of New York which I have always regarded with peculiar interest on account of a marriage there solemnized under very singular circumstances in my grandmother's girlhood. That venerable
5 lady chanced to be a spectator of the scene, and ever after made it her favorite narrative. Whether the edifice now standing on the same site be the identical one to which she referred I am not antiquarian enough to know, nor would it be worth while to correct myself, perhaps, of an agreeable
10 error by reading the date of its erection on the tablet over the door. It is a stately church surrounded by an enclosure of the loveliest green, within which appear urns, pillars, obelisks, and other forms of monumental marble, the tributes of private affection or more splendid memorials
15 of historic dust. With such a place, though the tumult of the city rolls beneath its tower, one would be willing to connect some legendary interest.

The marriage might be considered as the result of an early engagement, though there had been two intermediate
20 weddings on the lady's part and forty years of celibacy on that of the gentleman. At sixty-five Mr. Ellenwood was a shy but not quite a secluded man; selfish, like all men who

brood over their own hearts, yet manifesting on rare occasions a vein of generous sentiment; a scholar throughout life, though always an indolent one, because his studies had 25 no definite object either of public advantage or personal ambition; a gentleman, high-bred and fastidiously delicate, yet sometimes requiring a considerable relaxation in his behalf of the common rules of society. In truth, there were so many anomalies in his character, and, though shrink- 30 ing with diseased sensibility from public notice, it had been his fatality so often to become the topic of the day by some wild eccentricity of conduct, that people searched his lineage for a hereditary taint of insanity. But there was no need of this. His caprices had their origin in a mind that lacked 35 the support of an engrossing purpose, and in feelings that preyed upon themselves for want of other food. If he were mad, it was the consequence, and not the cause, of an aimless and abortive life.

The widow was as complete a contrast to her third bride- 40 groom in everything but age as can well be conceived. Compelled to relinquish her first engagement, she had been united to a man of twice her own years, to whom she became an exemplary wife, and by whose death she was left in possession of a splendid fortune. A Southern gentleman 45 considerably younger than herself succeeded to her hand and carried her to Charleston, where after many uncomfortable years she found herself again a widow. It would have been singular if any uncommon delicacy of feeling had survived through such a life as Mrs. Dabney's; it could not 50 but be crushed and killed by her early disappointment, the cold duty of her first marriage, the dislocation of the heart's principles consequent on a second union, and the unkindness of her Southern husband, which had inevitably driven her to connect the idea of his death with that of her comfort. 55 To be brief, she was that wisest but unloveliest variety of woman, a philosopher, bearing troubles of the heart with equanimity, dispensing with all that should have been her

happiness and making the best of what remained. Sage in
60 most matters, the widow was perhaps the more amiable for
the one frailty that made her ridiculous. Being childless,
she could not remain beautiful by proxy in the person of
a daughter; she therefore refused to grow old and ugly on
any consideration; she struggled with Time, and held fast
65 her roses in spite of him, till the venerable thief appeared
to have relinquished the spoil as not worth the trouble of
acquiring it.

The approaching marriage of this woman of the world
with such an unworldly man as Mr. Ellenwood was
70 announced soon after Mrs. Dabney's return to her native
city. Superficial observers, and deeper ones, seemed to
concur in supposing that the lady must have borne no
inactive part in arranging the affair; there were considera-
tions of expediency which she would be far more likely to
75 appreciate than Mr. Ellenwood, and there was just the
specious phantom of sentiment and romance in this late
union of two early lovers which sometimes makes a fool of
a woman who has lost her true feelings among the accidents
of life. All the wonder was how the gentleman, with his
80 lack of worldly wisdom and agonizing consciousness of
ridicule, could have been induced to take a measure at once
so prudent and so laughable. But while people talked the
wedding-day arrived. The ceremony was to be solemnized
according to the Episcopalian forms and in open church,
85 with a degree of publicity that attracted many spectators,
who occupied the front seats of the galleries, and the pews
near the altar and along the broad aisle. It had been
arranged, or possibly it was the custom of the day, that the
parties should proceed separately to church. By some
90 accident the bridegroom was a little less punctual than the
widow and her bridal attendants, with whose arrival, after
this tedious but necessary preface, the action of our tale
may be said to commence.

The clumsy wheels of several old-fashioned coaches were

heard, and the gentlemen and ladies composing the bridal-party came through the church door with the sudden and gladsome effect of a burst of sunshine. The whole group, except the principal figure, was made up of youth and gayety. As they streamed up the broad aisle, while the pews and pillars seemed to brighten on either side, their steps were as buoyant as if they mistook the church for a ball-room and were ready to dance hand in hand to the altar. So brilliant was the spectacle that few took notice of a singular phenomenon that had marked its entrance. At the moment when the bride's foot touched the threshold the bell swung heavily in the tower above her and sent forth its deepest knell. The vibrations died away, and returned with prolonged solemnity as she entered the body of the church.

"Good heavens! What an omen!" whispered a young lady to her lover.

"On my honor," replied the gentleman, "I believe the bell has the good taste to toll of its own accord. What has she to do with weddings? If you, dearest Julia, were approaching the altar, the bell would ring out its merriest peal. It has only a funeral-knell for her."

The bride and most of her company had been too much occupied with the bustle of entrance to hear the first boding stroke of the bell—or, at least, to reflect on the singularity of such a welcome to the altar. They therefore continued to advance with undiminished gayety. The gorgeous dresses of the time—the crimson velvet coats, the gold-laced hats, the hoop-petticoats, the silk, satin, brocade, and embroidery, the buckles, canes, and swords, all displayed to the best advantage on persons suited to such finery—made the group appear more like a bright-colored picture than anything real. But by what perversity of taste had the artist represented his principal figure as so wrinkled and decayed, while yet he had decked her out in the brightest splendor of attire, as if the loveliest maiden had suddenly withered into age and become a moral to the beautiful around her? On they

went, however, and had glittered along about a third of the aisle, when another stroke of the bell seemed to fill the church with a visible gloom, dimming and obscuring the bright pageant till it shone forth again as from a mist.

135 This time the party wavered, stopped and huddled closer together, while a slight scream was heard from some of the ladies and a confused whispering among the gentlemen. Thus tossing to and fro, they might have been fancifully compared to a splendid bunch of flowers suddenly shaken
140 by a puff of wind which threatened to scatter the leaves of an old brown, withered rose on the same stalk with two dewy buds, such being the emblem of the widow between her fair young bridesmaids. But her heroism was admirable. She had started with an irrepressible shudder, as if the stroke
145 of the bell had fallen directly on her heart; then, recovering herself, while her attendants were yet in dismay, she took the lead and paced calmly up the aisle. The bell continued to swing, strike, and vibrate with the same doleful regularity as when a corpse is on its way to the tomb.

150 "My young friends here have their nerves a little shaken," said the widow, with a smile, to the clergyman at the altar. "But so many weddings have been ushered in with the merriest peal of the bells, and yet turned out unhappily, that I shall hope for better fortune under such different auspices."

155 "Madam," answered the rector, in great perplexity, "this strange occurrence brings to my mind a marriage-sermon of the famous Bishop Taylor wherein he mingles so many thoughts of mortality and future woe that, to speak somewhat after his own rich style, he seems to hang the bridal-chamber in black and cut the wedding-garment out of a
160 coffin-pall. And it has been the custom of divers nations to infuse something of sadness into their marriage ceremonies, so to keep death in mind while contracting that engagement which is life's chiefest business. Thus we may draw a sad
165 but profitable moral from this funeral-knell."

But, though the clergyman might have given his moral even

a keener point, he did not fail to despatch an attendant to inquire into the mystery and stop those sounds so dismally appropriate to such a marriage. A brief space elapsed, during which the silence was broken only by whispers and a few suppressed titterings among the wedding-party and the spectators, who after the first shock were disposed to draw an ill-natured merriment from the affair. The young have less charity for aged follies than the old for those of youth. The widow's glance was observed to wander for an instant toward a window of the church, as if searching for the time-worn marble that she had dedicated to her first husband; then her eyelids dropped over their faded orbs and her thoughts were drawn irresistibly to another grave. Two buried men with a voice at her ear and a cry afar off were calling her to lie down beside them. Perhaps, with momentary truth of feeling, she thought how much happier had been her fate if, after years of bliss, the bell were now tolling for her funeral and she were followed to the grave by the old affection of her earliest lover, long her husband. But why had she returned to him when their cold hearts shrank from each other's embrace?

Still the death-bell tolled so mournfully that the sunshine seemed to fade in the air. A whisper, communicated from those who stood nearest the windows, now spread through the church: a hearse with a train of several coaches was creeping along the street, conveying some dead man to the churchyard, while the bride awaited a living one at the altar. Immediately after, the footsteps of the bridegroom and his friends were heard at the door. The widow looked down the aisle and clenched the arm of one of her bridesmaids in her bony hand with such unconscious violence that the fair girl trembled.

"You frighten me, my dear madam," cried she. "For heaven's sake, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear—nothing," said the widow; then, whispering close to her ear, "There is a foolish fancy that I cannot

get rid of. I am expecting my bridegroom to come into the church with my first two husbands for groomsmen!"

205 "Look! look!" screamed the bridemaid. "What is here? The funeral!"

As she spoke a dark procession paced into the church. First came an old man and woman, like chief mourners at a funeral, attired from head to foot in the deepest black, 210 all but their pale features and hoary hair, he leaning on a staff and supporting her decrepit form with his nerveless arm. Behind appeared another and another pair, as aged, as black and mournful as the first. As they drew near the widow recognized in every face some trait of former friends long 215 forgotten, but now returning as if from their old graves to warn her to prepare a shroud, or, with purpose almost as unwelcome, to exhibit their wrinkles and infirmity and claim her as their companion by the tokens of her own decay. Many a merry night had she danced with them in youth, 220 and now in joyless age she felt that some withered partner should request her hand and all unite in a dance of death to the music of the funeral-bell.

While these aged mourners were passing up the aisle it was observed that from pew to pew the spectators shuddered 225 with irrepressible awe as some object hitherto concealed by the intervening figures came full in sight. Many turned away their faces; others kept a fixed and rigid stare, and a young girl giggled hysterically and fainted with the laughter on her lips. When the spectral procession approached 230 the altar, each couple separated and slowly diverged, till in the centre appeared a form that had been worthily ushered in with all this gloomy pomp, the death-knell and the funeral. It was the bridegroom in his shroud.

No garb but that of the grave could have befitted such a 235 death-like aspect. The eyes, indeed, had the wild gleam of a sepulchral lamp; all else was fixed in the stern calmness which old men wear in the coffin. The corpse stood motionless, but addressed the widow in accents that seemed to melt

into the clang of the bell, which fell heavily on the air while he spoke.

210

"Come, my bride!" said those pale lips. "The hearse is ready; the sexton stands waiting for us at the door of the tomb. Let us be married, and then to our coffins!"

How shall the widow's horror be represented? It gave her the ghastliness of a dead man's bride. Her youthful friends stood apart, shuddering at the mourners, the shrouded bridegroom and herself; the whole scene expressed by the strongest imagery the vain struggle of the gilded vanities of this world when opposed to age, infirmity, sorrow, and death.

250

The awestruck silence was first broken by the clergyman.

"Mr. Ellenwood," said he, soothingly, yet with somewhat of authority, "you are not well. Your mind has been agitated by the unusual circumstances in which you are placed. The ceremony must be deferred. As an old friend, let me entreat you to return home."

"Home—yes; but not without my bride," answered he, in the same hollow accents. "You deem this mockery—perhaps madness. Had I bedizened my aged and broken frame with scarlet and embroidery, had I forced my withered lips to smile at my dead heart, that might have been mockery or madness; but now let young and old declare which of us has come hither without a wedding-garment—the bridegroom or the bride."

He stepped forward at a ghostly pace and stood beside the widow, contrasting the awful simplicity of his shroud with the glare and glitter in which she had arrayed herself for this unhappy scene. None that beheld them could deny the terrible strength of the moral which his disordered intellect had contrived to draw.

270

"Cruel! cruel!" groaned the heartstricken bride.

"Cruel?" repeated he; then, losing his deathlike composure in a wild bitterness, "Heaven judge which of us has been cruel to the other! In youth you deprived me of my

275 happiness, my hopes, my aims; you took away all the substance of my life and made it a dream without reality enough even to grieve at—with only a pervading gloom, through which I walked wearily and cared not whither. But after forty years, when I have built my tomb and would
280 not give up the thought of resting there—no, not for such a life as we once pictured—you call me to the altar. At your summons I am here. But other husbands have enjoyed your youth, your beauty, your warmth of heart and all that could be termed your life. What is there for me but your decay
285 and death? And therefore I have bidden these funeral-friends, and bespoken the sexton's deepest knell, and am come in my shroud to wed you as with a burial-service, that we may join our hands at the door of the sepulchre and enter it together."

290 It was not frenzy, it was not merely the drunkenness of strong emotion in a heart unused to it, that now wrought upon the bride. The stern lesson of the day had done its work; her worldliness was gone. She seized the bridegroom's hand.

295 "Yes!" cried she; "let us wed even at the door of the sepulchre. My life is gone in vanity and emptiness, but at its close there is one true feeling. It has made me what I was in youth: it makes me worthy of you. Time is no more for both of us. Let us wed for eternity."

300 With a long and deep regard the bridegroom looked into her eyes, while a tear was gathering in his own. How strange that gush of human feeling from the frozen bosom of a corpse! He wiped away the tear, even with his shroud.

"Beloved of my youth," said he, "I have been wild. The
305 despair of my whole lifetime had returned at once and maddened me. Forgive and be forgiven. Yes; it is evening with us now, and we have realized none of our morning dreams of happiness. But let us join our hands before the altar as lovers whom adverse circumstances have separated
310 through life, yet who meet again as they are leaving it

and find their earthly affection changed into something holy as religion. And what is time to the married of eternity?"

Amid the tears of many and a swell of exalted sentiment in those who felt aright was solemnized the union of two immortal souls. The train of withered mourners, the hoary ³¹⁵ bridegroom in his shroud, the pale features of the aged bride and the death-bell tolling through the whole till its deep voice overpowered the marriage-words,—all marked the funeral of earthly hopes. But as the ceremony proceeded, the organ, as if stirred by the sympathies of this impressive ³²⁰ scene, poured forth an anthem, first mingling with the dismal knell, then rising to a loftier strain, till the soul looked down upon its woe. And when the awful rite was finished and with cold hand in cold hand the married of eternity withdrew, the organ's peal of solemn triumph drowned the ³²⁵ wedding-knell.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807-1882

Whenever American poets are mentioned, the name that flashes at once into the mind at the head of the list is that of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Like Washington, but in a literary rather than in a political sense, he is "first in the hearts of his countrymen." He has produced a larger body of poetry than has any other of our poets, his poems are more familiarly read and quoted than are the works of any of our other writers, and he has been more widely translated and more prominently recognized abroad, particularly in England, as the most representative, if not the most original and powerful, of our poets.

Longfellow is the only one of the more distinguished New England men of letters born outside the present borders of Massachusetts. Portland, Maine, his birthplace, was really a part of Massachusetts at the time of his birth, February 27, 1807. He studied at Bowdoin College, and was graduated in 1825 along with Nathaniel Hawthorne and several other men who rose to prominence. Longfellow's father was a lawyer, and he had proposed to give his son a legal education after he finished college; but in his senior year the young man professed in a letter to his father his aspiration for future eminence in literature. "Whether Nature has given me any capacity for knowledge or not, she has at any rate given me a strong predilection for literary pursuits, and I am almost confident in believing that if I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature. With such a belief, I must say that I am unwilling to engage in the study of law."

He had asked the privilege of spending a year after graduation at Bowdoin in studying what was then called *belles-lettres*, or polite literature, at Harvard College. His father consented, but the trustees of Bowdoin College offered the young graduate a professorship in modern languages on the condition that he should go abroad for study at his own expense. His father furnished the money, and the prospective professor, then but nineteen, sailed for Europe. He



*From a painting by Healy in the possession
of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

spent three years studying the languages and literatures of France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. This contact with European literature and culture was the best possible preparation for his later work as a poet.

He returned to Bowdoin and began his work as a teacher in 1829. He had not only to do all the work of directing his classes in the various foreign languages, but also to prepare elementary textbooks for the guidance of his pupils. He did his work well, and in 1834 he was called to succeed George Ticknor as Smith professor of French and Spanish at Harvard College. In April, 1835, he sailed again to Europe for another year and a half of study. In 1831 he had married Miss Mary Potter of Portland, and he took his wife along with him. Her health was delicate, and she died in Rotterdam, Holland, some months later. She is fittingly commemorated in the poem "Footsteps of Angels."

Partly to bury himself from his grief and partly in preparation for his future work at Harvard, the poet plunged into the study of German language and literature. He made good progress and by the summer of 1836 he was ready to return to America to enter upon his professorship. When he went to Cambridge, he was directed to the home of Mrs. Craigie, who owned the famous old Craigie House where General Washington once had his headquarters during the Revolutionary War. Mrs. Craigie at first refused to accept him, taking him for a college student, but when she found out that he was the new professor and the author of *Outre Mer*, she gave him rooms in her home. When Longfellow married Miss Frances Appleton in 1843, his father-in-law made them a present of Craigie House, which has since become a sort of literary shrine for pilgrims from all over the world. There Longfellow lived the remainder of his life. After eighteen years of service he resigned his professorship to James Russell Lowell, but he continued to live in Cambridge and take a lively interest in the affairs of the university.

Longfellow's prose works are *Outre Mer* ("Beyond the Sea") (1833), a sort of imitation of Irving's *Sketch Book* with scenes drawn from France, Spain, and Italy; *Hyperion* (1839), a sentimentalized romance interspersed with German legends, translation, and bits of description; and *Kavanagh* (1849), a realistic novel of rural New England life. These have been overshadowed by the greater popularity of his

poetical works, but the last two in particular are well worth a perusal, especially while one is young. The style is perhaps too highly colored and the stories too sentimental for the more robust modern taste, but these works give Longfellow a right to a place in the history of American romantic prose.

The history of Longfellow's poetical production begins at least in his thirteenth year when the *Portland Gazette* published his "Battle of Lovell's Pond." He continued to write poetry from this time until his death in 1882. His first volume of verse, *Voices of the Night*, was published in 1839; in 1841 *Ballads and Other Poems* appeared; and in 1846, *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems*. From the first of these volumes we have selected for publication here "A Psalm of Life" and "Hymn to the Night"; from the second "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Maidenhood," and "Excelsior"; from the third "The Arrow and the Song." Though forced to omit many a favorite, we think that these, along with *Evangeline* and the sonnet called "Divina Commedia," are fairly representative of Longfellow's lyric and epic powers. Other single volumes of poetry appeared from time to time, up to his death, but these have now all been included in his collected works and need not be mentioned separately here.

The enthusiastic and widespread reception accorded these early volumes led the poet to essay greater themes. His mind was steeped in European literature and legend, but more and more he was turning to American life, legend, and history for his subjects. In 1847 appeared what is now recognized as the greatest of all his works, *Evangeline*, the epic-idyl of the Anglo-French conflict for supremacy on the North American continent. Other great narrative works followed, such as *Hiawatha* (1855), *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (1858), and *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863). Some have pronounced *Hiawatha* the most original contribution to our literature, and others have hailed it as the only truly American epic. But in spite of its originality, its aboriginal American coloring, and its appealing beauty, we are inclined to rank it below *Evangeline* in artistic power and fundamental human appeal. *The Courtship of Miles Standish* is deservedly popular, though Longfellow does not seem to handle the hexameter in this happier-toned poem so well as he did in the more melancholy and solemn-toned

Evangeline. It is interesting to know that Longfellow traced his ancestry on his mother's side back to John and Priscilla Alden, the hero and heroine of the romance. *Tales of a Wayside Inn* is modeled on Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. The characters gathered in the old inn at Sudbury near Cambridge are described in the Prelude very much as Chaucer's *Canterbury* pilgrims are presented in the Prologue. The first of the tales, "Paul Revere's Ride," told by the landlord, has proved to be the most popular, though the poet's first tale, "The Birds of Killingworth," is more poetical, being appraised by Emerson as "serene, happy, and immortal."

Although Longfellow wrote some dramas, he did not yet possess a strong dramatic gift. *The Spanish Student*, a play in three acts, appeared in 1843. With a beautiful Spanish dancing girl as heroine and a dashing Spanish student as hero, one might think that the poet would have produced a good strong play; but such is not the case. It is a dramatic poem or closet drama rather than a good acting play. And so it is with Longfellow's other attempts at dramatization. *The Golden Legend* (1851), later included as the second part of the *Christus* trilogy, is in dramatic form, but it is merely a poem on "Der Arme Heinrich" legend which interprets rather beautifully some phases of medieval life. The other two parts of the *Christus*, namely, *The New England Tragedies* (1868) and *The Divine Tragedy* (1872), are now ranked as practical failures in spite of the high estimate which the poet put upon this work of his later years. *The Masque of Pandora* is another dramatic work. It was put on the stage in Boston in 1881, but it failed to attract audiences.

The last large work done by Longfellow was his excellent translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. He had contemplated this task for some years and had done something on it, but it was not until after the death of his wife that he set himself seriously to complete the translation. He finally published it in 1870, prefixing to each of the three parts two original sonnets of surpassing beauty. The first of these we have chosen for reproduction here. The personal reference in this sonnet to the loss of his wife is particularly pathetic. Her dress caught fire, and before her husband could put out the flames she was burned so badly that she died within a short time.

Longfellow went abroad for the third time in 1868. He

was received everywhere with enthusiasm. In England he met many celebrated literary and public men, was invited to dine with the queen, and was honored with the degree of LL.D. by Cambridge University. It is said that his works were as well known in England as Tennyson's, and naturally the masses of the people, as well as the notable persons, were glad to welcome one who had given them so much pleasure. And at home he was similarly honored. On his seventy-second birthday, the Cambridge school children presented to him a chair made from the wood of "the spreading chestnut tree" of Village Blacksmith fame, and the schools of the whole country celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. He died on March 24, 1882, and was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge. Longfellow is the only American poet who has been honored with a memorial in the Poet's Corner¹ in Westminster Abbey.

We usually say that Longfellow is the most popular of our poets, and yet he is not an American of the most characteristic type. He lived in an academic atmosphere all his life, and he represented the older European culture more than he did the fresh, vigorous American life. He knew books and life through books better than he knew men and life through actual contact with the busy world. But he was by no means a recluse; in fact, he was conspicuously generous in giving his time and personality to the entertainment of Americans and foreigners who sought him out. And it is said that his doors were never closed against the children. But, after all, his life was largely spent amid books—writing, teaching, reading, absorbed in the literatures of many nations. He felt deeply, but not passionately, and he controlled his emotions perfectly, both in life and in his poetry. He was no eager reformer or wild devotee burning with the white heat of enthusiasm and passion, but a calm, soberminded, peace-loving, home-loving bard. "Although he is not necessarily among the twelve greatest poets of the world, he is incontestably a great benefactor and a great man."

During recent years there has been a tendency among some of the more sophisticated critics to speak slightly

¹The Longfellow bust was subscribed for by the Poet's English admirers in 1884. A few years later a fine medallion in honor of James Russell Lowell as American Minister to the Court of St. James was placed in the Chapter House of the Abbey.

of Longfellow's genius. They accuse him of being over-moral, sentimental, simple, commonplace, unimaginative. They admit the popularity and power of his work so far as the general public is concerned, but they immediately dodge behind the insinuating query, "Is it art?" To all such critics we reply that to touch the hearts of a whole people, to inspire youth and comfort age, to express the profoundest ideals of the individual and the national life in pleasing and enduring literary form is art of the only kind worthy of attention. It is to be hoped that the time will not soon come when American youths shall be robbed of the pleasure and inspiration that come to them from reading the simple, heart-moving poems of Henry W. Longfellow.

(The standard life of Longfellow is that by his brother, Samuel Longfellow. This three-volume book contains a great many letters and extracts from Longfellow's Journals, and is a storehouse of information about the poet. A good short life is that by E. S. Robertson in the Great Writers Series.)

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

1847

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the
hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the
twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.
5 Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring
ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that
beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the
voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian
farmers,—
10 Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the wood-
lands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of
heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever
departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of
October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er
the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of ¹⁵
Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and
is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's
devotion,
List to the mournful tradition, still sung by the pines of the
forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, ²⁰
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the
eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without
number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor
incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the ²⁵
flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the
meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and
cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the
northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the moun-
tains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty ³⁰
Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station
descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.

35 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-way. There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles

40 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors

Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.

45 Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village

50 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending, Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of
republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their ⁵⁵
windows;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the
owners;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in
abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of
Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his house- ⁶⁰
hold,

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the
village.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy
winters;

Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-
flakes;

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown
as the oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers. ⁶⁵
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by
the way-side,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade
of her tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the
meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the ⁷⁰
maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its
turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his
hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,

75 Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,

80 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.

85 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.

90 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique
 ploughs and the harrows;
 There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered
 seraglio,
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the 95
 selfsame
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
 Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In
 each one
 Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
 Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
 There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent 100
 inmates
 Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
 Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of
 Grand-Pré
 Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his
 household.
 Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his 105
 missal,
 Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion;
 Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her
 garment!
 Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
 And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her
 footsteps,
 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of 110
 iron;
 Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
 Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he
 whispered
 Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
 But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith, 115

Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest
childhood

120 Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them
their letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and
the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the black-
smith.

125 There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold
him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the
cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering dark-
ness

130 Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny
and crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring
bellows,

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the
ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the
chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,

135 Down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the
meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the
rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the
swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its
fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the
swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were 140
children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the
morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought
into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the
sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards 145
with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and
abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder
and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the 150
ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of
September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the
angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their 155
honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that
beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of
All-Saints!
160 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the
landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of
the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony
blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-
yards,
165 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of
pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the
great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors
around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the
forest
170 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles
and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and
stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight
descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to
the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on
each other,
175 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of
evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved
from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from
the sea-side,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed 180
the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his
instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their
protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, 185
the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the
marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and
their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous
saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of 190
crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their
udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular
cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the 195
farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the
barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the
farmer

200 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the
smoke-wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into
darkness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
205 Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the
dresser

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sun-
shine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian
vineyards.

210 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind
her.

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone
of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments
together.

215 As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals
ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the
altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the
clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly
lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its
hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the 220
blacksmith,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with
him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps
paused on the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the
settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without
thee;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of 225
tobacco;

Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face
gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the
marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the
blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:— 230

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy
ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled
with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a
horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought 235
him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly
continued:—

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their
anchors

Ride in the Gaspercau's mouth, with their cannon pointed
against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are com-
manded

240 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's
mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean
time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."

Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friendlier
purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in
England

245 By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and
children."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the
blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he con-
tinued:—

"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port
Royal.

250 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its out-
skirts,

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all
kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe
of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial
farmer:—

255 "Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our
cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's
cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of
sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the 260
village

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe
round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a
twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and ink-
horn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our
children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her 265
lover's,

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had
spoken,

And as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary
public;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung 270
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with
horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.

Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great
watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a 275
captive,

Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the
English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and child-
like.

- He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
230 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who
 unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of
 children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
285 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a
 nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and
 horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the black-
 smith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his
 right hand,
290 "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk
 in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and
 their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary
 public:—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the
 wiser;
And what their errand may be, I know not better than
 others.
295 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest
 us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible
 blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and
 the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the
 strongest!"

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary ³⁰⁰
public:—

“Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled
me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.”
This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done ³⁰⁵
them.

“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left
hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the ³¹⁰
people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the
balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine
above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed,
and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman’s ³¹⁵
palace

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.

She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended, ³²⁰

Lo! o’er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its
left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the
balance,

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,

825 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was
inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the
blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no
language;

All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as
the vapors

Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the
winter.

330 Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-
brewed

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village
of Grand-Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and
inkhorn,

Wrote with a steady hand the date, and the age of the parties,

335 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were
completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the
table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;

340 And the notary, rising, and blessing the bride and the
bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and
departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.

345 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old
men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manoeuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made
in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's
embrasure,

Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon
rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows. 350

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the
belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straight-
way

Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the 355
household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with
gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the
hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed. 360

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of
her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its
clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully 365
folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband
in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a
housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant
moonlight
870 Streamed through the windows and lighted the room, till the
heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the
ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the
orchard,
875 Waited her lover, and watched for the gleam of her lamp and
her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of
sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the
moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the
moon pass
380 Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her
footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with
Hagar!

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of
Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of
Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding
at anchor.
385 Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the
morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and the
neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young
folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous 390
meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the
greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the
highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at
the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together. 395
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and
feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was
another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father; 400
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and
gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave
it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stripped of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the 405
notary seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the
beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and
of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his
snow-white

410 Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the
fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the
embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

415 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among
them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

420 So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons
sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a
drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in
the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on
the head-stones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the
forest.

425 Then came the guard from the ships, and, marching proudly
among them,

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and
casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the
soldiers.

430 Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of
the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal com-
mission.

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be ⁴³⁵ grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people! ⁴⁴⁰

Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer, Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from ⁴⁴⁵ the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures; So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger, And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door- ⁴⁵⁰ way.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads
of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the black-
smith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

455 Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly
he shouted:

"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn
them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and
our harvests!"

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a
soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the
pavement.

460 In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the
altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into
silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his
people;

465 Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and
mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock
strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has
seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught
you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

470 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and
privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you
 profane it
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
 Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon
 you!
 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy 475
 compassion!
 Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive
 them!'
 Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail
 us,
 Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
 Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his
 people
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate 480
 outbreak;
 And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father,
 forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from
 the altar.
 Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people
 responded,
 Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with 485
 devotion translated,
 Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and
 on all sides
 Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and
 children.
 Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right
 hand
 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, 490
 descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and
roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its
windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the
table;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with
wild-flowers;

495 There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought
from the dairy;

And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the
farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial
meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,

500 And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial
ascended,—

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and
patience!

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the
women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they
departed,

505 Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their
children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering
vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from
Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline
lingered.

510 All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the
windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by
emotion,

"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no
answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave
of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her
father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the ⁵¹⁵
supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phan-
toms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her
chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the
window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing ⁵²⁰
thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world
he created!

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice
of Heaven;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered
till morning.

v

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the
fifth day

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm- ⁵²⁵
house.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian
women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the
sea-shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their
dwellings,
530 Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the
woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the
oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of
playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there
on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
535 All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats
ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the
churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the
church-doors
540 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy
procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and
their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and
way-worn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
545 Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and
their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their
voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and
patience!"

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that 550
 stood by the way-side
 Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine
 above them
 Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
 Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of
 affliction,—
 Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her, 555
 And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
 Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet
 him,
 Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and
 whispered:
 “Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
 Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may 560
 happen!”
 Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her
 father
 Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his
 aspect!
 Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye,
 and his footstep
 Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his
 bosom.
 But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and 565
 embraced him,
 Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort
 availed not.
 Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that mournful
 procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of
 embarking.
 Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion

- 570 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late,
saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest
entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her
father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and
the twilight
- 575 Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent
ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery
seaweed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the
wagons,
Like to a Gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
- 580 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near
them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the
sailors.
- 585 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their
pastures;
Sweet was the moist, still air with the odor of milk from
their udders;
Lowly they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the
farm-yard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the
milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus
sounded,
- 590 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the
windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been
kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in
the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were
gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of
children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his 595
parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and
cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her
father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or 600
emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been
taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer
him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not,
he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-
light.
"Benedicite!" murmured the priest, in tones of com- 605
passion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his
accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a
threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of
sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the
maiden,

610 Raising his eyes full of tears, to the silent stars that
above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows
of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in
silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the
blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the
horizon
615 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and
meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows
together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the
village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the
roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
620 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering
hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch,
and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred
house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and
on shipboard.
625 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their
anguish,
“We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-
Pré!”
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping
encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed
of the whirlwind,

Or the loud-bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and
the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er
the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and
the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened
before them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent com-
panion,

Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the
sea-shore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his
bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;

And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude
near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon
her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around
her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people:
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our
exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."

665 Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by
the seaside,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-
Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congrega-
tion,

660 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the
dirges.

'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the
ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying
landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embark-
ing;

And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the
harbor,

665 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village
in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-
Pré,

When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,—
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.

670 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind
from the northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of
Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to
to city,

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern sa-
vannas,—

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the ⁶⁷⁵
Father of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the
ocean,

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the
mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing,
heart-broken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor
a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the ⁶⁸⁰
churchyards.

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and
wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its path-
way

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suf- ⁶⁸⁵
fered before her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and aban-
doned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the
sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfin-
ished;

As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine, ⁶⁹⁰
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever
within her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the
spirit,

695 She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses
and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its
bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside
him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
700 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved
and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "O yes! we have seen
him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to
the prairies;

705 *Coueurs-des-Bois* are they, and famous hunters and trap-
pers."

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O yes! we have
seen him.

He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say: "Dear child! why dream and wait
for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

710 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved
thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be
happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I
cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and 715
not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the
pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness." And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor, Said, with a smile: "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection,—affection never was wasted; 720
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of
refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the
fountain.

Patience! accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of
affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is god- 725
like.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made
godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy
of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and
waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, 730
"Despair not!"

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless dis-
comfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's foot-
steps;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful year of
existence;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the 735
valley:

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its
water

Here and there in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that
conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
740 Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an
outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful
River,

Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian
boatmen.

745 It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the ship-
wrecked

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common mis-
fortune;

Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by
hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred
farmers

750 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father
Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre
with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its
borders.

755 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where
plumelike

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with
the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their
margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans
waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river, 760
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-
cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual
summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange
and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward. 765
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the
Bayou of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the
cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air 770
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient
cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the
herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac
laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the 775
water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining
the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks
in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things
around them;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and
sadness,—

780 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be com-
passed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has
attained it.

785 But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that
faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the
moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of
a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before
her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and
nearer.

790 Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of
the oarsmen,

And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a
blast on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the
blast rang,

Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the
forest.

795 Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to
the music.

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was
the silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the 800
 midnight,
 Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
 Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.
 And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds
 of the desert,
 Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the 805
 grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades;
 and before them
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the
 lotus
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen. 810
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia
 blossoms,
 And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of
 roses,
 Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were 815
 suspended.
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the
 margin,
 Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the
 greensward,
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slum-
 bered.
 Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the 820
 grape-vine
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom
to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath
it.

825 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening
heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and
trappers.

830 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison
and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and
careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a
sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and
restless,

835 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the
willows,

And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were
the sleepers;

840 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering
maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the
prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the
distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders. 845
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added: "Alas for my credulous
fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he 850
answered:—

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me
without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the
surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is
hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls
illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the south- 855
ward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and
St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her
bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheep-
fold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-
trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens 860

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the
forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued
their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape; 865
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled
together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless
water.

870 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of
feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters
around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest
of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
875 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious
music,

That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed
silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to
madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied
Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
890 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in
derision,

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the
branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with
emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the
green Opelousas,

895 And through the amber air, above the crest of the wood-
land,

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring
dwelling;—

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from
whose branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-⁸⁹⁰
tide,

Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A
garden

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of
timbers

Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns sup-⁸⁹⁵
ported,

Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.⁹⁰⁰
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and
sunshine

Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in
shadow,

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway⁹⁰⁵
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless
prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the
tropics,

Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.⁹¹⁰

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the
prairie,

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deer-skin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish
sombrero

915 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its
master.

Round about him were numberless herds of kine that were
grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the land-
scape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
920 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the
evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.

Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the
prairie,

925 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate
of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to
meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and
forward

Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
930 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the Black-
smith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and
answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly
embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and
thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and 935
 misgivings
 Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embar-
 rassed,
 Broke the silence and said: "If you came by the Atcha-
 falaya,
 How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the
 bayous?"
 Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous 940
 accent:—
 "Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his
 shoulder,
 All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and
 lamented.
 Then the good Basil said,— and his voice grew blithe as he
 said it,—
 "Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my 945
 horses.
 Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his
 spirit
 Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
 Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
 Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
 He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens, 950
 Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent
 him
 Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the
 Spaniards.
 Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Moun-
 tains,
 Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
 Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover; 955
 He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are
 against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the
morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the
river,

960 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the
fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian
minstrel!"

965 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straight-
way

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old
man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,
enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and
daughters.

 970 Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant
blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the
climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who
would take them;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and
do likewise.

975 Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of
Basil

Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
 All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with
 silver,
 Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within 980
 doors,
 Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmer-
 ing lamplight.
 Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the
 herdsman
 Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless
 profusion.
 Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches
 tobacco,
 Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as 985
 they listened:—
 “Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been
 friendless and homeless,
 Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than
 the old one!
 Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
 Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.
 Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel 990
 through the water.
 All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and
 grass grows
 More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
 Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the
 prairies;
 Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of
 timber
 With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into 995
 houses.
 After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with
 harvests,
 No King George of England shall drive you away from
 your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms
and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his
nostrils,

1000 And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the
table,

So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his
nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder
and gayer:—

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
1005 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a
nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps
approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
1010 Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the
Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were
as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each
other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
1015 But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the
maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the
music,

1020 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering
garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and
 the herdsman
 Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
 While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
 Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness ¹⁰²⁵
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the
 garden.
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the
 forest,
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the
 river
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam
 of the moonlight,
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious ¹⁰³⁰
 spirit.
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the
 garden
 Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and
 confessions
 Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows
 and night-dews,
 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical ¹⁰³⁵
 moonlight
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
 As, through the garden gate, and beneath the brown shade
 of the oak-trees,
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless
 prairie.
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
 Gleamed and floated away in mingled and infinite numbers. ¹⁰⁴⁰
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the
 heavens,
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and
 worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
"Upharsin."

1045 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,

Wandered alone, and she cried: "O Gabriel! O my beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!

1050 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the notes of a whippoorwill sounded

1055 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden

1060 Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy
 threshold;
 "See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting
 and famine,
 And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom
 was coming."
 "Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil ¹⁰⁶⁵
 descended
 Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were
 waiting.
 Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine,
 and gladness,
 Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding
 before them,
 Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
 Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded, ¹⁰⁷⁰
 Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
 Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and
 uncertain
 Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate
 country;
 Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
 Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garru- ¹⁰⁷⁵
 lous landlord,
 That on the day before, with horses and guides and com-
 panions,
 Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the moun-
 tains
 Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous sum-
 mits.
 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like ¹⁰⁸⁰
 a gateway, ~~and you~~
 Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,

Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river
Mountains,

Through the Sweetwater Valley precipitate leaps the
Nebraska;

1085 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish
sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the
desert,

Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the
ocean,

Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vi-
brations.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful
prairies,

1090 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the
roebuck;

Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with
travel;

1095 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-
trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.

1100 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage
marauders;

Here and there rise groves from the margin of swift-running
rivers;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the
desert,

Creeps down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the
brook-side,

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them. 1105

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark
Mountains,

Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind
him.

Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and
Basil

Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake
him.

Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his 1110
camp-fire

Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at
nightfall,

When they had reached the place, they found only embers
and ashes.

And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies
were weary,

Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished 1115
before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently
entered

Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her
sorrow.

She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches, 1120

Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been
murdered.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and
friendliest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted
among them

On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the
embers.

1125 But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his com-
panions,

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer
and the bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the
quivering fire-light

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped
up in their blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated

1130 Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian
accent,

All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and
reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been dis-
appointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's com-
passion,

1135 Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near
her,

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale
of the Mowis;

1140 Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a
maiden,

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the
wigwam,

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the
forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird
incantation,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a 1145
phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush
of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the
maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the
forest,
Never more to return, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened 1150
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around
her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the
enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon
rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the 1155
woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but
a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the 1160
swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom
had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the 1165
Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along: "On the western slope of
these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."

1170 Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered:

"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,

1175 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.

1180 This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,

Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.

1185 But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and
bade them

Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant
expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the
forest,

And with words of kindness conducted them into his wig- 1190
wam.

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of
the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the
teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity
answered:—

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes, 1195
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his
journey!”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent
of kindness;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the
snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest; “but 1200
in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and sub-
missive,

“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the
morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and 1205
companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the
Mission.

- Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that
were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now
waving above her,
1210 Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and
forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by
squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the
maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-
field.
1215 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith, and thy
prayer will be answered!
✓ Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the
meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the
magnet;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has
suspended
1220 Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller’s journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of
fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is
deadly.
1225 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews
of nepenthe.”

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter, yet
Gabriel came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin
and blue-bird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted 1230
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St.
Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission. 1235
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long, sad years glide on, and in seasons and
places

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;— 1240
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long 1245
journey;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the
shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er
her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon, 1250
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's
waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,

Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he
founded.

1255 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of
beauty,

And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the
forest,

As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they
molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.

1260 There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.

Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the
city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer
a stranger;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the
Quakers,

1265 For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,

Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,

Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,

Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and
her footsteps.

1270 As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,

Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,

So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far
below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway

1275 Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the
distance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,

Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld
him.

Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and
absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but ¹²⁸⁰
transfigured;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not
absent;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with ¹²⁸⁵
aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the ¹²⁹⁰
sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watch-
man repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the ¹²⁹⁵
suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the
market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its
watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild
pigeons,

Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws ¹³⁰⁰
but an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.

1305 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—

Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—

1310 Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord: "The poor ye always have with you."

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy.
The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there

1315 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,

Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

1320 Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by ¹³²⁵
the east wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of
Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were
wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their
church at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her
spirit:

Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended"; ¹³³⁰

And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of
sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in
silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their
faces,

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the ¹³³⁵
road-side.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her
presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a
prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever. ¹³⁴⁰
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped ¹³⁴⁵
from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the
morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.

1350 Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,

1355 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.

360 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;

1365 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.

1370 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside
him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into
darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement. 1375

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank 1380
thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its
shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them, 1385
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and
for ever, •
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from
their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their
journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its 1390
branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy; 1395

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of
homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring
ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
forest.

A PSALM OF LIFE

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE
PSALMIST

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

5 Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

10 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

15 Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

20 In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act,—act in the living Present!
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;

25

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

30

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

35

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

'Ασπαδὴν, τριλλίστος

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
 Sweep through her marble halls!
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
 From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
 Stoop o'er me from above;
 The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
 As of the one I love.

5

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
 The manifold, soft chimes,

10

That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
15 The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
20 And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

MAIDENHOOD

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun
5 Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
10 On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

15

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

20

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

25

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

30

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

35

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

40 Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

EXCELSIOR

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

“Try not the Pass!” the old man said;
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

20

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

25

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!”
This was the peasant’s last Good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

30

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

35

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

40

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

45

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

5 Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

10 The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
15 "I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
20 And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast

25 Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

30

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

35

“O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?”
“’T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!”—
And he steered for the open sea.

40

“O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?”
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!”

“O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?”
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

45

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

50

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

55

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,

Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

60

And ever the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

65

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck

70

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

75

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

80

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

85

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

SONNET

DIVINA COMMEDIA

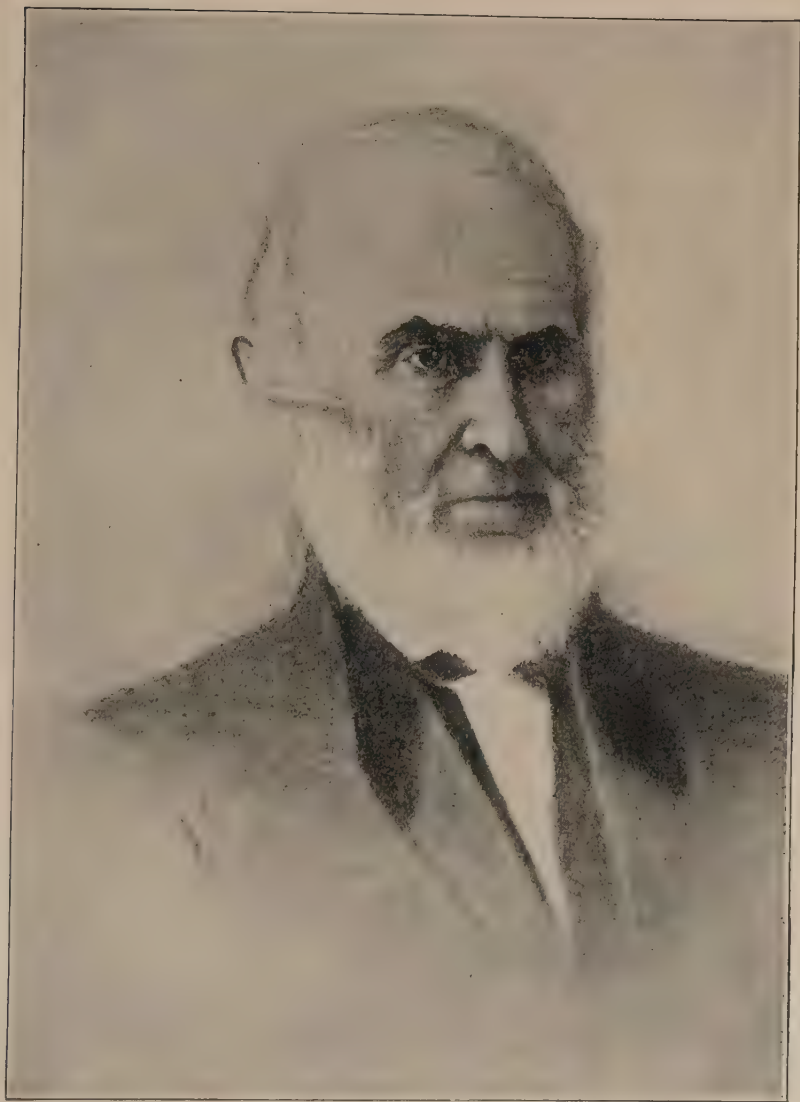
Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

1807-1892

John Greenleaf Whittier has been called "The Poet Laureate of New England," "The Quaker Poet," "The Burns of America." Any one of these titles may be aptly applied to him, but perhaps the first is most suggestive of his real service to American literature. He is called the Burns of America because, like the Scotch poet, he was born on a farm and reared amid the usual isolation and hardships incident to farm life in his day, and because, like Burns, he wrote most successfully about the things immediately connected with this rural life into which he was born. But he lacked the Scotch singer's alertness for things of sense, his fiery passion, his keen ear for music, and hence in lyric power he falls far below the peasant bard. He is called the Quaker poet because he voiced the deepest religious moods of that particular sect. He was born a Quaker, and he clung to this quiet, self-denying form of religion throughout his life. He inherited from his ancestors that strict conscience and deeply religious nature which he poured forth in his hymns and moral odes. In fact, his sense for morality was so strong that it not infrequently overshadowed and obscured what little instinct for pure art he possessed. But above all he was, and is still, the poet laureate of New England life. He has taken the local legends and ballads and enshrined them in permanent art forms. He has painted the most perfect pictures of the rigid New England climate, and of the exquisite New England rural landscape, its hills and valleys, its fields and flowers, its coasts and rivers. He has given the most accurate portraits of the native New England population in all the simplicity, purity, and charm of that unsophisticated class of which he was himself a member.

Whittier was born December 17, 1807, near East Haverhill, a small country village in northeast Massachusetts. He has given us in "Snow-Bound" a broad, sweeping winter picture of his birthplace, the old homestead built by his early Puritan ancestor Thomas Whittier; and a minutely



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

drawn summer picture of the same spot in "Telling the Bees" and other personal poems. All the members of the family are mentioned and faithfully drawn in "Snow-Bound"—the father and mother, John Whittier and Abigail Haney, Uncle Moses Whittier, Aunt Mercy Hussey, the brother, Matthew Franklin Whittier, and the two sisters Mary and Elizabeth. Besides these, one of the village schoolmasters, George Haskell, and Miss Harriet Livermore, that "half-welcome guest," are also included in the family circle of the particular week when the family were snowbound.

Whittier's boyhood and early surroundings are interesting because they show what can come out of many a country home where there are energy and perseverance and ambition in the hearts of boys and girls similarly situated. The school advantages were meager. Only a few months in the year were the children privileged to attend the district school. There were few books in the homes, but the few in the Whittier household were mostly well-chosen religious books. John Greenleaf made the best of his opportunities for an education, however, and he learned much that was valuable to him, both in school and on the farm. He showed at an early age his propensity for poetry, making on his slate rimes on the people he knew and the books he read. One of his teachers, Joshua Coffin, later immortalized in the poem "To My Old Schoolmaster," one day read to the Whittier family some of Burns's songs. The lad was enchanted. So eager was he for more of this delightful Scotch verse that the teacher offered to leave the volume with him for a few days. He conned the hard Scotch dialect until he could read it with ease, and from that time on he felt that he too wanted to become a poet. In a later poem on Burns he acknowledges his debt.

"New light on home-seen Nature beamed,
New glory over Woman;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common."

After school time the boy was put to work at the hard tasks of the farm, but he was not particularly strong, and once he injured himself, so that thereafter he was not expected to undertake the very heaviest tasks. He took up the trade of making shoes, and this enabled him a little

later on to earn part of his expenses for a term in the Haverhill Academy. He had been writing more or less ambitious verse ever since the volume of Burns fell into his hands. His elder sister Mary thought some of his efforts worthy of being printed, and so, without her brother's knowledge, she sent one of them, "The Exile's Departure," to the *Newbury Free Press*, a weekly journal of which the young William Lloyd Garrison, who afterwards became a famous leader of the abolitionists, was the editor. The verses were accepted, and when the young poet saw his composition in print in the poets' corner, he was so overcome with emotion that for some minutes he could not go on with the task of fence mending in which he was at the moment engaged. He admitted in later years that no keener pleasure ever came into his life.

Fortunately for him the young editor of the *Free Press* sought him out, asked for more contributions, and urged his parents to send the boy off to the newly established Academy at Haverhill. The father objected, for he did not think there was much in education and literature so far as making an honest living was concerned; but the good mother joined in the persuasions, and the boy was permitted to go to school provided he would earn his way. He went into Mr. Garrison's home, and by means of money earned in making slippers at twenty-five cents a pair, he paid the extra expense for his first term in the Academy. He spent one other term in this school, earning the money this time partly by teaching and partly by clerical work. And this was all the formal education he received. He never would have been the educated man he became, however, had he not been a great reader, and had he not kept up his studies practically all his life. Every one of the other prominent New England writers went to college, and had the advantage of travel in Europe, but Whittier never saw inside a college during his youth, and never quite managed to fulfill his desire for a trip to Europe. He lived and died in New England, rarely putting his foot outside his native section.

It is needless to follow minutely the political and journalistic career of Whittier. Suffice it to say that early in life he attached himself to what was then an unpopular cause,—namely, the abolition of slavery,—and he devoted his best talents to this cause through thick and thin. He gave up his hope for political preferment by espousing this cause

He believed it to be a righteous one, and he was doubtless happier in his poverty and political neglect than he could possibly have been as United States senator, an office to which he might well have aspired had he been willing to turn his back on the unpopular cause of abolition. He wrote many articles, published many anti-slavery poems, edited several journals, and did much real service for the cause by his shrewd political management and his untiring devotion to the mean and exacting drudgery of a movement like the one in which he had centered his whole being.

During these years he was barely able to make a living; his wants were simple, however, and he did not care for wealth or preferment. He never married, and so he had but a small family burden in his care for his mother and younger sister, Elizabeth. He said that he was enabled to live in spite of the fact that practically all of the literary channels were closed to him on account of his attachment to an unpopular cause. Just prior to and after the Civil War, however, when the cause for which he had so long battled became popular and finally triumphed, he came into his own, and the very best literary magazines were open to him. The *Atlantic Monthly* under the editorship of James Russell Lowell and James T. Field was particularly favorable to him, and he published many of his best poems in this magazine. His works became so popular after the publication of "Snow-Bound" in 1866 that he was enabled to live in comfort, though not in luxury, during the remainder of his life. He had given up his old homestead near East Haverhill many years before, and had moved to Amesbury, a town not many miles away, and here he spent the latter half of his life. Just about the time of his death, the old homestead near Haverhill was purchased and furnished over as nearly as possible in the style of the days of his youth, and it is now open to visitors from all over the country.

Whittier's poetry may be discussed in these three groups: (1) his slavery and war-time poems, or "Voices of Freedom"; (2) his New England poems, including his incomparable idyls, his reflective and religious poems, his songs of labor, his nature lyrics, and his personal poems; (3) his narrative verse, including the ballads, most of which are lit up with New England coloring.

The slavery and war-time poems were the most cherished products of his pen before, during, and immediately after

the terrible war which finally settled the question of slavery. The best of these are "Ichabod," a bold piece of invective, written more in sorrow than in anger, on the occasion of the defection of Daniel Webster from the cause of abolition; "Barbara Frietchie," usually ranked as the best ballad of the Civil War, but a poem marred by an unjust reference to the great southern leader "Stonewall" Jackson; "Massachusetts to Virginia," a violent and powerful outburst against the fugitive slave law; and "Laus Deo," a magnificent paean of gratitude and praise upon the passage of the constitutional amendment forever abolishing slavery from our country.

The second class of poems, the New England group, really gives Whittier a high rank among our American singers. The masterpiece among these is the idyl "Snow-Bound," the almost perfect picture of the New England rural home. This poem is fully analyzed in our text, and need not be further discussed here. Other familiar poems similar in style, but not approaching it in beauty or completeness, are "Maud Muller," "Mabel Martin," "The Barefoot Boy," "My Playmate," "In School-Days," and the Prelude to "Among the Hills." The purely personal and occasional poems and the nature lyrics are too numerous to be mentioned except by bare examples, such as "The Poet and the Children," referring to Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday celebration, "The Trailing Arbutus," "The Frost Spirit," "The Last Walk in Autumn." There are over five hundred closely printed double-columned pages in his collected works, and at least half of the volume belongs distinctly in what I have called the New England poems, and is the cream of Whittier's poetry. In fact, Whittier, like Milton in the days of the Commonwealth, was so burdened with a great political cause during all these early years of his life that he could not produce really great poetry. The poems written after middle age are by far the best products of his life, and the very highest work of his genius came after he was fifty-nine.

In narrative verse, Whittier's first serious effort was to save the rich mine of legend and romance which he saw at his hand in the records of early New England history. His volume *Legends of New England in Prose and Verse* (1831) is largely narrative in character. Another poem with an Indian hero, "Mogg Megone," Whittier later classed as a stiff, unnatural sort of poetical performance. *The Tent on*

the Beach contains many poems, most of them narrative in character, and "Among the Hills" may be classed in this category. The number of ballads is large, including such favorites as "Barclay of Ury," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "Telling the Bees," "Cobbler Keezar's Vision," "Amy Wentworth," and "King Solomon and the Ants." It has been said that Whittier is our truest ballad writer, not even excepting Longfellow. If not so swift in action nor so perfect in imitative tone, Whittier's ballads are truer to locality and more thoroughly native than Longfellow's.

Whittier died on September 7, 1892. Save Holmes, he was the last of the New England group of American poets to pass away. We have chosen to represent his work in this volume by his most perfect idyl, one ballad, one personal or reflective lyric, and one song-lyric.

(The standard life of Whittier is that by Samuel T. Pickard, who has also written a delightful additional volume called *Whittier Land*. A good brief biography is that by George Rice Carpenter in the *American Men of Letters Series*.)

SNOW-BOUND

A WINTER IDYL

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits which be Angels of Light are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common Wood fire: and as the celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of Wood doth the same."—COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I, chap. v.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

EMERSON

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
5 Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
10 Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
15 The wind blew east: we heard the roar

Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors, 20
Littered the stalls, and from the mows . . .
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows 25
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent. 30

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro 35
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts. 40

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle, 45
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,

On nothing we could call our own.
50 Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
55 Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
60 The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
65 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
70 Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
75 A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
80 To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,

And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said, 85
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep, 90
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone, 95
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone,
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense 100
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet. 105
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear 110
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone. 115

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,

The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
120 We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
125 And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
130 Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
135 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
140 Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
145 Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
150 Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night

Most fitting that unwarining light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without, 155
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat; 160
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog on his paws outspread 165
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet, 170
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved? 175
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day, 180
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and 'thou
Are left of all that circle now,—

185 The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
190 Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
195 We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
200 Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just.)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
205 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
210 That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school-book lore
215 "The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."
How often since, when all the land
Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,
As if a trumpet called, I've heard
Dame Mercy Warren's rousing word:

*"Does not the voice of reason cry,
Claim the first right which Nature gave,
From the red scourge of bondage fly,
Nor deign to live a burdened slave!"*

Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side; 225

Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone 230

On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl. 235

Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along 240

The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
The hake-broil on the drift-wood coals;
The chowder on the sand-beach made, 245

Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay 250

Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
When favoring breezes deigned to blow
The square sail of the gundalow,
And idle lay the useless oars. 255

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
260 And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
 So rich and picturesque and free,
 (The common unrhymed poetry
265 Of simple life and country ways,)
The story of her early days,—
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
270 At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country side;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
275 The loon's weird laughter far away.
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
280 Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
And heard the wild-geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more grave,
285 And soberer tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewell's ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,—
290 Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!—

Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
 And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
 And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
 His portly presence mad for food,
 With dark hints muttered under breath 295
 Of casting lots for life or death,
 Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
 To be himself the sacrifice.
 Then, suddenly, as if to save
 The good man from his living grave, 300
 A ripple on the water grew,
 A school of porpoise flashed in view.
 "Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
 These fishes in my stead are sent
 By Him who gave the tangled ram 305
 To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,
 But rich in lore of fields and brooks,
 The ancient teachers never dumb
 Of Nature's unhoused lyceum. 310
 In moons and tides and weather wise,
 He read the clouds as prophecies,
 And foul or fair could well divine,
 By many an occult hint and sign,
 Holding the cunning-warded keys 315
 To all the woodcraft mysteries;
 Himself to Nature's heart so near
 That all her voices in his ear
 Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
 Like Apollonius of old, 320
 Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
 Or Hermes, who interpreted
 What the sage cranes of Nilus said;
 A simple, guileless, childlike man,
 Content to live where life began; 325

Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
330 The common features magnified,
As Surrey hills to mountains grew
In White of Selborne's loving view,—
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
335 The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew,
340 From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
Went fishing down the river-brink.
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
345 Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

350 Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
355 Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome whereso'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home,—
360 Called up her girlhood memories,

The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance. 365
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dries so soon 370
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart. 375
Be shame to him of woman born
Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust, 380
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice. 385
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent 390
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,

- 395 Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
- 400 O, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago:—
- 405 The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
- 410 I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
- 415 The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
- 420 A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
- 425 What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
- 430 I walk to meet the night that soon

Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

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Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place,
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
Born the wild Northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party, with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
And whirling-plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.

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- Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding-yarn,
470 Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds
475 'Twixt Yankee pedlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Araxes took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.
- 480 A careless boy that night he seemed;
But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took
In trained thought and lore of book.
485 Large-brained, clear-eyed,—of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be,
Who, following in War's bloody trail,
Shall every lingering wrong assail;
All chains from limb and spirit strike,
490 Uplift the black and white alike;
Scatter before their swift advance
The darkness and the ignorance,
The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,
Which nurtured Treason's monstrous growth,
495 Made murder pastime, and the hell
Of prison-torture possible;
The cruel lie of caste refute,
Old forms recast, and substitute
For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,
500 For blind routine, wise-handed skill;

A school-house plant on every hill,
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence
The quick wires of intelligencè;
Till North and South together brought
Shall own the same electric thought, 505
In peace a common flag salute,
And, side by side in labor's free
And unresentful rivalry,
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest that winter night 510
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold, 515
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride.
She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest, 520
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways.
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and drooped the lash,
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash; 525
And under low brows, black with night,
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate. 530
A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing with each freak or feint 535

The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
The raptures of Siena's saint.
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
Had facile power to form a fist;
540 The warm, dark languish of her eyes
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout;
And the sweet voice had notes more high
545 And shrill for social battle-cry.

Since then what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
What convent-gate has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock!
550 Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares,
Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
Or startling on her desert throne
555 The crazy Queen of Lebanon
With claims fantastic as her own,
Her tireless feet have held their way;
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
560 With hope each day renewed and fresh,
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophecies!

Where'er her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
565 The outward wayward life we see,
The hidden springs we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sisters spun,
Through what ancestral years has run

The sorrow with the woman born, 570
 What forged her cruel chain of moods,
 What set her feet in solitudes,
 And held the love within her mute,
 What mingled madness in the blood,
 A life-long discord and annoy, 575
 Water of tears with oil of joy,
 And hid within the folded bud
 Perversities of flower and fruit.
 It is not ours to separate
 The tangled skein of will and fate, 580
 To show what metes and bounds should stand
 Upon the soul's debatable land,
 And between choice and Providence
 Divide the circle of events;
 But He who knows our frame is just, 585
 Merciful, and compassionate,
 And full of sweet assurances
 And hope for all the language is,
 That He remembereth we are dust!

At last the great logs, crumbling low, 590
 Sent out a dull and duller glow,
 The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
 Ticking its weary circuit through,
 Pointed with mutely-warning sign
 Its black hand to the hour of nine. 595
 That sign the pleasant circle broke:
 My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke;
 Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray
 And laid it tenderly away,
 Then roused himself to safely cover 600
 The dull red brand with ashes over.
 And while, with care, our mother laid
 The work aside, her steps she stayed
 One moment, seeking to express

605 Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
610 But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
615 The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
620 And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall,
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
625 Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
630 Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
635 Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.

The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
 Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes 640
 From lip to lip; the younger folks
 Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
 Then toiled again the cavalcade
 O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
 And woodland paths that wound between 645
 Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
 From every barn a team afoot,
 At every house a new recruit,
 Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
 Haply the watchful young men saw 650
 Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
 And curious eyes of merry girls,
 Lifting their hands in mock defence
 Against the snow-balls' compliments,
 And reading in each missive tost 655
 The charm with Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;
 And, following where the teamsters led,
 The wise old Doctor went his round,
 Just pausing at our door to say, 660
 In the brief autocratic way
 Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
 Was free to urge her claim on all,
 That some poor neighbor sick abed
 At night our mother's aid would need. 665
 For, one in generous thought and deed,
 What mattered in the sufferer's sight
 The Quaker matron's inward light,
 The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
 All hearts confess the saints elect 670
 Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
 And melt not in an acid sect
 The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on: a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store,
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry, (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had,)
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
A stranger to the heathen Nine,
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvels that it told.
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
And daft McGregor on his raids
In Costa Rica's everglades.
And up Taygetos winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding bell and dirge of death:
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,

The pulse of life that round us beat; 710
 The chill embargo of the snow
 Was melted in the genial glow;
 Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
 And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel of the backward look 715
 And folded wings of ashen gray
 And voice of echoes far away,

The brazen covers of thy book;
 The weird palimpsest old and vast,
 Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past; 720
 Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
 The characters of joy and woe;
 The monographs of outlived years,
 Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,

Green hills of life that slope to death, 725
 And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
 Shade off to mournful cypresses

With the white amaranths underneath.

Even while I look, I can but heed
 The restless sands' incessant fall, 730

Importunate hours that hours succeed,
 Each clamorous with its own sharp need,

And duty keeping pace with all.
 Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
 I hear again the voice that bids 735

The dreamer leave his dream midway
 For larger hopes and graver fears:

Life greatens in these later years,
 The century's aloe flowers to-day!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life, 740
 Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,
 The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
 Dreaming in throngful city ways

Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends—the few
745 Who yet remain—shall pause to view
These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
750 To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
755 Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

ICHABOD!

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn,
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

5 Revile him not,—the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

10 O, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

15

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

20

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

25

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:—
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

30

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward with averted gaze
And hide the shame!

35

SKIPPER IRESOON'S RIDE

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
 Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
 On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
 Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,
 5 Witch astride of a human back,
 Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
 The strangest ride that ever was sped
 Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 10 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
 Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
 Feathered and ruffled in every part
 15 Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
 Scores of women, old and young,
 Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
 Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
 Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
 20 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
 Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
 25 Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
 Bacchus round some antique vase,
 Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
 Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
 With conch shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
 30 Over and over the Mænads sang:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!— He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,— 35
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's people on her deck!
“Lay by! lay by!” they called to him.
Back he answered, “Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!” 40
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur 45
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not be! 50
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead! 55

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound, 60
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt 65
By the women o' Morble'ead!”

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
70 Of the fields so green and the skies so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:

75 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—
"What to me is this noisy ride?

80 What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
85 The hand of God and the face of the dead!"

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

90 Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him!—why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"

So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
95 And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

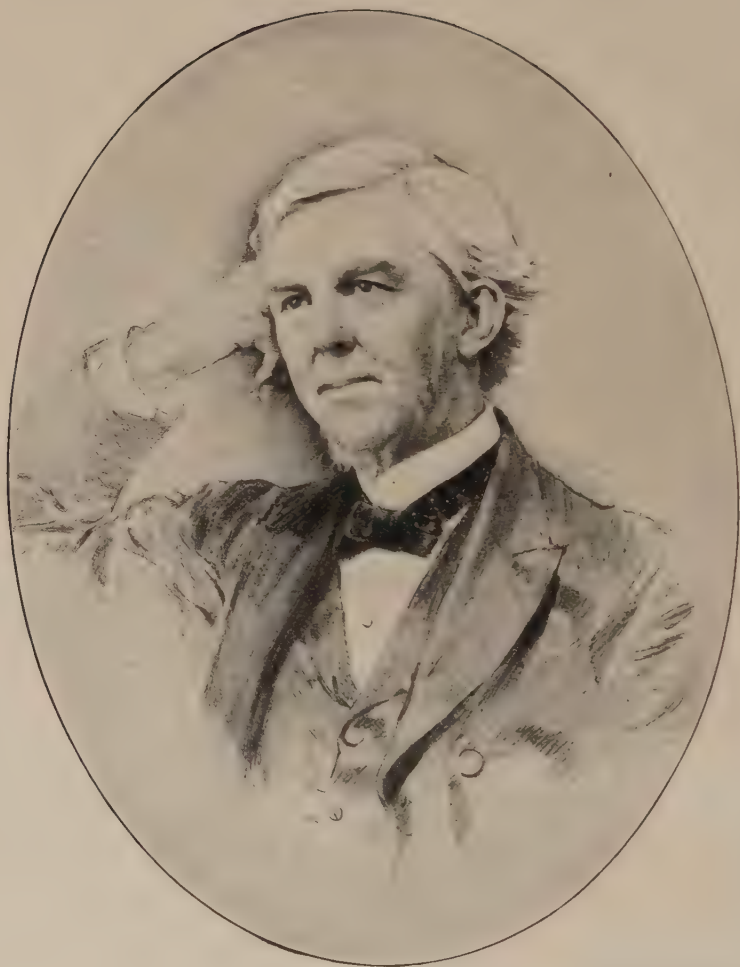
Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
80 The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
 As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
 I hate to go above you,
85 Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
 "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
40 Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her,—because they love him.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

From an engraving

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1809-1894

If Lowell is our chief critical essayist and Emerson our greatest philosophical thinker, Oliver Wendell Holmes is no less surely to be classed with Irving as one of our two greatest informal essayists. We think of Holmes first as a humorist and the author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, that unique book of informal, chatty talks or essays. But he is also a poet, if not of the very first rank among our American authors, certainly very near to it, for two or three of his lyrics, as well as much of his inimitable humorous poetry, will bear comparison with the best of their kind. Moreover, he is the most human, the most intimately personal, and the most consistently optimistic of all the New England school, and hence he is the favorite author of thousands of readers who would not think of classing his poetry or even his prose as the greatest produced in America. Though he was not autocratic in his disposition, we may call him the beloved "Autocrat" of American literature.

Holmes was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809, just two years later than Longfellow and Whittier, in the same year with Poe and Lincoln, and ten years earlier than Lowell and Whitman. He outlived practically all of his literary contemporaries, dying in 1894, two years later than Whittier and Whitman, twelve years later than Longfellow and Emerson, and forty-two years later than Edgar Allan Poe. It seems almost unbelievable that Poe, who was born in the same year as Holmes had been dead eight years before Holmes began his famous "Autocrat" papers in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

He was descended from what he called the "Brahmin caste" of New England, on both sides of the house. His father, Abiel Holmes, the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Cambridge, traced his line of descent even beyond the John Holmes who came from England to Connecticut in 1686. His mother, Sarah Wendell, was the daughter of Oliver Wendell of Boston, for whom the poet was named, and she was directly connected with the Dudleys, Bradstreets, Quincys, and other distinguished New England

families. These facts are mentioned because Dr. Holmes himself thoroughly believed in heredity and had much to say about it in his works.

His education was the best to be had in America in his day. After a few years in an elementary school, he went to Phillips Academy, Andover, and from there he entered Harvard College in 1825, the year that Longfellow and Hawthorne graduated at Bowdoin College in Maine. He was already a skilled rimester, having made a metrical translation of Vergil's *Aeneid* when he was at Andover, and he was selected as class poet. "The famous class of '29" has become so partly because a number of distinguished men came from it, but largely from the fact that Holmes was its poet and for nearly a half century read delightful poems at the annual class reunions. After graduation he said that he flirted with Blackstone and Chitty for a year in anticipation of becoming a lawyer, but his scientific turn of mind led him finally to decide in favor of medicine. After studying in Boston for a short time, he went abroad and spent two years, mostly in Paris, in preparation for his profession. He visited England, Italy, and Switzerland before his return in 1835, and the next year he took his degree at Harvard Medical College. He located at Boston, the city which he loved devotedly and which he once playfully called "the hub of the solar system," and when he prepared to hang out his professional sign he characteristically proposed to write beneath his name the motto "Small fevers thankfully received."

Holmes did not like the emotional strain of the sick room and operating table, but he was an enthusiastic investigator and a careful observer of the science of medicine. He was gradually building up a practice, but he rather joyfully relinquished it for the most part, when, in 1847, some years after a short incumbency in the same chair at Dartmouth College, he was elected to be professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard. He held the position thirty-five years as professor and twelve more years as professor *emeritus*, and during all the time of his active duties he was considered the most popular lecturer in the Harvard Medical College. He made several notable discoveries in medicine, and his scientific and inventive gifts led him to perfect the stereoscope, that popular and entertaining little binocular device by which pictured objects are made to stand out almost as distinctly as they do in real life.

In 1840 he married Miss Amelia Lee Jackson, who proved to be an ideal mate for a man like Dr. Holmes. She encouraged and helped him and protected him in many ways, so that he was enabled to do the work that he was born for. They had three children, all of whom lived to maturity, and Mrs. Holmes herself lived to within a few years of the poet's death.

Holmes's poetical work falls into two classes—his serious lyrics and his humorous and occasional pieces. He wrote three or four supremely excellent lyrics, and upon these his poetic fame chiefly rests—"Old Ironsides," "The Last Leaf," "The Chambered Nautilus," and "Voiceless." He composed some longer serious poems, such as "The Rhymed Lesson," otherwise called "Urania," and "Wind Clouds and Snow Drifts," but these have never met the hearty response of his shorter and more perfect lyrics. "The Last Leaf" and "The Chambered Nautilus" deservedly rank among the very finest lyrics in the language. No collection is complete without them, and they are the chief decorative gems of every anthology or golden treasury of American songs.

It is his humorous and occasional verse that, after all, gives Holmes his distinctive place in our memory. Here he is perfectly natural and spontaneous. Lowell correctly characterized Holmes as

"A Leyden jar always full charged, from which flit
Electrical tingles of hit after hit."

The mere mentioning of such titles as "The Deacon's Masterpiece," "The Height of the Ridiculous," "Contentment," "My Aunt," and many others, arouses humorous sensations of a delightful kind. Holmes had a way of giving these light and whimsical humorous pieces a more universal and lasting quality than such literature usually attains. His Harvard class poems are full of fun and good fellowship, and his local and occasional poems are the best that we have of their kind, but they will doubtless be read less and less as time goes on.

It was not until late in 1857 that Holmes attained anything like permanent fame as an author. In this year the *Atlantic Monthly* was founded, and Holmes was engaged to write regularly for it. He suggested the name of the new magazine, and it is not too much to say that it was his

contributions that largely gave this periodical its dominant character and its immediate popular hold on the public. We must give Lowell the credit, however, for making it a precedent condition of his editorship that Holmes should write for the magazine, and not the least of Lowell's services in the furthering of American literature was the stimulus he gave Holmes, whom, as the latter shrewdly said, he woke "from a kind of literary lethargy." Lowell remarked later that Holmes was a "sparkling mountain stream which had been dammed up and was only awaiting an outlet into the Atlantic."

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table: Or Every Man His Own Boswell is a unique book, and is as surely marked for immortality as any single volume in our literature. It is a series of what William Dean Howells called "dramatized essays," with a thick sprinkling of poems, serious and humorous, to add variety to the Autocrat's dramatic monologues. The subtitle indicates that Holmes is really writing the history of his own thoughts, showing us just how his own mind works. The three volumes which make up the Breakfast Table series, *The Autocrat* (1858), *The Professor* (1859), and *The Poet* (1871), together with *Over the Teacups* (1888), which really belongs in the same group, certainly give us a most satisfying portrait of the genial "Autocrat's" mind. There is in these books much real intellectual pabulum, but certainly no formal philosophy. Holmes was simply giving us the best observations he had been able to make on life. "Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind," he said, "and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber should not be much used till they are seasoned." And again when he was asked how long it took him to write the "Autocrat" papers, he replied that it took him all his life up to the time he wrote them down. The easy conversational tone, the vividly drawn character sketches, the clear thought, the scintillating wit and delightfully good-natured humor, the unbounded optimism, and the uncompromising hostility toward tyranny, narrowness, and sham, make the whole "Autocrat" series one of the few really original contributions to nineteenth-century literature.

The Autocrat is confessedly the best of the series, because it was the first, and because it contains the cream of Holmes's spontaneous wit and life-long thought. The other three

volumes are all worth reading, and some discerning critics have said that, though more serious and subdued in tone, they are not less entertaining to the thoughtful reader. *The Autocrat* more than likely, however, has a hundred readers to one for any of the other volumes. It is a book to be dipped into, to be taken up at odd moments when one wants to hear a genial, witty, healthy personality talk for his own and his reader's amusement and profit. It is true that the slight thread of romance developed between the "Autocrat" and the timid schoolmistress leads one to read steadily through the last four papers; but after one perusal, the book is to be glanced at for pure pleasure rather than read straight through.

In *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, Holmes had introduced a more prominent romantic thread to his series of talks. This led him to write his first novel, *Elsie Venner* (1861). Two other novels followed, *The Guardian Angel* (1867) and *A Mortal Antipathy* (1888). Like the "Autocrat" series these were first published serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Holmes called them "medicated novels," because they are more or less concerned with problems pertaining to the science of medicine. The first deals with the experiences of Elsie Venner, who was endowed with peculiar powers of serpentine fascination and hypnotic influence because of the bite of a rattlesnake suffered by her mother just before Elsie was born. *The Guardian Angel*, said to be the most artistic of the three, deals with the problem of heredity; and *A Mortal Antipathy* traces the cause, growth, and cure of a strong antipathy or hatred against woman in a man's life. As works of fiction, these novels do not rise above mediocrity, but, like everything that Holmes put his hand to, they are well written and deserving of at least a cursory perusal.

The last field in which Holmes employed his gift for authorship was in biography. He wrote *A Memoir of John Lathrop Motley* (1879) and *The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (1884). These are excellent and painstaking works. It seems strange that Holmes should have been attracted to such a profound and dignified personality as Emerson's, but when we examine into Holmes's real philosophy of life, we find that it is not altogether unlike Emerson's. At any rate Holmes produced a remarkably sympathetic and illuminating study of the great thinker, essayist, and poet.

In 1886 Holmes took a pleasure trip to Europe, which he wrote up in his happy personal style in "One Hundred Days in Europe." He was accorded many honors by the cities and universities which he visited. At Cambridge, England, the students welcomed him with some cleverly adapted new words to an old song, the title of which was "Holmes, Sweet Holmes."

He lived to the ripe old age of eighty-six and, while seated in his chair, died what seemed to be practically a painless death on October 7, 1894.

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

5

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

10

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

15

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

20

My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago,—

25

That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
30 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
35 And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
40 But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
45 In the spring,—
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

IV

. . . .—My friend, the Professor, whom I have mentioned to you once or twice, told me yesterday that somebody had been abusing him in some of the journals of his calling. I told him that I did n't doubt he deserved it; that I hoped he did
5 deserve a little abuse occasionally, and would for a number of years to come; that nobody could do anything to make

his neighbors wiser or better without being liable to abuse for it; especially that people hated to have their little mistakes made fun of, and perhaps he had been doing something of the kind.—The Professor smiled.—Now, said I, ¹⁰ hear what I am going to say. It will not take many years to bring you to the period of life when men, at least the majority of writing and talking men, do nothing but praise. Men, like peaches and pears, grow sweet a little while before they begin to decay. I don't know what it is,—whether ¹⁵ a spontaneous change, mental or bodily, or whether it is thorough experience of the thanklessness of critical honesty,—but it is a fact, that most writers, except sour and unsuccessful ones, get tired of finding fault at about the time when they are beginning to grow old. As a general thing, I would ²⁰ not give a great deal for the fair words of a critic, if he is himself an author, over fifty years of age. At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jack-knives. Then we are ready to help ²⁵ others, and care less to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way. So I am glad you have a little life left; you will be saccharine enough in a few years.

—Some of the softening effects of advancing age have struck me very much in what I have heard or seen here and ³⁰ elsewhere. I just now spoke of the sweetening process that authors undergo. Do you know that in the gradual passage from maturity to helplessness the harshest characters sometimes have a period in which they are gentle and placid as young children? I have heard it said, but I cannot be ³⁵ sponsor for its truth, that the famous chieftain, Lochiel, was rocked in a cradle like a baby, in his old age. An old man, whose studies had been of the severest scholastic kind, used to love to hear little nursery-stories read over and over to him. One who saw the Duke of Wellington in his last years ⁴⁰ describes him as very gentle in his aspect and demeanor. I remember a person of singularly stern and lofty bearing

who became remarkably gracious and easy in all his ways in the later period of his life.

45 And that leads me to say that men often remind me of pears in their way of coming to maturity. Some are ripe at twenty, like human Jargonelles, and must be made the most of, for their day is soon over. Some come into their perfect condition late, like the autumn kinds, and they last
50 better than the summer fruit. And some, that, like the Winter-Nelis, have been hard and uninviting until all the rest have had their season, get their glow and perfume long after the frost and snow have done their worst with the orchards. Beware of rash criticisms; the rough and
55 stringent fruit you condemn may be an autumn or a winter pear, and that which you picked up beneath the same bough in August may have been only its worm-eaten windfalls. Milton was a Saint-Germain with a graft of the roseate Early-Catherine. Rich, juicy, lively, fragrant, russet
60 skinned old Chaucer was an Easter-Beurrè; the buds of a new summer were swelling when he ripened.

—There is no power I envy so much—said the divinity-student—as that of seeing analogies and making comparisons. I don't understand how it is that some minds
65 are continually coupling thoughts or objects that seem not in the least related to each other, until all at once they are put in a certain light, and you wonder that you did not always see that they were as like as a pair of twins. It appears to me a sort of a miraculous gift.

70 [He is rather a nice young man, and I think has an appreciation of the higher mental qualities remarkable for one of his years and training. I try his head occasionally as housewives try eggs,—give it an intellectual shake and hold it up to the light, so to speak, to see if it has life in it, actual
75 or potential, or only contains lifeless albumen.]

You call it *miraculous*,—I replied,—tossing the expression with my facial eminence, a little smartly, I fear.—Two men are walking by the polyphloesboean ocean, one of them

having a small tin cup with which he can scoop up a gill of sea-water when he will, and the other nothing but his hands, 80 which will hardly hold water at all,—and you call the tin cup a miraculous possession! It is the ocean that is the miracle, my infant apostle! Nothing is clearer than that all things are in all things, and that just according to the intensity and extension of our mental being we shall see the many in the 85 one and the one in the many. Did Sir Isaac think what he was saying when he made *his* speech about the ocean,—the child and the pebbles, you know? Did he mean to speak slightly of a pebble? Of a spherical solid which stood sentinel over its compartment of space before the stone that 90 became the pyramids had grown solid, and has watched it until now! A body which knows all the currents of force that traverse the globe; which holds by invisible threads to the ring of Saturn and the belt of Orion! A body from the contemplation of which an archangel could infer the entire 95 inorganic universe as the simplest of corollaries! A throne of the all-pervading Deity who has guided its every atom since the rosary of heaven was strung with beaded stars!

So,—to return to *our* walk by the ocean,—if all that poetry has dreamed, all that insanity has raved, all that madden- 100 ing narcotics have driven through the brains of men, or smothered passion nursed in the fancies of women,—if the dreams of colleges and convents and boarding-schools,—if every human feeling that sighs, or smiles, or curses, or shrieks, or groans, should bring all their innumerable images, such 105 as come with every hurried heart-beat,—the epic which held them all, though its letters filled the zodiac, would be but a cupful from the infinite ocean of similitudes and analogies that rolls through the universe.

[The divinity-student honored himself by the way in 110 which he received this. He did not swallow it at once, neither did he reject it; but he took it as a pickerel takes the bait, and carried it off with him to his hole (in the fourth story) to deal with at his leisure.]. . . .

115 I know well enough that there are some of you who had
a great deal rather see me stand on my head than use it for
any purpose of thought. Does not my friend, the Professor,
receive at least two letters a week, requesting him to
120, —on the strength of some youthful antic
of his, which, no doubt, authorizes the intelligent constitu-
ency of autograph-hunters to address him as a harlequin?

—Well, I can't be savage with you for wanting to laugh,
and I like to make you laugh, well enough, when I can. But
then observe this: if the sense of the ridiculous is one side of
125 an impressible nature, it is very well; but if that is all there
is in a man, he had better have been an ape at once, and so
have stood at the head of his profession. Laughter and
tears are meant to turn the wheels of the same machinery of
sensibility; one is wind-power, and the other water-power;
130 that is all. I have often heard the Professor talk about
hysterics as being Nature's cleverest illustration of the
reciprocal convertibility of the two states of which these
acts are the manifestations. But you may see it every day
in children; and if you want to choke with stifled tears at
135 sight of the transition, as it shows itself in older years, go
and see Mr. Blake play *Jesse Rural*.

It is a very dangerous thing for a literary man to indulge
his love for the ridiculous. People laugh *with* him just so
long as he amuses them; but if he attempts to be serious,
140 they must still have their laugh, and so they laugh *at* him.
There is in addition, however, a deeper reason for this than
would at first appear. Do you know that you feel a little
superior to every man who makes you laugh, whether by
making faces or verses? Are you aware that you have a
145 pleasant sense of patronizing him, when you condescend
so far as to let him turn somersets, literal or literary, for your
royal delight? Now if a man can only be allowed to stand
on a daïs, or raised platform, and look down on his neighbor
who is exerting his talent for him, oh, it is all right!—first-
150 rate performance!—and all the rest of the fine phrases. But

if all at once the performer asks the gentleman to come upon the floor, and, stepping upon the platform, begins to talk down at him,—ah, that was n't in the programme!

I have never forgotten what happened when Sydney Smith—who, as everybody knows, was an exceedingly 155 sensible man, and a gentleman, every inch of him—ventured to preach a sermon on the Duties of Royalty. The “Quarterly,” “so savage and tartarly,” came down upon him in the most contemptuous style, as “a joker of jokes,” a “diner-out of the first water,” in one of his own phrases; 160 sneering at him, insulting him, as nothing but a toady of a court, sneaking behind the anonymous, would ever have been mean enough to do to a man of his position and genius, or to any decent person even.—If I were giving advice to a young fellow of talent, with two or three facets to his mind, 165 I would tell him by all means to keep his wit in the background until after he had made a reputation by his more solid qualities. And so to an actor: *Hamlet* first, and *Bob Logic* afterwards, if you like; but don't think, as they say poor Liston used to, that people will be ready to allow that you 170 can do anything great with *Macbeth's* dagger after flourishing about with *Paul Pry's* umbrella. Do you know, too, that the majority of men look upon all who challenge their attention,—for a while, at least,—as beggars, and nuisances? They always try to get off as cheaply as they can; and the 175 cheapest of all things they can give a literary man—pardon the forlorn pleasantry!—is the *funny-bone*. That is all very well so far as it goes, but satisfies no man, and makes a good many angry, as I told you on a former occasion.

—Oh, indeed, no!—I am not ashamed to make you laugh, 180 occasionally. I think I could read you something I have in my desk which would probably make you smile. Perhaps I will read it one of these days, if you are patient with me when I am sentimental and reflective; not just now. The ludicrous has its place in the universe; it is not a human 185 invention, but one of the Divine ideas, illustrated in the

practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare. How curious it is that we always consider solemnity and the absence of all gay surprises
 190 and encounter of wits as essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties and then call *blessed*! There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all
 195 gaiety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me (and all that he passes) such a rayless and chilling look of recognition,—something as if he were one of Heaven's
 200 assessors, come down to "doom" every acquaintance he met,—that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off, if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me, who taught her to play
 205 with it?

No, no!—give me a chance to talk to you, my fellow-boarders, and you need not be afraid that I shall have any scruples about entertaining you, if I can do it, as well as giving you some of my serious thoughts, and perhaps my
 210 sadder fancies. I know nothing in English or any other literature more admirable than that sentiment of Sir Thomas Browne: "EVERY MAN TRULY LIVES, SO LONG AS HE ACTS HIS NATURE, OR SOME WAY MAKES GOOD THE FACULTIES OF HIMSELF."

215 (I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving:.) To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it,—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships, to every mind that is really moving onward. It is
 220 this: that one cannot help using his early friends as the seaman uses the log, to mark his progress. Every now and

then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with a string of thought tied to him, and look—I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion—to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows;—the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamonds stuck in it! But this is only the sentimental side of the matter; for grow we must, if we outgrow all that we love. 225 230

Don't misunderstand that metaphor of heaving the log, I beg you. It is merely a smart way of saying that we cannot avoid measuring our rate of movement by those with whom we have long been in the habit of comparing ourselves; and when they once become stationary, we can get our reckoning from them with painful accuracy. We see just what we were when they were our peers, and can strike the balance between that and whatever we may feel ourselves to be now. No doubt we may sometimes be mistaken. If we change our last simile to that very old and familiar one of a fleet leaving the harbor and sailing in company for some distant region, we can get what we want out of it. There is one of our companions;—her streamers were torn into rags before she had got into the open sea, then by and by her sails blew out of the ropes one after another, the waves swept her deck, and as night came on we left her a seeming wreck, as we flew under our pyramid of canvas. But lo! at dawn she is still in sight,—it may be in advance of us. Some deep ocean-current has been moving her on, strong, but silent,—yes, stronger than these noisy winds that puff our sails until they are swollen as the cheeks of jubilant cherubim. And when at last the black steam-tug with the skeleton arms, which comes out of the mist sooner or later and takes us all in tow, grapples her and goes off panting and groaning with her, it is to that harbor where all wrecks are refitted, and where, alas! we, towering in our pride, may never come. 240 245 250 255

So you will not think I mean to speak lightly of old
 260 friendships, because we cannot help instituting comparisons
 between our present and former selves by the aid of those
 who were what we were, but are not what we are. Nothing
 strikes one more, in the race of life, than to see how many
 give out in the first half of the course. "Commencement
 265 day" always reminds me of the start for the "Derby," when
 the beautiful high-bred three-year olds of the season are
 brought up for trial. That day is the start, and life is the
 race. Here we are at Cambridge, and a class is just
 "graduating." Poor Harry! he was to have been there too,
 270 but he has paid forfeit; step out here into the grass back of
 the church; ah! there it is:—

"HUNC LAPIDEM POSUERUNT
 SOCII MÆRENTES."

But this is the start, and here they are,—coats bright as
 275 silk, and manes as smooth as *eau lustrale* can make them.
 Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, a few
 minutes each, to show their paces. What is that old gentle-
 man crying about? and the old lady by him, and the three
 girls, what are they all covering their eyes for? Oh, that is
 280 *their* colt which has just been trotted up on the stage.
 Do they really think those little thin legs can do anything
 in such a slashing sweepstakes as is coming off in these next
 forty years? Oh, this terrible gift of second-sight that
 comes to some of us when we begin to look through the
 285 silvered rings of the *arcus senilis*!

Ten years gone. First turn in the race. A few broken
 down; two or three bolted. Several show in advance of
 the ruck. *Cassock*, a black colt, seems to be ahead of the
 rest; those black colts commonly get the start, I have noticed,
 290 of the others, in the first quarter. *Meteor* has pulled up.

Twenty years. Second corner turned. *Cassock* has
 dropped from the front, and *Judex*, an iron-gray, has the
 lead. But look! how they have thinned out! Down

flat,—five,—six,—how many? They lie still enough! they will not get up again in this race, be very sure! And the rest of them, what a “tailing off”! Anybody can see who is going to win,—perhaps.

Thirty years. Third corner turned. *Dives*, bright sorrel, ridden by the fellow in a yellow jacket, begins to make play fast; is getting to be the favourite with many. But who is that other one that has been lengthening his stride from the first, and now shows close up to the front? Don't you remember the quiet brown colt *Asteroid*, with the star in his forehead? That is he; he is one of the sort that lasts; look out for him! The black “colt,” as we used to call him, is in the background, taking it easily in a gentle trot. There is one they used to call *the Filly*, on account of a certain feminine air he had; well up, you see; the Filly is not to be despised, my boy!

Forty years. More dropping off,—but places much as before.

Fifty years. Race over. All that are on the course are coming in at a walk; no more running. Who is ahead? Ahead? What! and the winning-post a slab of white or gray stone standing out from that turf where there is no more jockeying or straining for victory! Well, the world marks their places in its betting-book; but be sure that these matter very little, if they have run as well as they knew how!

—Did I not say to you a little while ago that the universe swam in an ocean of similitudes and analogies? I will not quote Cowley, or Burns, or Wordsworth, just now, to show you what thoughts were suggested to them by the simplest natural objects, such as a flower or a leaf; but I will read you a few lines, if you do not object, suggested by looking at a section of one of those chambered shells to which is given the name of Pearly Nautilus. We need not trouble ourselves about the distinction between this and the Paper Nautilus, the *Argonauta* of the ancients. The name applied

330 to both shows that each has long been compared to a ship,
as you may see more fully in Webster's Dictionary, or the
"Encyclopedia," to which he refers. If you will look into
Roget's Bridgewater Treatise, you will find a figure of one
of these shells, and a section of it. The last will show you
335 the series of enlarging compartments successively dwelt in
by the animal that inhabits the shell, which is built in a
widening spiral. Can you find no lesson in this?

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS¹

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
340 The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.
345 Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
350 Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!
Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
355 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

¹I have now and then found a naturalist who still worried over the distinction between the Pearly Nautilus and the Paper Nautilus, or Argonauta. As the stories about both are mere fables, attaching to the Physalia, or Portuguese man-of-war, as well as to these two molluscs, it seems over-nice to quarrel with the poetical handling of a fiction sufficiently justified by the name commonly applied to the ship of pearl as well as the ship of paper.

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:— 365

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till 'thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea! 370

XI

[The company looked a little flustered one morning when I came in,—so much so, that I inquired of my neighbor, the divinity-student, what had been going on. It appears that the young fellow whom they call John had taken advantage of my being a little late (I having been rather longer than usual dressing that morning) to circulate several questions involving a quibble or play upon words,—in short, containing that indignity to the human understanding, condemned in the passages from the distinguished moralist of the last century and the illustrious historian 10 of the present, which I cited on a former occasion, and known as a *pun*. After breakfast, one of the boarders handed me a small roll of paper containing some of the questions and their answers. I subjoin two or three of them, to show what

15 a tendency there is to frivolity and meaningless talk in young persons of a certain sort, when not restrained by the presence of more reflective natures.—It was asked, “Why tertian and quartan fevers were like certain short-lived insects.” Some interesting physiological relation would be naturally
20 suggested. The inquirer blushes to find that the answer is in the paltry equivocation, that they *skip* a day or two.—“Why an Englishman must go to the Continent to weaken his grog or punch.” The answer proves to have no relation whatever to the temperance-movement, as no better reason
25 is given than that island- (or, as it is absurdly written, *ile and*) water won’t mix.—But when I came to the next question and its answer, I felt that patience ceased to be a virtue. “Why an onion is like a piano” is a query that a person of sensibility would be slow to propose; but that in an educated
30 community an individual could be found to answer it in these words,—“Because it smell odious,” *quasi*, it’s melodious,—is not credible, but too true. I can show you the paper.

, Dear reader, I beg your pardon for repeating such things. I know most conversations reported in books are altogether
35 above such trivial details, but folly will come up at every table as surely as purslain and chickweed and sorrel will come up in gardens. This young fellow ought to have talked philosophy, I know perfectly well; but he did n’t, —he made jokes.

40 I am willing,—I said,—to exercise your ingenuity in a rational and contemplative manner.—No, I do not proscribe certain forms of philosophical speculation which involve an approach to the absurd or the ludicrous, such as you may find, for example, in the folio of the Reverend Father Thomas
45 Sanchez, in his famous Disputations, “De Sancto Matrimonio.” I will therefore turn this levity of yours to profit by reading you a rhymed problem, wrought out by my friend the Professor.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE:
OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS-SHAY"

A Logical Story

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
That was built in such a logical way 50
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,— 55
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town 60
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss-shay. 65

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still 70
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do, 75
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown

'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
 It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
 80 —“Fur,” said the Deacon, “ ’t’s mighty plain
 Thut the weakes’ place mus’ stan’ the strain;
 ’n’ the way t’ fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
 T’ make that place uz strong uz the rest.”

85 So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That could n’t be split nor bent nor broke,—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills;
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
 90 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese.
 But lasts like iron for things like these;
 The hubs of logs from the “Settler’s ellum,”—
 Last of its timber,—they could n’t sell ’em.
 95 Never an axe had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 100 Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way he “put her through.”—
 105 “There!” said the Deacon, “naow she’ll dew.”

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 110 Children and grandchildren—where were they?

But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

115

120

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

125

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day.—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There could n't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills.
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippetree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

130

135

140

First of November, 'Fifty-five!

This morning the parson takes a drive.

148

Now, small boys, get out of the way!

Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay,

Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.

"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—

- 150

Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed

At what the—Moses—was coming next.

All at once the horse stood still,

Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.

—First a shiver, and then a thrill,

155

Then something decidedly like a spill,—

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,

At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—

Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

—What do you think the parson found,

160

When he got up and stared around?

The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,

As if it had been to the mill and ground!

You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,

How it went to pieces all at once,—

165

All at once, and nothing first,—

Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.

Logic is logic. That's all I say.



HENRY D. THOREAU

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

1817-1862

One of the effects of the transcendental movement was to send men back to nature. The most distinguished spirit of this movement was Emerson, whose first book was entitled *Nature*. But the man who went farthest into the real mysteries of nature was Henry David Thoreau. We look upon him now as the pioneer and perhaps still the greatest of the large school of nature writers which has sprung up in recent years. His friend William Ellery Channing called him the poet-naturalist, the happy designation by which Thoreau is still widely known. He was, indeed, in spirit a poet as well as a naturalist, and he recorded much of his early thought in verse form; but in later years he expressed himself entirely in prose, and he is now chiefly valued as an original and striking prose stylist, who conscientiously and lovingly portrayed the varied aspects of nature in and around his native village of Concord, Massachusetts.

Thoreau was the son of John Thoreau, a descendant of a French family which had settled on the island of Jersey, and Cynthia Dunbar, a sprightly woman of Scotch descent. He was born at Concord, July 12, 1817. Both his parents had been reared at Concord, and the family seems to have taken deep root in this consecrated soil. Henry could not bear to think of living in any other place. Emerson, Hawthorne, Channing, the Alcotts, and other notable literary persons lived here, but none of them was so thoroughly attached to the soil, so much a natural outgrowth of it, and none has so faithfully and lovingly preserved the external features and the spiritual atmosphere of the region round about as Thoreau. He seemed to be a part of nature itself in this particular spot. For a few years during his early childhood his parents went to seek their fortune in other places near by, but they came back to Concord in time for Henry to get his common-school education there. Then he was sent to Harvard College, and by the combined financial help of the members of his family he was enabled to graduate in 1837. So little did he value the diploma and

so much was economy necessary that he refused to pay the five dollars' fee necessary to secure the formal certificate of his graduation. He engaged in teaching for a few years, finding a place in his native town to test his ability in this capacity, but his refusal to continue the practice of administering corporal punishment led to his withdrawal from the business of keeping school. He then took up his father's business of pencil-making. By working industriously he soon mastered the secrets of this peculiar occupation, and he was in a fair way to earn a substantial income. With that eccentricity for which he had already become noticeable, he announced that he would make no more pencils, since he did not care to do again what he had once learned to do well. He decided that the best thing a man could do was to learn to live simply and economically, avoiding much of the unnecessary frippery and luxury of modern life. He thought that most people spent entirely too much time making a living and entirely too little in really living. "A man is rich," he said, "in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone." If any friend proposed that Thoreau should embark in some enterprise, he was ready to reply that he had already embarked in a permanent business venture, — namely, the living of his own life in his own way.

Of course he had to work part of the time to earn the actual means of subsistence, but he accepted Carlyle's doctrine that the chief way to satisfy one's desires was to "reduce the denominator of life's fraction." He estimated that he could earn enough in one day's labor to subsist for a week, and he proportioned his own time in just about this ratio between manual labor and quiet observation, meditation, and loitering in the presence of wild nature. He was by no means idle during these experiences in the fields and forests and on the lakes and streams, for he was continually studying nature and recording his own thoughts and impressions. His manual labor was of varied kinds — gardening, carpentry, fence-building, but primarily surveying. He once jocularly quoted Cowper's poem on Alexander Selkirk,

"I am monarch of all I *survey*,"

and he summarized his occupations by saying that his steadiest employment was to keep himself in the top of condition so as to be ready for anything that might turn up on earth or in heaven. He began to lecture with more or less

regularity after the lyceums came into vogue, but he was never a great favorite in this field.

Thoreau never married. It is said that in his young manhood he fell in love with a beautiful and vivacious girl who visited in his father's home, but when he saw that his younger brother John was interested in the young lady, he quietly renounced his own claims upon her. The young lady herself, as the sequel showed, did not favor either one of the brothers, but married some one else. Thoreau was too much centered in the development of his own inner life, too coldly self-mastering, too passionless to become enmeshed in the ties of sentiment or domestic life, and it is perhaps well that he did not marry. It is certainly unjust to him, however, to say that he was cold and indifferent in his domestic relations. He was devoted to his brother and sisters and to his parents, he was exceedingly fond of children, and he was kind and helpful to the oppressed who came under his notice. But he was not personally magnetic, he made few intimate friends, and he did not possess a universal sympathy like that of Walt Whitman, for example. He was rather a man who sought out the secrets of his own nature and mind and made a strict record of the findings, than one who opened his heart to the world around him. Some one suggested that he loved man as he loved all animals, but it is perhaps true that he preferred the companionship of the furred and feathered kinds. Emerson very correctly called him a "Bachelor of Nature."

For several years Thoreau was an inmate of Emerson's home at Concord. He was a sort of adopted elder brother and helped to earn his keep by working around the household and in the garden, and by tutoring Emerson's children in a desultory sort of way. He studied nature and oriental literature, talked philosophy with Emerson, opening the elder writer's eyes to many beauties and revealing secrets of nature hitherto hidden from him, and developed himself normally and naturally in his own way. Many have made the quick deduction that Thoreau owed all his philosophy to Emerson, but modern critics are inclined to believe that Emerson gained almost if not quite as much from Thoreau as Thoreau gained from Emerson, and some do not hesitate to affirm that Thoreau is the more original and certainly the more American of the two. The period of his residence with Emerson was an important one in

Thoreau's life, for he was beginning to find himself and to follow implicitly the promptings of his own instincts.

It was about this time that he decided to go to the woods and live alone in order to let his genius ripen. Emerson owned a piece of land on Walden Pond near Concord, and here Thoreau "squatted." He tells us in his book *Walden, or Life in the Woods* how he borrowed an axe from Alcott, cut down the trees for the frame of his house, built his hut at a remarkably low expense, and set up housekeeping in the woods. He planted beans and potatoes, intending to live as far as possible on his own products and the fish he could catch in the ponds and streams. Here he became familiar with the beasts and birds of the forest and even the fishes of the lake. He recorded every item which his keen eye and clear mind observed. He set down day by day and season by season every detail about the plants and animals and birds and fishes. He was developing his soul by studying wild life and recording his own minutest thoughts and emotions. He was not very far from the village and he made frequent visits to it. Though he expressly states that he did not intend to cut himself off entirely from organized society, yet his purpose in going to live alone in the woods has been grossly misunderstood and misrepresented. Even Lowell severely criticized the experiment, as it was called, and condemned Thoreau as a *poseur*; and from his example even Robert Louis Stevenson, though in some respects an admirer of Thoreau, called him a "skulker."

But we must give the author the right to make his own defense in stating the purpose of his life in the woods. "My purpose in going to Walden Pond was not to live cheaply nor to live dearly there, but to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles. . . . I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine

meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion."

It is but fair to add that Thoreau found life sublime and that his experiment was a success in every way. He did not go out to prove that a man could live the simple life entirely separated from his fellows; he did not go out to prove that a hermit's life was better than ordinary social life; he did not even want people to imitate his way of living. What he did want to do was to give his soul room to expand, to find out what he could best do with his endowment of mind and heart and eye, to study wild life closely and on equal and friendly terms, and to make a full and frank personal record of his observations and inner experiences. In all this he succeeded, and his success has given the public a new view of nature, a new inspiration for simple, sincere living. Far more valuable than the social experiment at Brook Farm is this individual and isolated experiment of Thoreau's. It was his method of working out the transcendental impulses of the time, and it may be accounted the most successful of all the experiments of its kind.

Thoreau went to Walden Pond in 1845 and returned to his father's home in Concord in 1847, but the volume recording his experiences there did not appear until 1854. In the meantime he had completed and published in 1849 his first volume, an account of a tour made in a canoe by Thoreau and his brother John some ten years before, and called *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*. It has a thin thread of narrative, but it is made up for the most part of selections from Thoreau's thoughts, poems, and moral observations during the years up to its publication. It is a loose, uneven composition, and has the peculiar quality of works of genius: it is as dry to some readers as it is fascinating to others. Of the thousand copies printed, only about three hundred were disposed of by gift or sale during several years and the publisher finally sent the remainder of the edition to Thoreau's home. He packed the books away and jocularly remarked that he had a library of nine hundred volumes, seven hundred of which he had written himself.

But he kept working along quietly in his own vein, accumulating vast stores of notes in his journals, and presently *Walden, or Life in the Woods*, largely made up of material selected from these journals, was ready for publication.

This volume, from the peculiar experiment which it recorded, was somewhat more successful, but the public was not yet ready for this sort of nature interpretation, mixed with the sententious wisdom and moral meditations of the poet-naturalist. Thoreau was not enough encouraged to try another volume during his lifetime, but since his death his fame has been steadily growing. No American writer had to wait so long for his audience, but it now seems that none will hold his audience longer. During his lifetime he was highly appreciated by Emerson, Channing, Higginson, and a few others; but the great body of readers and critics, headed by Lowell, condemned him with slight praise, ranking him as a pale imitator of Emerson and as a mere *poscur*. It took half a century for the world to discover his real genius.

Thoreau did his best thinking during his long daily walks. His notes of his walks are delightful records, and some of his best books, published since his death, are the results of his walking tours, as for example, *The Maine Woods* and *Cape Cod*, edited by Emerson, and four other books edited by H. G. O. Blake under the title of the four seasons. These posthumous volumes consisted of previously published papers and extracts from the thirty or more manuscript volumes of Thoreau's *Journals*. Finally in 1896 the *Journals* themselves were published in fourteen volumes, so that now we have a perfect quarry of Thoreau material to dig in at will.

It is a pity that Thoreau did not live to prepare his own books for publication, for he was a minute reviser and a careful workman on his literary style in the proof sheets. Perhaps we may console ourselves with the thought that the unpruned records as we have them give us after all a true picture of the man as he was. About 1860 he exposed himself too freely in his long winter walks, and contracted consumption. He went to Minnesota for a time to see if the dry climate might not help him, but he returned not greatly benefited, and became a helpless but patient invalid. He died May 6, 1862, and was buried in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery of his native town. Close by the spot where Thoreau's cabin stood near Walden Pond, a large cairn of loose stones has been gradually raised to his memory by the hundreds of pilgrims who come annually to this literary shrine.

(The best life of this author is *Thoreau: the Poet-Naturalist* by W. E. Channing, revised by F. B. Sanborn. A good short biography is that by Henry S. Salt in the Great Writers Series.)

BRUTE NEIGHBORS

Chapter XII of *Walden, or Life in the Woods*

Sometimes I had a companion in my fishing, who came through the village to my house from the other side of the town, and the catching of the dinner was as much a social exercise as the eating of it.

Hermit. I wonder what the world is doing now. I have not heard so much as a locust over the sweet-fern these three hours. The pigeons are all asleep upon their roosts,—no flutter from them. Was that a farmer's noon horn which sounded from beyond the woods just now? The hands are coming in to boiled salt beef and cider and Indian bread. Why will men worry themselves so? He that does not eat need not work. I wonder how much they have reaped. Who would live there where a body can never think for the barking of Bose? And O, the housekeeping! to keep bright the devil's door-knobs, and scour his tubs this bright day! Better not keep a house. Say, some hollow tree; and then for morning calls and dinner-parties! Only a woodpecker tapping. O, they swarm; the sun is too warm there; they are born too far into life for me. I have water from the spring, and a loaf of brown bread on the shelf.—Hark! I hear a rustling of the leaves. Is it some ill-fed village hound yielding to the instinct of the chase? or the lost pig which is said to be in these woods, whose tracks I saw after the rain? It comes on apace; my sumachs and sweet-briers tremble.—Eh, Mr. Poet, is it you? How do you like the world to-day?

Poet. See those clouds; how they hang! That's the greatest thing I have seen to-day. There's nothing like it in old paintings, nothing like it in foreign lands,—unless when we were off the coast of Spain. That's a true Mediterranean sky. I thought, as I have my living to get, and

have not eaten to-day, that I might go a-fishing. That's the true industry for poets. It is the only trade I have learned. Come, let's along.

Hermit. I cannot resist. My brown bread will soon be
35 gone. I will go with you gladly soon, but I am just concluding a serious meditation. I think that I am near the end of it. Leave me alone, then, for a while. But that we may not be delayed, you shall be digging the bait meanwhile. Angle-worms are rarely to be met with in these parts, where
40 the soil was never fattened with manure; the race is nearly extinct. The sport of digging the bait is nearly equal to that of catching the fish, when one's appetite is not too keen; and this you may have all to yourself to-day. I would advise you to set in the spade down yonder among the
45 ground-nuts, where you see the johnswort waving. I think that I may warrant you one worm to every three sods you turn up, if you look well in among the roots of the grass, as if you were weeding. Or, if you choose to go farther, it will not be unwise, for I have found the increase of fair bait
50 to be very nearly as the squares of the distances.

Hermit alone. Let me see; where was I? Methinks I was nearly in this frame of mind; the world lay about at this angle. Shall I go to heaven or a-fishing? If I should soon bring this meditation to an end, would another so sweet
55 occasion be likely to offer? I was as near being resolved into the essence of things as ever I was in my life. I fear my thoughts will not come back to me. If it would do any good, I would whistle for them. When they make us an offer, is it wise to say, We will think of it? My thoughts
60 have left no track, and I cannot find the path again. What was it that I was thinking of? It was a very hazy day. I will just try these three sentences of Con-fut-see; they may fetch that state about again. I know not whether it was the dumps or a budding ecstasy. Mem. There never is but one
65 opportunity of a kind.

Poet. How now, Hermit, is it too soon? I have got just

thirteen whole ones, beside several which are imperfect or undersized; but they will do for the smaller fry; they do not cover up the hook so much. Those village worms are quite too large; a shiner may make a meal off one without finding the skewer. 70

Herm. Well, then, let's be off. Shall we to the Concord? There's good sport there if the water be not too high.

Why do precisely these objects which we behold make a world? Why has man just these species of animals for his neighbors; as if nothing but a mouse could have filled this crevice? I suspect that Pilpay & Co. have put animals to their best use, for they are all beasts of burden, in a sense, made to carry some portion of our thoughts. 75

The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor, and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bo-peep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away. 85 90 95

A phoebe soon built in my shed, and a robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house. In June the part-ridge, (*Tetrao umbellus*,) which is so shy a bird, led her 100

brood past my windows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behavior proving herself the hen of the woods.

105 The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveller has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whir of the old bird as she flew off, and her

110 anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighborhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a dishabille, that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of creature it is. The young squat still and flat,

115 often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. I have held them in

120 my open hand at such a time, and still their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling. So perfect is this instinct, that once, when I had laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in

125 exactly the same position ten minutes afterward. They are not callow like the young of most birds, but more perfectly developed and precocious even than chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in

130 them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield another such a gem. The traveller does not often look into such a limpid well. The ignorant or

135 reckless sportsman often shoots the parent at such a time, and leaves these innocents to fall a prey to some prowling beast or bird, or gradually mingle with the decaying leaves

which they so much resemble. It is said that when hatched by a hen they will directly disperse on some alarm, and so are lost, for they never hear the mother's call which gathers 140 them again. These were my hens and chickens.

It is remarkable how many creatures live wild and free though secret in the woods, and still sustain themselves in the neighborhood of towns, suspected by hunters only. How retired the otter manages to live here! He grows to be 145 four feet long, as big as a small boy, perhaps without any human being getting a glimpse of him. I formerly saw the raccoon in the woods behind where my house is built, and probably still heard their whinnering at night. Commonly I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting, 150 and ate my lunch, and read a little by a spring which was the source of a swamp and of a brook, oozing from under Brister's Hill, half a mile from my field. The approach to this was through a succession of descending grassy hollows, full of young pitch-pines, into a larger wood about the 155 swamp. There, in a very secluded and shaded spot, under a spreading white-pine, there was yet a clean firm sward to sit on. I had dug out the spring and made a well of clear gray water, where I could dip up a pailful without roiling it, and thither I went for this purpose almost every day 160 in midsummer, when the pond was warmest. Thither too the wood-cock led her brood, to probe the mud for worms, flying but a foot above them down the bank, while they ran in a troop beneath; but at last, spying me, she would leave her young and circle round and round me, nearer and nearer 165 till within four or five feet, pretending broken wings and legs, to attract my attention, and get off her young, who would already have taken up their march, with faint wiry peep, single file through the swamp, as she directed. Or I heard the peep of the young when I could not see the parent bird. 170 There too the turtle-doves sat over the spring, or fluttered from bough to bough of the soft white-pines over my head; or the red squirrel, coursing down the nearest bough, was

particularly familiar and inquisitive. You only need sit still
175 long enough in some attractive spot in the woods that all its
inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns.

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One
day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of
stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other
180 much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely
contending with one another. Having once got hold they
never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the
chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find
that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it
185 was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of
ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently
two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons
covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the
ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both
190 red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever
witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle
was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one
hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every
side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any
195 noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so
resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each
other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now
at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or
life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened
200 himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all
the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to
gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already
caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger
black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on
205 looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his
members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-
dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It
was evident that their battle-cry was Conquer or die. In the
mean while there came along a single red ant on the hill-side

of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had²¹⁰ despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his²¹⁵ Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar,—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red,—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his opera-²²⁰ tions near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they²²⁵ had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And²³⁰ certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden.²³⁵ Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why, here every ant was a Buttrick,—“Fire! for God's sake fire!”—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle²⁴⁰ they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly²⁴⁵

described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the
250 near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferers' eyes shone with ferocity such as
255 war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly
260 fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over
265 the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of
270 the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Kirby and Spence tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they
275 say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. "Æneas Sylvius," say they, "after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," adds that " 'This action was fought in the
280 pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis, an eminent lawyer, who related the

whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity.' A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christiern the Second from Sweden." The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill.

Many a village Bose, fit only to course a mud-turtle in a victualling cellar, sported his heavy quarters in the woods, without the knowledge of his master, and ineffectually smelled at old fox burrows and woodchucks' holes; led perchance by some slight cur which nimbly threaded the wood, and might still inspire a natural terror in its denizens;—now far behind his guide, barking like a canine bull toward some small squirrel which had treed itself for scrutiny, then, cantering off, bending the bushes with his weight, imagining that he is on the track of some stray member of the jerbilla family. Once I was surprised to see a cat walking along the stony shore of the pond, for they rarely wander so far from home. The surprise was mutual. Nevertheless the most domestic cat, which has lain on a rug all her days, appears quite at home in the woods, and, by her sly and stealthy behavior, proves herself more native there than the regular inhabitants. Once, when berrying, I met with a cat with young kittens in the woods, quite wild, and they all, like their mother, had their backs up and were fiercely spitting at me. A few years before I lived in the woods there was what was called a "winged cat" in one of the farm-houses in Lincoln nearest the pond, Mr. Gilian Baker's. When I called to see her in June, 1842, she was gone a-hunting in the woods, as was her wont, (I am not sure whether it was a male or female, and so use the more common pronoun,) but her mistress told me that she came into the neighborhood a little more than a year before, in April, and was finally taken into their house;

that she was of a dark brownish-gray color, with a white spot on her throat, and white feet, and had a large bushy
320 tail like a fox; that in the winter the fur grew thick and flattened out along her sides, forming strips ten or twelve inches long by two and a half wide, and under her chin like a muff, the upper side loose, the under matted like felt, and in the spring these appendages dropped off. They gave me a pair
325 of her "wings," which I keep still. There is no appearance of a membrane about them. Some thought it was part flying-squirrel or some other wild animal, which is not impossible, for, according to naturalists, prolific hybrids have been produced by the union of the marten and domestic
330 cat. This would have been the right kind of cat for me to keep, if I had kept any; for why should not a poet's cat be winged as well as his horse?

In the fall the loon (*Colymbus glacialis*) came, as usual, to moult and bathe in the pond, making the woods ring with
335 his wild laughter before I had risen. At rumor of his arrival all the Mill-dam sportsmen are on the alert, in gigs and on foot, two by two and three by three, with patent rifles and conical balls and spy-glasses. They come rustling through the woods like autumn leaves, at least ten men to one loon.
340 Some station themselves on this side of the pond, some on that, for the poor bird cannot be omnipresent; if he dive here he must come up there. But now the kind October wind rises, rustling the leaves and rippling the surface of the water, so that no loon can be heard or seen, though his foes
345 sweep the pond with spy-glasses, and make the woods resound with their discharges. The waves generously rise and dash angrily, taking sides with all waterfowl, and our sportsmen must beat a retreat to town and shop and unfinished jobs. But they were too often successful. When I
350 went to get a pail of water early in the morning I frequently saw this stately bird sailing out of my cove within a few rods. If I endeavored to overtake him in a boat, in order to see how he would manœuvre, he would dive and be completely

lost, so that I did not discover him again, sometimes, till the latter part of the day. But I was more than a match for him 355 on the surface. He commonly went off in a rain.

As I was paddling along the north shore one very calm October afternoon, for such days especially they settle on to the lakes, like the milkweed down, having looked in vain over the pond for a loon, suddenly one, sailing out from the 360 shore toward the middle a few rods in front of me, set up his wild laugh and betrayed himself. I pursued with a paddle and he dived, but when he came up again I was nearer than before. He dived again, but I miscalculated the direction he would take, and we were fifty rods apart when he came 365 to the surface this time, for I had helped to widen the interval; and again he laughed long and loud, and with more reason than before. He manœuvred so cunningly that I could not get within half a dozen rods of him. Each time, when he came to the surface, turning his head this way and 370 that, he coolly surveyed the water and the land, and apparently chose his course so that he might come up where there was the widest expanse of water and at the greatest distance from the boat. It was surprising how quickly he made up his mind and put his resolve into execution. He led me at once 375 to the widest part of the pond, and could not be driven from it. While he was thinking one thing in his brain, I was endeavoring to divine his thought in mine. It was a pretty game, played on the smooth surface of the pond, a man against a loon. Suddenly your adversary's checker disap- 380 pears beneath the board, and the problem is to place yours nearest to where his will appear again. Sometimes he would come up unexpectedly on the opposite side of me, having apparently passed directly under the boat. So long-winded was he and so unwearable, that when he had 385 swum farthest he would immediately plunge again, nevertheless; and then no wit could divine where in the deep pond, beneath the smooth surface, he might be speeding his way like a fish, for he had time and ability to visit the bottom

of the pond in its deepest part. It is said that loons have been caught in the New York lakes eighty feet beneath the surface, with hooks set for trout,—though Walden is deeper than that. How surprised must the fishes be to see this un-
gainly visitor from another sphere speeding his way amid
their schools! Yet he appeared to know his course as surely
under water as on the surface, and swam much faster there. Once or twice I saw a ripple where he approached the surface, just put his head out to reconnoitre, and instantly dived again. I found that it was as well for me to rest on my
oars and wait his reappearing as to endeavor to calculate where he would rise; for again and again, when I was straining my eyes over the surface one way, I would suddenly be startled by his unearthly laugh behind me. But why, after displaying so much cunning, did he invariably betray himself
the moment he came up by that loud laugh? Did not his white breast enough betray him? He was indeed a silly loon, I thought. I could commonly hear the splash of the water when he came up, and so also detected him. But after an hour he seemed as fresh as ever, dived as willingly,
and swam yet farther than at first. It was surprising to see how serenely he sailed off with unruffled breast when he came to the surface, doing all the work with his webbed feet beneath. His usual note was this demoniac laughter, yet somewhat like that of a water-fowl; but occasionally, when he
had balked me most successfully and come up a long way off, he uttered a long-drawn unearthly howl, probably more like that of a wolf than any bird; as when a beast puts his muzzle to the ground and deliberately howls. This was his looning, —perhaps the wildest sound that is ever heard here, making
the woods ring far and wide. I concluded that he laughed in derision of my efforts, confident of his own resources. Though the sky was by this time overcast, the pond was so smooth that I could see where he broke the surface when I did not hear him. His white breast, the stillness of the air,
and the smoothness of the water were all against him. At

length, having come up fifty rods off, he uttered one of those prolonged howls, as if calling on the god of loons to aid him, and immediately there came a wind from the east and rippled the surface, and filled the whole air with misty rain, and I was impressed as if it were the prayer of the loon ⁴³⁰ answered, and his god was angry with me; and so I left him disappearing far away on the tumultuous surface.

For hours, in fall days, I watched the ducks cunningly tack and veer and hold the middle of the pond, far from the sportsman; tricks which they will have less need to practise ⁴³⁵ in Louisiana bayous. When compelled to rise they would sometimes circle round and round and over the pond at a considerable height, from which they could easily see to other ponds and the river, like black motes in the sky; and, when I thought they had gone off thither long since, they ⁴⁴⁰ would settle down by a slanting flight of a quarter of a mile on to a distant part which was left free; but what beside safety they got by sailing in the middle of Walden I do not know, unless they love its water for the same reason that I do.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

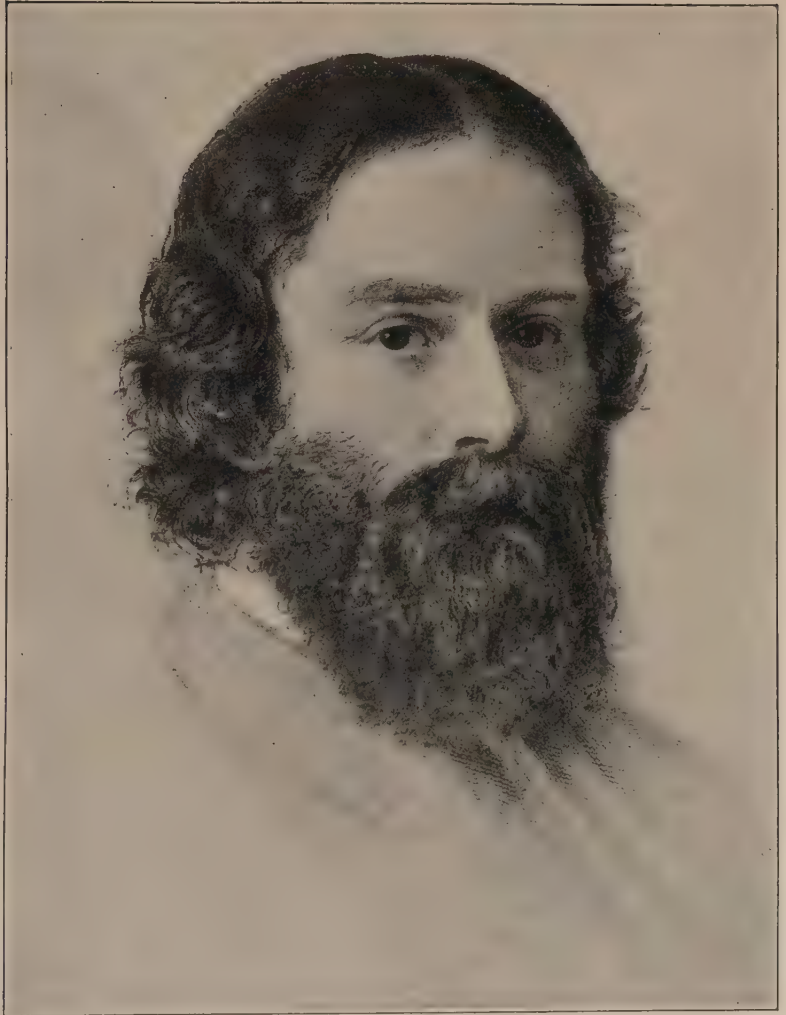
1819-1891

James Russell Lowell is usually designated as our Representative Man of Letters. His versatility and originality, his successful productions not in one but in many types of literature, and his characteristic literary attitude even in his moral and political efforts and in his diplomatic and other public services, justly entitle him to this designation.

Lowell was born February 22, 1819, at "Elmwood," another famous old Cambridge house not far from Longfellow's home, "Craigie House." The old Puritan family of Lowells belonged to what Holmes called "the Brahmins of New England." One member of this family founded the city of Lowell and was among the first to introduce the manufacture of cotton into this country; another endowed "Lowell Institute" in Boston; and his own father, Reverend Charles Lowell, was a noted pastor of a Congregational church in Boston. It was from his mother, Harriet Spence, however, that Lowell inherited his poetic instincts. She claimed to be descended from the famous old Scotch sea captain, Sir Patrick Spence, of ballad fame.

In his youth Lowell was surrounded by the best cultural influences, and he read deeply in his father's excellent library. He was an imaginative child, often confessing to have seen visions in his youth, and to have been constantly accompanied by the medieval characters with whom he had become acquainted by reading Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and other imaginative poems and romances. He was deeply religious, too. Mr. Ferris Greenslet, his latest biographer, says that the two significant influences of the poet's early life were "his love for the outdoor world at Elmwood, and his equally strong love for the indoor world of literature." Mr. Greenslet also makes much of the mystical element in Lowell's nature.

It was but natural for Lowell to go to Harvard when he was ready to enter college, for his father had graduated there before him, and all his native and local inclinations led him to that institution. He did not make a good record, for he read everything, he says, but those books which would have



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

advanced his academic standing. He was one of the cleverest wits in his class, however, and like Emerson and Holmes, he was chosen class poet. Just two weeks before he was graduated, the authorities of the college rusticated him as a punishment for his continued neglect of his academic duties. He spent two rather dreary weeks at Concord, and in spite of the facts that he met Emerson and Thoreau here and had time to compose and polish up his class poem, he confessed to a lifelong feeling of dislike for the famous old village. He was allowed to return to Harvard in time for graduation, but not in time to read his class poem.

Like several others of our literary men, Lowell first turned to the law for a livelihood. He took the Bachelor of Laws degree at Harvard and went so far as to enter a law office to practice. About this time (1840) he met and became engaged to Maria White, a beautiful and accomplished young woman, and her influence on him finally determined his life career. She was a great lover of poetry and a strong adherent of the cause of abolition. Lowell began now to write stirring articles for the abolition journals and attractive poems for the *Southern Literary Messenger* and other literary magazines. His first volume of verse, *A Year's Life*, came out in 1841, the most notable individual poems in it being those addressed to his prospective wife.

Encouraged by the reception of his literary efforts, Lowell decided to abandon the law and devote himself to literature. He attempted to form a literary journal, *The Pioneer*, but this venture failed after a brief career. At the end of 1843 a collected edition of his poems appeared and was received with great favor by the public. In 1844, with the success of this volume and the additional income from his contributions to the magazines and from his popular lectures, Lowell was enabled to marry. He had secured a position, too, as editorial writer for the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, a journal at one time edited by Whittier. His fame grew, and he gradually became one of the leading literary men of his time. He was continually flashing forth with some fiery lyric on topics of the day, or quietly publishing some exquisite personal or nature poem. For example, in 1844, during the heated discussion of the slavery question in connection with the admission of Texas to the Union, he produced "The Present Crisis," a stirring ode written in the long trochaic meter of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall." It caught the public ear

and was used many times in addresses by men of national fame during the long period of discussion preceding the Civil War. In spite of its topical character, it contains some fine thoughts and notable passages, such as,

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;"

"Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own;"

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient Good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth."

This betrays the moralist and the Puritan in Lowell's nature, but in spite of its preaching tone and the local or circumscribed theme, the noble sincerity and fiery passion of the poem lift it clearly into the realm of art.

The year 1848 has been called Lowell's *annus mirabilis*, or year of wonders. Besides many essays and fugitive poems, he published during this year a new volume of poems, chiefly lyrical, the famous *Biglow Papers*, First Series, the clever satire "A Fable for Critics," and chief of all "The Vision of Sir Launfal." The *Biglow Papers* were cast in the homely New England dialect, and for shrewdness, Yankee common-sense, sparkling wit, and keen political satire, we have nothing in our literature to compare with the combined First Series (1848), dealing with the Mexican War, and the Second Series (1866), dealing with the Civil War. These pieces, begun in a spirit of humor as a light newspaper contribution to the political discussion of the time, brought Lowell national and even international fame, and placed him securely in the first rank of American humorists. They are composed partly in prose and partly in verse, and purport to be mainly poetical productions of Hosea Biglow of Jaalam, with introductory letters mainly by Parson Homer Wilbur. The poems were copied and quoted widely, and some of them, notably "What Mr. Robinson Thinks," became almost as popular as a byword during the period immediately following their appearance. Of course dialect poems of this character, being chiefly satirical and largely made up of local allusions and topical material, cannot be expected to retain popular favor for many decades; but so sprightly is the humor, so original and fresh the conception

of both character and incident, and so permanent the underlying moral truth, that the *Biglow Papers* will always retain a fresh interest for students of our native language and literature. And at least one poem, "The Courtin'," produced not as an integral part of the *Biglow Papers* but under the same impulse, is destined, because of its more human and universal appeal, to retain its place much longer in popular esteem as a standard humorous lyric.

It is needless to speak of "A Fable for Critics" and "The Vision of Sir Launfal" here, since both these are more fully treated in the notes to this volume; but we cannot pass without saying that each of these is supreme of its kind. The first is a literary satire, full of racy humor and keen criticism; the second is a narrative poem in ode form, usually considered the masterpiece of Lowell's poetic genius.

Among the later poems by Lowell the "Commemoration Ode," read in 1865 at the Harvard services in commemoration of her sons who fell in the Civil War, is the most notable. The tribute to Lincoln beginning "And such was he, our Martyr Chief," and the magnificent patriotic conclusion beginning "O Beautiful! my Country!" have been singled out by discerning critics as the high-water mark not only of Lowell's poetry, but of America's. "Under the Willows" (1868), "The Cathedral" (1869), "Agassiz" (1876), and "Under the Old Elm" (1875) are also worthy of special mention among Lowell's longer and more serious poems. The last named poem celebrates the Old Elm under which Washington took command of the Revolutionary Army, and contains a notable tribute to the great soldier and statesman.

In 1856 Lowell, who had already for some years been lecturing on literature at Lowell Institute in Boston, succeeded Longfellow in the Smith Professorship of Spanish and Italian at Harvard. He held this position for seventeen years and earned the distinction of being a most charming and inspiring lecturer. He had a sort of conversational style of teaching which his pupils said was delightful. In fact, Lowell was a remarkable conversationalist and letter-writer all his life. It is said that he was the finest talker not only in America but in England during his time, and his two volumes of *Letters* edited by his friend Charles Eliot Norton are charming in every respect. It was in this year that Lowell, his first wife having been dead several years, married Miss Frances Dunlap, a beautiful young

woman of excellent family who was at this time the governess of his daughter. It was in this year, too, that the *Atlantic Monthly* was founded with Lowell as its first editor. With the assistance of the principal literary men of New England, Lowell made of this journal what it has since continued to be, — our chief literary magazine. Later (1863) he became editorially connected with the *North American Review*.

During these years Lowell's fame as an essayist and critic was continually growing. His collected volumes of prose include *Fireside Travels* (1864), *Among My Books*, First and Second Series (1870, 1876), *My Study Windows* (1871), *Democracy and Other Addresses* (1886), and *Latest Literary Essays and Addresses* (1892). These works unquestionably place Lowell first among our critical essayists. With his keen insight, fine literary judgment and taste, exuberant humor, and scintillating wit, he makes subjects ordinarily dry and uninteresting exceedingly entertaining and enlightening. He has something fresh and new to say even when he treats familiar subjects like Shakespeare, Spenser, Chaucer, Dryden. The best of his outdoor essays are "My Garden Acquaintance" and "A Good Word for Winter"; and his address on "Democracy," delivered at Birmingham, England, in 1884, is a notable analysis of our national ideals. All Lowell's essays, however, are full of subtleties, minute literary allusions, and fanciful and humorous touches, hence are rather difficult for young readers.

In 1877 Lowell was appointed foreign minister at Madrid, and in 1880 he was promoted to be minister to England, the most distinguished post in our foreign diplomatic service. It is said that he was up to this time the most popular ambassador America had sent to the Court of Saint James. He was called on for all sorts of addresses, and many honors were heaped upon him. He returned to America in 1885, and though his life was now saddened by the loss of his second wife, he continued to write until his death in 1891. He was buried near Longfellow in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, almost within sight of the old family home in which he was born.

(The standard life of Lowell is that by Horace E. Scudder in two volumes; Ferris Greenslet's life is a delightful shorter study; and *The Letters*, edited by Charles E. Norton in two volumes, give a still more intimate knowledge of the poet's literary and personal connections.)

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PART FIRST

PRELUDE

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb, and know it not;
Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,

Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking:

'T is heaven alone that is given away,

80 'T is only God may be had for the asking;
There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

35 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

40 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, grasping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

45 The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

50 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

55 He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbed away

Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,

60 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God so wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,

65

70

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;

75

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,

80

Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'T is the natural way of living:

85

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,

90

And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,

Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

What wonder if Sir Launfal now

Remembered the keeping of his vow?

95

PART FIRST

I

“My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
100 Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
105 Ere day create the world anew.”
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
110 In the pool drownd the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
115 Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'T was the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
120 But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
125 Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight, 130
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf, 135
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree, 140
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up 145
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came, 150
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature, 155
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:

160 "Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door,
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold

165 Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,

That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—

170 The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PART SECOND

PRELUDE

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,

175 From the snow five thousand summers old;

On open wold and hill-top bleak

It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere

180 From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;

185 Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt

190 Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,

Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through,
and here

195

He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

200

205

210

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

215

220

225 (But the wind without was eager and sharp,
 Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
 And rattles and wrings
 The icy strings,
 Singing, in dreary monotone,
 230 A Christmas carol of its own,
 Whose burden still, as he might guess,
 Was—"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
 As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
 235 And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
 The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
 Through the window-slits of the castle old,
 Build out its piers of ruddy light
 Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND

I

240 There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
 The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
 The river was dumb and could not speak,
 For the frost's swift shuttles its shroud had spun;
 A single crow on the tree-top bleak
 245 From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
 Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold.
 As if her veins were sapless and old,
 And she rose up decrepitley
 For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

250 Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
 For another heir in his earldom sate;
 An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
 He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
 Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
 255 No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,

But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas time; 260
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small, 265
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade, 270
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms";—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees naught save the grewsome-thing, 275
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
That cowered beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said,—“I behold in thee 280
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side: 285

Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
290 Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he caged his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
295 He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'T was water out of a wooden bowl,—
300 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed.
And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
305 But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

310 His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
315 "Lo, it is I, be not afraid!

In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,— this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broker for thee, 820
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare; 825
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon:—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall, 830
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

X

The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall 835
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise, 840
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command; 845
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

THE COURTIN'

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

5 Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldry all alone,
 'ith no one nigh to hender.

10 A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

15 The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

20 Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
'The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

25 'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
 On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clear grit an' human natur'; 30
None could n't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells— 35
All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il. 40

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer, 45
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seemed to've gut a new soul, 50
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew 55
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle.

His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

60

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him funder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

83

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal no I come dasignin'"—
"To see my Ma? She is sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

70

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

75

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

80

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
Says she, "Think likely, Mister";
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

85

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

90

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

95

A FABLE FOR CRITICS

"There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on,
Whose prose is grand verse, while his verse, the Lord knows,
Is some of it pr— No, 't is not even prose;
I'm speaking of metres; some poems have welled
From those rare depths of soul that have ne'er been excelled;
They're not epics, but that does n't matter a pin,
In creating, the only hard thing's to begin;
A grass-blade's no easier to make than an oak;
If you've once found the way, you've achieved the grand
stroke;

5

In the worst of his poems are mines of rich matter,
But thrown in a heap with a crush and a clatter;
Now it is not one thing nor another alone
Makes a poem, but rather the general tone,
The something pervading, uniting the whole,
The before unconceived, unconceivable soul,
So that just in removing this trifle or that, you
Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the statue;
Roots, wood, bark, and leaves singly perfect may be,
But, clapt hodge-podge together, they don't make a tree.

15

20

"But, to come back to Emerson (whom, by the way,
I believe we left waiting),—his is, we may say,

- A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
 Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange;
 25 He seems, to my thinking (although I'm afraid
 The comparison must, long ere this, have been made),
 A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian's gold mist
 And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-by-jowl coexist;
 All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got
 30 To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;
 For though he builds glorious temples, 't is odd
 He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
 'T is refreshing to old-fashioned people like me
 To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
 35 In whose mind all creation is duly respected
 As parts of himself—just a little projected;
 And who's willing to worship the stars and the sun,
 A convert to—nothing but Emerson.
 So perfect a balance there is in his head,
 40 That he talks of things sometimes as if they were dead;
 Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of that sort,
 He looks at as merely ideas; in short,
 As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet,
 Of such vast extent that our earth's a mere dab in it;
 45 Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her,
 Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine parts pure lecturer;
 You are filled with delight at his clear demonstration.
 Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the occasion,
 With the quiet precision of science he'll sort 'em
 50 But you can't help suspecting the whole a *post mortem*. . . .

- "There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
 As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignifed,
 Save when by reflection 't is kindled o' nights
 With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
 55 He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation
 (There's no doubt that he stands in supreme ice-olation),

Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
 But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on,—
 He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on:
 Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em, 60
 But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm;
 If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
 Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

“He is very nice reading in summer, but *inter*
Nos, we don't want *extra* freezing in winter; 65
 Take him up in the depth of July, my advice is,
 When you feel an Egyptian devotion to ices.
 But, deduct all you can, there's enough that's right good
 in him,
 He has a true soul for field, river, and wood in him;
 And his heart, in the midst of brick walls, or where'er it is, 70
 Glows, softens, and thrills with the tenderest charities—
 To you mortals that delve in this trade-ridden planet?
 No, to old Berkshire's hills, with their limestone and granite.
 If you're one who *in loco* (add *foco* here) *desipis*,
 You will get of his outermost heart (as I guess) a piece; 75
 But you'd get deeper down if you came as a precipice,
 And would break the last seal of its inwardest fountain.
 If you only could palm yourself off for a mountain.
 Mr. Quivis, or somebody quite as discerning,
 Some scholar who's hourly expecting his learning, 80
 Calls B. the American Wordsworth; but Wordsworth
 May be rated at more than your whole tuneful herd's worth.
 No, don't be absurd, he's an excellent Bryant;
 But, my friends, you'll endanger the life of your client,
 By attempting to stretch him up into a giant: 85

“But, my dear little bardlings, don't prick up your ears
 Nor suppose I would rank you and Bryant as peers;
 If I call him an iceberg, I don't mean to say
 There is nothing in that which is grand in its way;

- 90 He is almost the one of your poets that knows
How much grace, strength, and dignity lie in Repose;
If he sometimes fall short, he is too wise to mar
His thought's modest fulness by going too far;
'T would be well if your authors should all make a trial
95 Of what virtue there is in severe self-denial,
And measure their writings by Hesiod's staff,
Which teaches that all has less value than half.

- "There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart
Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart,
100 And reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect,
Underneath the bemummying wrappers of sect;
There was ne'er a man born who had more of the swing
Of the true lyric bard and all that kind of thing;
And his failures arise (though he seem not to know it)
105 From the very same cause that has made him a poet,—
A fervor of mind which knows no separation
'Twixt simple excitement and pure inspiration,
As my Pythoness erst sometimes erred from not knowing
If 't were I or mere wind through her tripod was blowing;
110 Let his mind once get head in its favorite direction
And the torrent of verse bursts the dams of reflection,
While, borne with the rush of the metre along,
The poet may chance to go right or go wrong,
Content with the whirl and delirium of song;
115 Then his grammar's not always correct, nor his rhymes,
And he's prone to repeat his own lyrics sometimes,
Not his best, though, for those are struck off at white-heats
When the heart in his breast like a trip-hammer beats,
And can ne'er be repeated again any more
120 Than they could have been carefully plotted before:
Like old what's-his-name there at the battle of Hastings
(Who, however, gave more than mere rhythmical bastings),
Our Quaker leads off metaphorical fights

For reform and whatever they call human rights,
 Both singing and striking in front of the war, 125
 And hitting his foes with the mallet of Thor;
Anne haec, one exclaims, on beholding his knocks,
Vestis filii tui, O leather-clad Fox?
 Can that be thy son, in the battle's mid din,
 Preaching brotherly love and then driving it in 130
 To the brain of the tough old Goliath of sin,
 With the smoothest of pebbles from Castaly's spring
 Impressed on his hard moral sense with a sling?

"All honor and praise to the right-hearted bard
 Who was true to The Voice when such service was hard, 135
 Who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave
 When to look but a protest in silence was brave;
 All honor and praise to the women and men
 Who spoke out for the dumb and the down-trodden then!

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare 140
 That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;
 A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
 So earnest, so graceful, so lithe and so fleet,
 Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet;
 'T is as if a rough oak that for ages had stood, 145
 With his gnarled bony branches like ribs of the wood,
 Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe,
 With a single anemone trembly and rathe;
 His strength is so tender, his wildness so meek,
 That a suitable parallel sets one to seek,— 150
 He's a John Bunyan Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck;
 When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted
 For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,
 So, to fill out her model, a little she spared
 From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared, 155
 And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
 For making him fully and perfectly man.

- “Here’s Cooper, who’s written six volumes to show
He’s as good as a lord: well, let’s grant that he’s so;
160 If a person prefer that description of praise,
Why, a coronet’s certainly cheaper than bays;
But he need take no pains to convince us he’s not
(As his enemies say) the American Scott.
Choose any twelve men, and let C. read aloud
165 That one of his novels of which he’s most proud,
And I’d lay any bet that, without ever quitting
Their box, they’d be all, to a man, for acquitting.
He has drawn you one character, though, that is new,
One wildflower he’s plucked that is wet with the dew
170 Of this fresh Western world, and, the thing not to mince,
He has done naught but copy it ill ever since;
His Indians, with proper respect be it said,
Are just Natty Bumppo, daubed over with red,
And his very Long Toms are the same useful Nat,
175 Rigged up in duck pants and a sou’wester hat
(Though once in a Coffin, a good chance was found
To have slipped the old fellow away underground).
All his other men-figures are clothes upon sticks,
The *dernière chemise* of a man in a fix
180 (As a captain besieged, when his garrison’s small,
Sets up caps upon poles to be seen o’er the wall);
And the women he draws from one model don’t vary,
All sappy as maples and flat as a prairie.
When a character’s wanted, he goes to the task
185 As a cooper would do in composing a cask;
He picks out the staves, of their qualities heedful,
Just hoops them together as tight as is needful,
And, if the best fortune should crown the attempt, he
Has made at the most something wooden and empty.
- 190 “Don’t suppose I would underrate Cooper’s abilities;
If I thought you’d do that, I should feel very ill at ease;
The men who have given to *one* character life

And objective existence are not very rife;
 You may number them all, both prose-writers and singers,
 Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers, 195
 And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker
 Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar. . . .

"There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
 Three fifths of him genius and two fifths sheer fudge,
 Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters, 200
 In a way to make people of common sense damn metres,
 Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
 But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind,
 Who—But hey-day! What's this? Messieurs Mathews
 and Poe,
 You must n't fling mud-balls at Longfellow so, 205
 Does it make a man worse that his character's such
 As to make his friends love him (as you think) too much?
 Why, there is not a bard at this moment alive
 More willing than he that his fellows should thrive;
 While you are abusing him thus, even now 210
 He would help either one of you out of a slough;
 You may say that he's smooth and all that till you're hoarse,
 But remember that elegance also is force;
 After polishing granite as much as you will,
 The heart keeps its tough old persistency still; 215
 Deduct all you can, *that* still keeps you at bay;
 Why, he'll live till men weary of Collins and Gray.
 I'm not over-fond of Greek metres in English,
 To me rhyme's a gain, so it be not too jinglish,
 And your modern hexameter verses are no more 220
 Like Greek ones than sleek Mr. Pope is like Homer;
 As the roar of the sea to the coo of a pigeon is,
 So, compared to your moderns, sounds old Melesigenes;
 I may be too partial, the reason, perhaps, o't is
 That I've heard the old blind man recite his own rhapsodies, 225
 And my ear with that music impregnate may be,

Like the poor exiled shell with the soul of the sea,
Or as one can't bear Strauss when his nature is cloven
To its deeps within deeps by the stroke of Beethoven;
230 But, set that aside, and 't is truth that I speak,
Had Theocritus written in English, not Greek,
I believe that his exquisite sense would scarce change a
line

In that rare, tender, virgin-like pastoral Evangeline.
That's not ancient nor modern, its place is apart
235 Where time has no sway, in the realm of pure Art,
'T is a shrine of retreat from Earth's hubbub and strife
As quiet and chaste as the author's own life. . . .

"What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine
brain,

You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
240 And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;
Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,—
I sha'n't run directly against my own preaching,
And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,
245 Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel,—
To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
250 Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain,
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
255 From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green
leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee,—just Irving. . . .

"There's Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit
 A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from which flit
 The electrical tingles of hit after hit; 260
 In long poems 't is painful sometimes, and invites
 A thought of the way the new Telegraph writes,
 Which pricks down its little sharp sentences spitefully
 As if you got more than you'd title to rightfully,
 And you find yourself hoping its wild father Lightning 265
 Would flame in for a second and give you a fright'ning.
 He has perfect sway of what *I* call a sham metre,
 But many admire it, the English pentameter,
 And Campbell, I think, wrote most commonly worse,
 With less nerve, swing, and fire in the same kind of verse, 270
 Nor e'er achieved aught in't so worthy of praise
 As the tribute of Holmes to the grand *Marseillaise*.
 You went crazy last year over Bulwer's New Timon;—
 Why, if B., to the day of his dying, should rhyme on,
 Heaping verses on verses and tomes upon tomes, 275
 He could ne'er reach the best point and vigor of Holmes.
 His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
 Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satiric
 In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes
 That are trodden upon are your own or your foes'. 280

"There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
 With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme,
 He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
 But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders,
 The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching 285
 Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;
 His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
 But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
 And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
 At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem." 290

"OUR LITERATURE"

RESPONSE TO A TOAST AT THE BANQUET IN NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1889, GIVEN IN COMMEMORATION OF THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION.

A needful frugality, benignant alike to both the participants in human utterance, has limited the allowance of each speaker this evening to ten minutes. Cut in thicker slices, our little loaf of time would not suffice for all. This seems a
5 meagre ration, but if we give to our life the Psalmist's measure of seventy years, and bear in mind the population of the globe, a little ciphering will show that no single man and brother is entitled even to so large a share of our attention as this. Moreover, how few are the men in any gener-
10 ation who could not deliver the message with which their good or evil genius has charged them in less than the sixth part of an hour.

On an occasion like this, a speaker lies more than usually open to the temptation of seeking the acceptable rather than
15 the judicial word. And yet it is inevitable that public anniversaries, like those of private persons, should suggest self-criticism as well as self-satisfaction. I shall not listen for such suggestions, though I may not altogether conceal that I am conscious of them. I am to speak for literature, and of
20 our own as forming now a recognized part of it. This is not the place for critical balancing of what we have done or left undone in this field. An exaggerated estimate and, that indiscriminateness of praise which implies a fear to speak the truth, would be unworthy of myself or of you. I might
25 indeed read over a list of names now, alas, carved on headstones, since it would be invidious to speak of the living. But the list would be short, and I could call few of the names great as the impartial years measure greatness. I shall prefer to assume that American literature was not worth
30 speaking for at all if it were not quite able to speak for itself, as all others are expected to do.

I think this a commemoration in which it is peculiarly

fitting that literature should take part. For we are celebrating to-day our true birthday as a nation, the day when our consciousness of wider interests and larger possibilities began. All that went before was birth-throes. The day also recalls us to a sense of something to which we are too indifferent. I mean that historic continuity, which, as a factor in moulding national individuality, is not only powerful in itself, but cumulative in its operation. In one of these literature finds the soil, and in the other the climate, it needs. Without the stimulus of a national consciousness, no literature could have come into being; under the conditions in which we then were, none that was not parasitic and dependent. Without the continuity which slowly incorporates that consciousness in the general life and thought, no literature could have acquired strength to detach itself and begin a life of its own. And here another thought suggested by the day comes to my mind. Since that precious and persuasive quality, style, may be exemplified as truly in a life as in a work of art, may not the character of the great man whose memory decorates this and all our days, in its dignity, its strength, its calm of passion restrained, its inviolable reserves, furnish a lesson which our literature may study to great advantage? And not our literature alone.

Scarcely had we become a nation when the only part of the Old World whose language we understood began to ask in various tones of despondency where was our literature. We could not improvise Virgils or Miltons, though we made an obliging effort to do it. Failing in this, we thought the question partly unfair and wholly disagreeable. And indeed it had never been put to several nations far older than we, and to which a *vates sacer* had been longer wanting. But, perhaps it was not altogether so ill-natured as it seemed, for, after all, a nation without a literature is imperfectly represented in the parliament of mankind. It implied, therefore, in our case the obligation of an illustrious blood.

With a language in compass and variety inferior to none

that has ever been the instrument of human thought or
70 passion or sentiment, we had inherited also the forms and
precedents of a literature altogether worthy of it. But
these forms and precedents we were to adapt suddenly to
novel conditions, themselves still in solution, tentative,
formless, atom groping after atom, rather through blind
75 instinct than with conscious purpose. Why wonder if our
task proved as long as it was difficult? And it was all the
more difficult that we were tempted to free ourselves from the
form as well as from the spirit. And we had other notable
hindrances. Our reading class was small, scattered thinly
80 along the seaboard, and its wants were fully supplied from
abroad, either by importation or piracy. Communication
was tedious and costly. Our men of letters, or rather our
men with a natural impulsion to a life of letters, were few and
isolated, and I cannot recollect that isolation has produced
85 anything in literature better than monkish chronicles,
except a Latin hymn or two, and one precious book, the
treasure of bruised spirits. Criticism there was none, and
what assumed its function was half provincial self-conceit,
half patriotic resolve to find swans in birds of quite another
90 species. Above all, we had no capital toward which all the
streams of moral and intellectual energy might converge to
fill a reservoir on which all could draw. There were many
careers open to ambition, all of them more tempting and
more gainful than the making of books. Our people were of
95 necessity largely intent on material ends, and our accessions
from Europe tended to increase this predisposition. Con-
sidering all these things, it is a wonder that in these hundred
years we should have produced any literature at all; a still
greater wonder that we have produced so much of which we
100 may be honestly proud. Its English descent is and must
always be manifest, but it is ever more and more informed
with a new spirit, more and more trustful in the guidance
of its own thought. But if we would have it become all
that we would have it be, we must beware of judging it by a

comparison with its own unripe self alone. We must not ¹⁰⁶
 coddle it into weakness or wilfulness by over-indulgence.
 It would be more profitable to think that we have as yet no
 literature in the highest sense than to insist that what we
 have should be judged by other than admitted standards,
 merely because it is ours. In these art matches we must ¹¹⁰
 not only expect but rejoice to be pitted against the doughtiest
 wrestlers, and the lightest-footed runners of all countries
 and of all times.

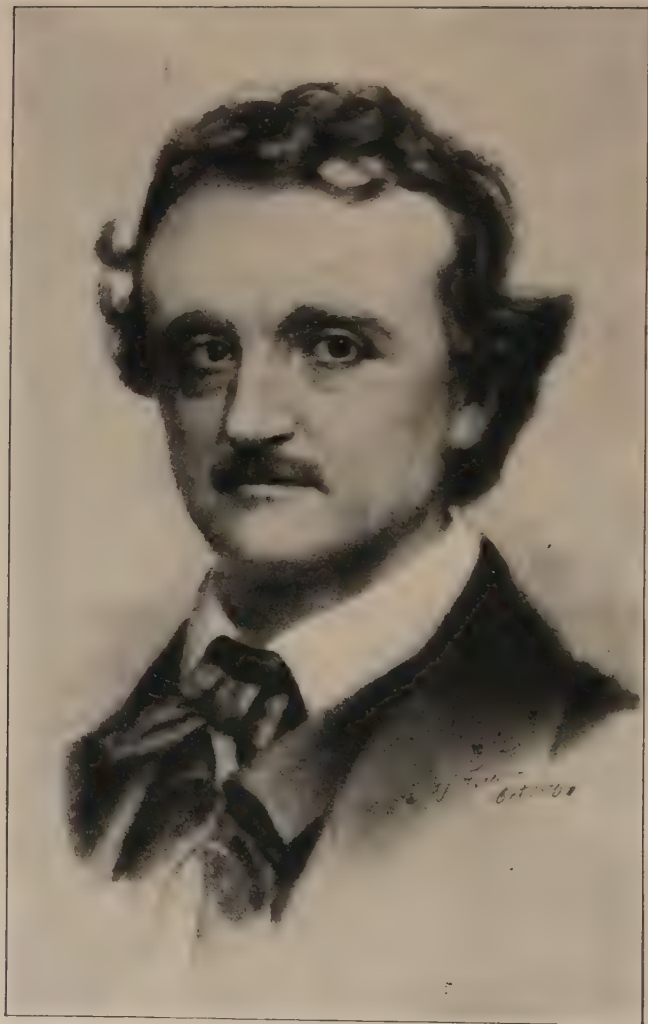
Literature has been put somewhat low on the list of toasts,
 doubtless in deference to necessity of arrangement, put per- ¹¹⁵
 haps the place assigned to it here may be taken as roughly
 indicating that which it occupies in the general estimation.
 And yet I venture to claim for it an influence, whether for
 good or evil, more durable and more widely operative than
 that exerted by any other form in which human genius has ¹²⁰
 found expression. As the special distinction of man is
 speech, it should seem that there can be no higher achieve-
 ment of civilized men, no proof more conclusive that they
 are civilized men, than the power of moulding words into
 such fair and noble forms as shall people the human mind ¹²⁵
 forever with images that refine, console, and inspire. It is
 no vain superstition that has made the name of Homer sacred
 to all who love a bewitchingly simple and yet ideal picture
 of our human life in its doing and its suffering. And there
 are books which have kept alive and transmitted the spark ¹³⁰
 of soul that has resuscitated nations. It is an old wives'
 tale that Virgil was a great magician, yet in that tale
 survives a witness of the influence which made him, through
 Dante, a main factor in the revival of Italy after the one had
 been eighteen and the other five centuries in their graves. ¹³⁵

I am not insensible to the wonder and exhilaration of a
 material growth without example in rapidity and expansion,
 but I am also not insensitive to the grave perils latent in any
 civilization which allows its chief energies and interests to
 be wholly absorbed in the pursuit of a mundane prosperity. ¹⁴⁰

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

I admire our energy, our enterprise, our inventiveness, our
145 multiplicity of resource, no man more; but it is by less visibly remunerative virtues, I persist in thinking, that nations chiefly live and feel the higher meaning of their lives. Prosperous we may be in other ways, contented with more specious successes, but that nation is a mere horde supply-
150 ing figures to the census which does not acknowledge a truer prosperity and a richer contentment in the things of the mind. Railways and telegraphs reckoned by the thousand miles are excellent things in their way, but I doubt whether it be of their poles and sleepers that the rounds are made
155 of that ladder by which men or nations scale the cliffs whose inspiring obstacle interposes itself between them and the fulfillment of their highest purpose and function.

The literature of a people should be the record of its joys and sorrows, its aspirations and its shortcomings, its wisdom
160 and its folly, the confidant of its soul. We cannot say that our own as yet suffices us, but I believe that he who stands, a hundred years hence, where I am standing now, conscious that he speaks to the most powerful and prosperous community ever devised or developed by man, will speak of our
165 literature with the assurance of one who beholds what we hope for and aspire after, become a reality and a possession forever.



*From a rare lithograph portrait made in 1859 by F. J. Fisher,
now in possession of the Westmoreland Club, Richmond, Va.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809-1849

Edgar Allan Poe, though descended on his father's side from a distinguished Maryland family, once called himself a Bostonian because he was born in the city of Boston; but he was reared in the South, and he usually designated himself as a southerner, and he is generally so regarded. His genius, however, knew no restrictions of territory; in fact, Poe is perhaps the most universally detached of all our poets. His father, David Poe, was educated for the law, but a predilection for the stage led him to join a traveling theatrical troupe before he had built up a practice. In this troupe he met Mrs. C. D. Hopkins, an actress of English extraction, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Arnold. Shortly after the death of Mr. Hopkins, who was manager of the company, David Poe married the widow. Of the three children—two boys and a girl—born to David and Elizabeth Arnold Poe, Edgar was the second son.

The life of these strolling actors was a hard one. The family was forced to travel from city to city in order to earn a livelihood which was at best precarious. It seems that the mother was depended upon to support the family, for David Poe was not a successful actor. Mrs. Poe was filling an engagement in Boston at the time of Edgar's birth, January 19, 1809. Her husband died about 1810, and in 1811 she found herself in the city of Richmond, Virginia, helpless and stricken with illness. An appeal in the Richmond newspapers brought such material relief as could be offered: but Mrs. Poe was beyond human aid, and within a few days she died. The children, thus left alone, were cared for by various persons. Edgar had attracted the attention of Mrs. John Allan, the wife of a well-to-do tobacco merchant, and he was taken into her childless home and rechristened Edgar Allan Poe.

The boy was an extremely bright and handsome child, and his precocity attracted much attention. Mr. and Mrs. Allan became devotedly attached to their ward and lavished on him all that partiality could suggest or wealth supply. In 1815 Mr. Allan moved temporarily to England,

to establish there a branch house for his firm. Edgar, who accompanied his foster parents, attended an English boarding school near London. In the story of "William Wilson" Poe gives many reminiscences of his school life there. After five years in England the Allans returned to Richmond, and Edgar was placed in a private school. In 1826 he was sent to the University of Virginia. Here he made a brilliant record in the languages and in mathematics, but he indulged in drinking and gambling and was removed from the university within a year.

Then began the period of wandering and unhappiness brought about by his perverse disposition. Mr. Allan, whose patience had already been sorely tried, took Poe into his office, feeling it would be better for the boy to earn his own living; whereupon Poe, who was now about eighteen years old, left home to seek his fortune in Boston. Here he succeeded in getting a publisher for his first slender volume of verses, *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, in 1827, but little is known of his movements during the time he was in Boston.

The next we hear of Poe, he has enlisted, under the assumed name of Edgar A. Perry, as a private in the United States Army. He remained in the army for nearly two years, being promoted to the post of sergeant major. Part of the time he was stationed at the arsenal of Fort Moultrie, on an island in Charleston Harbor. Here he gained the local color for his famous story, "The Gold Bug," written some years later. Poe now began to feel the folly of his breach with his foster parents, and on hearing that Mrs. Allan was critically ill he made application for a permit to visit Richmond, in order that he might see her before her death. A partial reconciliation followed between him and Mr. Allan, who secured Poe's release from the army, and with the aid of influential friends obtained for him an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point. But the perversity of the young man's nature again asserted itself, and in less than a year he began to tire of life at West Point. He deliberately neglected his duties until he had accumulated demerits enough to cause his dismissal.

Before he entered West Point, another edition of his poems, containing some new matter, had been published; and in 1831 still another was brought out. This volume

contained the first draft of some of Poe's most famous poems, notably "To Helen" and "Israfel."

Mr. Allan had married again by this time, and Poe, finding that he had no longer any hope of a reconciliation with his foster parent, now turned to his father's relatives for help and sympathy. He made various attempts to secure employment, but was unsuccessful. In 1833 he won with his "MS. Found in a Bottle" the hundred-dollar prize offered by the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor* for the best short story submitted. Poe sent in several stories and poems, and won two prizes, the second being fifty dollars for the best poem; but the judges refused to give both prizes to one competitor.

It was at this period of his life that Poe's love for his cousin, Virginia Clemm, sprang up. She was a beautiful girl twelve or thirteen years of age at the time, and Poe desired even then to make her his wife. In 1835, when he had secured regular employment as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* of Richmond, Mrs. Clemm moved to that city, and Poe and Virginia were married, the latter being then not quite fourteen years old. Poe had a fixed salary now, and his success seemed assured. His articles, stories, and poems were attracting wide notice, and the circulation of the *Messenger* was rapidly increasing. But in 1837, perhaps on account of his irregular habits, he retired from the editorship which he had so acceptably filled for a year or more.

Other editorial schemes were now tried. Poe went first to New York, then to Philadelphia, and did some literary hack work. In 1839 he obtained an editorial position on Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine*, but within a year he severed his connection with this periodical. He published in 1839 a volume of short stories called *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*. This volume brought him no money, but it broadened his fame. In 1841 he became editor of *Graham's Magazine*, and within a few months the circulation of this periodical increased from five thousand to thirty-seven thousand. Poe was now publishing some of his most original short stories, such as "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Masque of the Red Death," and others.

In 1842 the erratic editor of *Graham's Magazine* was supplanted by R. W. Griswold. The story goes that Poe disappeared for a few days, as was his peculiar custom,

and when he returned to the office he found Griswold seated in the editorial chair. Without waiting for explanations, Poe turned on his heel and left the office. He continued, however, to be a contributor to this periodical, and was on friendly terms with the owner.

Other ventures in editorial work and original schemes for founding an independent magazine occupied Poe at this time, but he seems never to have been able to put his plans into operation or to get on in the world. He gained wide fame through "The Raven," which was published in 1845, and a new edition of his verses with this poem leading in the title was issued in the fall of the same year. The next year, he took up his residence in the famous cottage at Fordham, near New York. Here he tried to make a living by his contributions to various magazines, but he was continually yielding to his taste for drink and the use of opium. His health failed, and the whole family was for a time dependent upon public charity.

In 1847 his young wife died. From this time on to the end of his life, Poe seems to have been a broken-hearted and hopeless man. Once or twice he made a real effort to throw off the terrible gloom and the distressing habits which had gained such a grip on him. His genius had not yet been exhausted, for he produced in these last years some of his most exquisite lyric poems, such as "Ulalume," "The Bells," and "Annabel Lee." He was unable to make a living, however. He tried to earn something by lecturing, but he failed to attract an audience in New York. He then went South, and here he met with more success. At Richmond his friends rallied to his support, and in a benefit lecture he realized about fifteen hundred dollars. He intended to return to New York, where Mrs. Clemm was anxiously waiting to hear from him and learn his plans, but he never reached that city. Mystery hangs about his last days. No one knows what happened to him after he left Richmond on September 30, 1849. When his friends found him three days later, he was lying unconscious in a saloon which had been used as one of the ward polling places in a city election at Baltimore. The physician who attended him, and had him taken to Washington Hospital, testified that Poe was not drunk but drugged. The theory now generally accepted is that he fell into the hands of a corrupt electioneering gang, was drugged and robbed, and then carried around

from polling place to polling place and made to vote under false names. On Sunday morning, October 7, 1849, the ill-starred poet passed quietly away.

Such was the life of the strangest and most unfortunate of all American men of letters. There are those who condemn Poe as an ingrate, a degenerate, a reprobate; but those more charitably inclined consider him an unfortunate son of genius who was unable, from his very nature, to control his actions. That he was unreliable, erratic, intemperate, his most ardent admirers will not deny. That he was dishonest, immoral, or licentious, his enemies will hesitate to affirm. That he was his own worst enemy, all will readily admit. His life is one to point a moral.

Poe's life story attracts us both because of its mystery and because of its pathos. As to his literary power, there is but one opinion. Abroad he is generally considered the greatest of American poets, and there are many in our own country who accept this judgment without question. His poetry has in it a quality of mystery and illusiveness, a peculiar beauty of harmony and rhythm, a haunting weirdness of melody, that make it a distinct and original type; his critical works, though many of them were written as mere "pot-boilers," have won consideration among scholars; he is given credit for creating the modern detective or ratiocinative story; and as a writer of tales of mystery and horror he is acknowledged to be without a peer.

For further selections from Poe, see *Southern Literary Readings*, in which we have printed and analyzed two tales, "The Gold Bug" and "The Masque of the Red Death"; four poems, "The Haunted Palace," "The Raven," "The Bells," and "Annabel Lee"; and one essay, "The Philosophy of Composition."

(There are many books and essays on Poe, but the authoritative biography is that by George E. Woodberry, published in two volumes, in 1909. An excellent brief treatment with a full Poe bibliography by Dr. Killis Campbell may be found in the *Cambridge History of American Literature*.)

REVIEW OF HAWTHORNE'S TWICE-TOLD TALES

We said a few hurried words about Mr. Hawthorne in our last number, with the design of speaking more fully in the present. We are still, however, pressed for room, and must necessarily discuss his volumes more briefly and more at random than their high merits deserve.

The book professes to be a collection of *tales*, yet is, in two respects, misnamed. These pieces are now in their third republication, and, of course, are thrice-told. Moreover, they are by no means *all* tales, either in the ordinary or in the legitimate understanding of the term. Many of them are pure essays; for example, "Sights from a Steeple," "Sunday at Home," "Little Annie's Ramble," "A Rill from the Town Pump," "The Toll-Gatherer's Day," "The Haunted Mind," "The Sister Years," "Snow-Flakes," "Night Sketches," and "Foot-Prints on the Sea-Shore." We mention these matters chiefly on account of their discrepancy with that marked precision and finish by which the body of the work is distinguished.

Of the Essays just named, we must be content to speak in brief. They are each and all beautiful, without being characterized by the polish and adaptation so visible in the tales proper. A painter would at once note their leading or predominant feature, and style it *repose*. There is no attempt at effect. All is quiet, thoughtful, subdued. Yet this repose may exist simultaneously with high originality of thought; and Mr. Hawthorne has demonstrated the fact. At every turn we meet with novel combinations; yet these combinations never surpass the limits of the quiet. We are soothed as we read; and withal is a calm astonishment that ideas so apparently obvious have never occurred or been presented to us before. Herein our author differs materially

from Lamb or Hunt or Hazlitt—who, with vivid originality of manner and expression, have less of the true novelty of thought than is generally supposed, and whose originality, at best, has an uneasy and meretricious quaintness, replete³⁵ with startling effects unfounded in nature, and inducing trains of reflection which lead to no satisfactory result. The Essays of Hawthorne have much of the character of Irving, with more of originality, and less of finish; while, compared with the Spectator, they have a vast superiority at all points.⁴⁰ The Spectator, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Hawthorne have in common that tranquil and subdued manner which we have chosen to denominate *repose*; but, in the case of the two former, this repose is attained rather by the absence of novel combination, or of originality, than otherwise, and consists chiefly in the⁴⁵ calm, quiet, unostentatious expression of commonplace thoughts, in an unambitious unadulterated Saxon. In them, by strong effort, we are made to conceive the absence of all. In the essays before us the absence of effort is too obvious to be mistaken, and a strong under-current of *sug-*⁵⁰
gestion runs continuously beneath the upper stream of the tranquil thesis. In short, these effusions of Mr. Hawthorne are the product of a truly imaginative intellect, restrained, and in some measure repressed, by fastidiousness of taste, by constitutional melancholy and by indolence.⁵⁵

But it is of his tales that we desire principally to speak. The tale proper, in our opinion, affords unquestionably the fairest field for the exercise of the loftiest talent, which can be afforded by the wide domains of mere prose. Were we bidden to say how the highest genius could be most advan-⁶⁰
tageously employed for the best display of its own powers, we should answer, without hesitation—in the composition of a rhymed poem, not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour. Within this limit alone can the highest order of true poetry exist. We need only here say, upon⁶⁵
this topic, that, in almost all classes of composition, the unity of effect or impression is a point of the greatest

importance. It is clear, moreover, that this unity cannot be thoroughly preserved in productions whose perusal cannot
 70 be completed at one sitting. We may continue the reading of a prose composition, from the very nature of prose itself, much longer than we can persevere, to any good purpose, in the perusal of a poem. This latter, if truly fulfilling the demands of the poetic sentiment, induces an exaltation of
 75 the soul which cannot be long sustained. All high excitements are necessarily transient. Thus a long poem is a paradox. And, without unity of impression, the deepest effects cannot be brought about. Epics were the offspring of an imperfect sense of Art, and their reign is no more. A
 80 poem *too* brief may produce a vivid, but never an intense or enduring impression. Without a certain continuity of effort—without a certain duration or repetition of purpose—the soul is never deeply moved. There must be the dropping of the water upon the rock. De Béranger has wrought bril-
 85 liant things—pungent and spirit-stirring—but, like all im-massive bodies, they lack *momentum*, and thus fail to satisfy the Poetic Sentiment. They sparkle and excite, but, from want of continuity, fail deeply to impress. Extreme brevity will degenerate into epigrammatism; but the sin of extreme
 90 length is even more unpardonable. *In medio tutissimus ibis.*

Were we called upon, however, to designate that class of composition which, next to such a poem as we have suggested, should best fulfil the demands of high genius—
 95 should offer it the most advantageous field of exertion—we should unhesitatingly speak of the prose tale, as Mr. Hawthorne has here exemplified it. We allude to the short prose narrative, requiring from a half-hour to one or two hours in its perusal. The ordinary novel is objectionable,
 100 from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from *totality*. Worldly interests intervening during the pauses of perusal, modify,

annul, or counteract, in a greater or less degree, the impressions of the book. But simple cessation in reading would, 105 of itself, be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fulness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or extrinsic influences—resulting from 110 weariness or interruption.

A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents 115 such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, 120 direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblem- 125 ished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem; but undue length is yet more to be avoided.

We have said that the tale has a point of superiority even over the poem. In fact, while the *rhythm* of this latter is an 130 essential aid in the development of the poem's highest idea—the idea of the Beautiful—the artificialities of this rhythm are an inseparable bar to the development of all points of thought or expression which have their basis in *Truth*. But Truth is often, and in very great degree, the aim of the 135 tale. Some of the finest tales are tales of ratiocination. Thus the field of this species of composition, if not in so elevated a region on the mountain of Mind, is a table-land of far vaster extent than the domain of the mere poem. Its

140 products are never so rich, but infinitely more numerous, and more appreciable by the mass of mankind. The writer of the prose tale, in short, may bring to his theme a vast variety of modes or inflections of thought and expression—(the ratiocinative, for example, the sarcastic or the humor-
145 ous) which are not only antagonistical to the nature of the poem, but absolutely forbidden by one of its most peculiar and indispensable adjuncts; we allude, of course, to rhythm. It may be added, here, *par parenthèse*, that the author who aims at the purely beautiful in a prose tale is laboring at
150 great disadvantage. For Beauty can be better treated in the poem. Not so with terror, or passion, or horror, or a multitude of such other points. And here it will be seen how full of prejudice are the usual animadversions against those *tales of effect*, many fine examples of which were found
155 in the earlier numbers of Blackwood. The impressions produced were wrought in a legitimate sphere of action, and constituted a legitimate although sometimes an exaggerated interest. They were relished by every man of genius: although there were found many men of genius who con-
160 demned them without just ground. The true critic will but demand that the design intended be accomplished, to the fullest extent, by the means most advantageously applicable.

We have very few American tales of real merit—we may
165 say, indeed, none, with the exception of “The Tales of a Traveller” of Washington Irving, and these “Twice-Told Tales” of Mr. Hawthorne. Some of the pieces of Mr. John Neal abound in vigor and originality; but in general, his compositions of this class are excessively diffuse, extrava-
170 gant, and indicative of an imperfect sentiment of Art. Articles at random are, now and then, met with in our periodicals which might be advantageously compared with the best effusions of the British Magazines; but, upon the whole, we are far behind our progenitors in this department
175 of literature.

Of Mr. Hawthorne's *Tales* we would say, emphatically, that they belong to the highest region of Art—an Art subservient to genius of a very lofty order. We had supposed, with good reason for so supposing, that he had been thrust into his present position by one of the impudent *180 cliques* which beset our literature, and whose pretensions it is our full purpose to expose at the earliest opportunity; but we have been most agreeably mistaken. We know of few compositions which the critic can more honestly commend than these "*Twice-Told Tales*." As Americans, we *185* feel proud of the book.

Mr. Hawthorne's distinctive trait is invention, creation, imagination, originality—a trait which, in the literature of fiction, is positively worth all the rest. But the nature of originality, so far as regards its manifestation in letters, is *190* but imperfectly understood. The inventive or original mind as frequently displays itself in novelty of *tone* as in novelty of matter. Mr. Hawthorne is original at *all* points.

It would be a matter of some difficulty to designate the best of these tales; we repeat that, without exception, they *195* are beautiful. "*Wakefield*" is remarkable for the skill with which an old idea—a well-known incident—is worked up or discussed. A man of whims conceives the purpose of quitting his wife and residing *incognito*, for twenty years, in her immediate neighborhood. Something of this kind *200* actually happened in London. The force of Mr. Hawthorne's tale lies in the analysis of the motives which must or might have impelled the husband to such folly, in the first instance, with the possible causes of his perseverance. Upon this thesis a sketch of singular power has been con- *205* structed.

"*The Wedding Knell*" is full of the boldest imagination—an imagination fully controlled by taste. The most captious critic could find no flaw in this production.

"*The Minister's Black Veil*" is a masterly composition of *210* which the sole defect is that to the rabble its exquisite skill

will be *caviare*. The *obvious* meaning of this article will be found to smother its insinuated one. The *moral* put into the mouth of the dying minister will be supposed to convey
215 the *true* import of the narrative; and that a crime of dark dye (having reference to the "young lady") has been committed, is a point which only minds congenial with that of the author will perceive.

"Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" is vividly original
220 and managed most dexterously.

"Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" is exceedingly well imagined, and executed with surpassing ability. The artist breathes in every line of it.

"The White Old Maid" is objectionable, even more than
225 the "Minister's Black Veil," on the score of its mysticism. Even with the thoughtful and analytic, there will be much trouble in penetrating its entire import.

"The Hollow of the Three Hills" we would quote in full, had we space;—not as evincing higher talent than any of the
230 other pieces, but as affording an excellent example of the author's peculiar ability. The subject is commonplace. A witch subjects the Distant and the Past to the view of a mourner. It has been the fashion to describe, in such cases, a mirror in which the images of the absent appear; or a
235 cloud of smoke is made to arise, and thence the figures are gradually unfolded. Mr. Hawthorne has wonderfully heightened his effect by making the ear, in place of the eye, the medium by which the fantasy is conveyed. The head of the mourner is enveloped in the cloak of the witch, and
240 within its magic folds there arise sounds which have an all-sufficient intelligence. Throughout this article also, the artist is conspicuous—not more in positive than in negative merits. Not only is all done that should be done, but (what perhaps is an end with more difficulty attained) there is
245 nothing done which should not be. Every word *tells*, and there is not a word which does *not* tell.

In "Howe's Masquerade" we observe something which

resembles a plagiarism—but which *may be* a very flattering coincidence of thought. We quote the passage in question.

250

"With a dark flush of wrath upon his brow they saw the general draw his sword and advance to meet the figure in the cloak before the latter had stepped on pace upon the floor.

"'Villain, unmuffle yourself,' cried he, 'you pass no farther!'

255

"The figure, without blanching a hair's breadth from the sword which was pointed at his breast, made a solemn pause, and lowered the cape of the cloak from his face, yet not sufficiently for the spectators to catch a glimpse of it. But Sir William Howe had evidently seen enough. The stern- 260
ness of his countenance gave place to a look of wild amazement, if not horror, while he recoiled several steps from the figure, and let fall his sword upon the floor."

The idea here is, that the figure in the cloak is the phantom or reduplication of Sir William Howe; but in an article called 265
"William Wilson," one of the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," we have not only the same idea, but the same idea similarly presented in several respects. We quote two paragraphs, which our readers may compare with what has been already given. We have italicized, above, the imme- 270
ate particulars of resemblance.

"The brief moment in which I averted my eyes had been sufficient to produce, apparently, a material change in the arrangement at the upper or farther end of the room. A large mirror, it appeared to me, now stood where none had 275
been perceptible before: and as I stepped up to it in extremity of terror, mine own image, but with features all pale and dabbled in blood, advanced with a feeble and tottering gait to meet me.

"Thus it appeared I say, but was not. It was Wilson, 280
who then stood before me in the agonies of dissolution. Not a line in all the marked and singular lineaments of that face which was not even identically mine own. His mask and cloak lay where he had thrown them, upon the floor."

285

Here it will be observed that, not only are the two general conceptions identical, but there are various *points* of similarity. In each case the figure seen is the wraith or duplication of the beholder. In each case the scene is a masquerade. In each case the figure is cloaked. In each, there is a quarrel—that is to say, angry words pass between the parties. In each the beholder is enraged. In each the cloak and sword fall upon the floor. The “villain, unmuffle yourself,” of Mr. H. is precisely paralleled by a passage at page 56 of “William Wilson.”

In the way of objection we have scarcely a word to say of these tales. There is, perhaps, a somewhat too general or prevalent *tone*—a tone of melancholy and mysticism. The subjects are insufficiently varied. There is not so much of *versatility* evinced as we might well be warranted in expecting from the high powers of Mr. Hawthorne. But beyond these trivial exceptions we have really none to make. The style is purity itself. Force abounds. High imagination gleams from every page. Mr. Hawthorne is a man of the truest genius. We only regret that the limits of our Magazine will not permit us to pay him that full tribute of commendation, which, under other circumstances, we should be so eager to pay.

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled—but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the

avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has ¹⁰ done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his ¹⁵ immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthu- ²⁰ siasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity to practice imposture upon the British and Austrian *millionnaires*. In painting and gemmary Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially; I was ²⁵ skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been ³⁰ drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him, that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him—"My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. ³⁵ How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival?" ⁴⁰

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

50 "As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me—"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

55 "Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi—"

60 "I have no engagement; come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are incrustured with nitre."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. 65 Amontillado! You have been imposed upon; and as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a *roquelaure* closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my 70 palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honour of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were 75 sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed 80 down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the

descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

85

"The pipe," said he.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

90

"Nitre?" he asked, at length.

"Nitre," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

95

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, 100 beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi—"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing: it will 105 not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True—true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily—but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damp."

110

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

115

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

120 "The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

125 "And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed
130 through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The nitre!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss
135 upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

140 I broke and reached him a flacon of De Grave. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the move-
145 ment—a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

150 "You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said, "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said.

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my *roquelaure*. 155

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. 160 We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame. 165

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the 170 fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed 175 to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, 180 endeavoured to pry into the depths of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi—"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he 185 stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had

190 fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much
195 astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively
200 leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

205 As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

210 I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obsti-
215 nate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the
220 clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

225 A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly

from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt ²³⁰ satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamoured. I re-echoed—I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamourer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. ²³⁵ I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low ²⁴⁰ laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognising as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

“Ha! ha! ha!—he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at ²⁴⁵ the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!”

“The Amontillado!” I said.

“He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be ²⁵⁰ gone.”

“Yes,” I said, “let us be gone.”

“*For the love of God, Montresor!*”

“Yes,” I said, “for the love of God!”

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. ²⁵⁵ I grew impatient. I called aloud—

“Fortunato!”

No answer. I called again—

“Fortunato!”

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining ²⁶⁰ aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return

only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick — on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labour. I forced the last stone into its position; I
 265 plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*

THE PURLOINED LETTER

Nil sapientiæ odiosius acumine nimio.

SENECA

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, *au troisième*, No. 33
 5 Rue Donot, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I
 10 was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when
 15 the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the
 20 man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G——'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some
 25 official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forebore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled towards him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little too plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little *too* self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused. "Oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

"And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose

the position I now hold were it known that I confided it to any one."

"Proceed," said I.

65 "Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a
70 doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of
75 certain results which would at once arise from its passing out of the robber's possession;—that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives
80 its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well; the disclosure of the document to a third
85 person who shall be nameless would bring in question the honour of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

90 "But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare"—

"The thief," said G——, "is the Minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming
95 a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in

the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After 100 a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister D—. His lynx eye immediately perceives the 105 paper, recognises the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read 110 it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but of course dared not call attention to the act, 115 in the presence of the third personage who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped; leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table.”

“Here, then,” said Dupin to me, “you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the 120 robber’s knowledge of the loser’s knowledge of the robber.”

“Yes,” replied the Prefect; “and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded for political purposes to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day of the necessity of 125 reclaiming her letter. But this of course cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me.”

“Than whom,” said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, “no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be 130 desired, or even imagined.”

“You flatter me,” replied the Prefect; “but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained.”

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is
135 still in possession of the minister; since it is this possession,
and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the
power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G——; "and upon this conviction I pro-
ceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the
140 minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in
the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond
all things, I have been warned of the danger which would
result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investi-
145 gations. The Parisian police have done this thing often
before."

"Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The
habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He
is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are
150 by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from
their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are
readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which
I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three
months a night has not passed, during the greater part of
155 which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking
the D—— Hotel. My honour is interested, and, to mention
a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon
the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief
is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have
160 investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which
it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the
letter may be in possession of the minister, as it unquestion-
ably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his
165 own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present
peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those
intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would
render the instant availability of the document—its

susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession.” 170

“Its susceptibility of being produced?” said I.

“That is to say of being *destroyed*,” said Dupin.

“True,” I observed; “the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the minister, we may consider that as out of the question.” 175

“Entirely,” said the Prefect. “He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection.”

“You might have spared yourself this trouble,” said Dupin. “D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings as a matter of course.” 180

“Not *altogether* a fool,” said G——; “but then he’s a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool.” 185

“True,” said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, “although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself.”

“Suppose you detail,” said I, “the particulars of your search.” 190

“Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room; devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police-agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a ‘secret’ drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops.” 200

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited
215 within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bedposts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient
215 wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention.
220 A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces *all* the chairs?"

225 "Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A
230 single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards
235 and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets?"

"That, of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into com-
240 partments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinised each individual square inch

throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining?" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

245

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

250

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police-officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover, with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

255

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

270

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

275

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "I am

not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hotel."

280 "I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!"—And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external, appearance of the
285 missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and
290 found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said,

"Well, but G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no
295 such thing as overreaching the minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested—but it was all labour lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked
300 Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don't like to say how much, precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I would n't mind giving my individual cheque for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter.
305 The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs
310 of his meerschaum, "I really—think, G——, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might—do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How?—in what way?"

"Why—puff, puff—you might—puff, puff—employ counsel in the matter, eh?—puff, puff, puff. Do you ³¹⁵ remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, ³²⁰ for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician as that of an imaginary individual.

" 'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would *you* have ³²⁵ directed him to take?'

" 'Take!' said Abernethy, 'why, take *advice*, to be sure.' "

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "I am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to anybody who would aid ³³⁰ me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a cheque-book, "you may as well fill me up a cheque for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter." ³³⁵

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunder-stricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he ³⁴⁰ seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a cheque for fifty thousand francs and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the ³⁴⁵ Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from

the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the cheque.

When he had gone my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labours extended."

"So far as his labours extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond question, have found it."

I merely laughed, but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case, and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are with the Prefect a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand, and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing, and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example,

an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and holding up his closed hand asks, 'are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies 'Odd,' and loses, but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'the simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second, I will therefore guess odd'; he guesses odd, and wins. Now with a simpleton a degree above the first he would have reasoned thus: 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and in the second he will propose to himself upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton, but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess even'; he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky,' what in its last analysis is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin, "and upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: 'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face as accurately as possible in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucauld, to La Bruyère, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponents depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured."

“For its practical value it depends upon this,” replied Dupin, “and the Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and secondly, by
425 ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much—
430 that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass*; but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation
435 of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency, by some extraordinary reward, they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice*, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D—— has been done to vary the principle of action?
440 What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinising with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration of *the application* of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one
445 set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect in the long routine of his duty has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg—but, at least, in *some* out-of-the-way
450 hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see also that such *recherchés* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects,
455 for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed, a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner, is in the very first instance presumable and presumed and thus

its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers, and where the case is of importance, or what amounts to the same thing in the policial eyes, when the reward is of magnitude, the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail? You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the Prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect, its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified, and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the minister is a fool because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets, this the Prefect *feels*, and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medii* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know, and both have attained reputation in letters. The minister, I believe, has written learnedly on the Differential Calculus. He is a mathematician and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet *and* mathematician he would reason well; as mere mathematician he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions, which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as the reason *par excellence*."

"*'Il y a à parier,'*" replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort, "*'que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a convenu au plus grand nombre.'*" The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. With an art

worthy a better cause, for example, they have insinuated
495 the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French
are the originators of this particular deception, but if a term
is of any importance, if words derive any value from
applicability, then 'analysis' conveys 'algebra' about as
much as, in Latin, '*ambitus*' implies 'ambition,' '*religio*'
500 'religion,' or '*homines honesti*' a set of *honourable* men."

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some
of the algebraists of Paris—but proceed."

"I dispute the availability, and thus the value of that
reason which is cultivated in any especial form other than
505 the abstractly logical. I dispute in particular the reason
educated by mathematical study. The mathematics are the
science of form and quantity, mathematical reasoning is
merely logic applied to observation upon form and quantity.
The great error lies in supposing that even the truths of
510 what is called *pure* algebra are abstract or general truths.
And this error is so egregious that I am confounded at the
universality with which it has been received. Mathe-
matical axioms are *not* axioms of general truth. What is
true of *relation*—of form and quantity—is often grossly false
515 in regard to morals, for example. In this latter science it is
very usually *untrue* that the aggregated parts are equal to
the whole. In chemistry also the axiom fails. In the
consideration of motive it fails, for two motives, each of a
given value, have not necessarily a value when united equal
520 to the sum of their values apart. There are numerous other
mathematical truths which are only truths within the
limits of *relation*. But the mathematician argues from
his *finite truths*, through habit, as if they were of an absolutely
general applicability—as the world indeed imagines them
525 to be. Bryant, in his very learned Mythology, mentions
an analogous source of error, when he says that 'although
the Pagan fables are not believed, yet we forget ourselves
continually, and make inferences from them as existing
realities.' With the algebraists; however who are Pagans

themselves, the 'Pagan fables' *are* believed, and the inferences 530
are made, not so much through lapse of memory as through
an unaccountable addling of the brains. In short, I never
yet encountered the mere mathematician who could be
trusted out of equal roots, or one who did not clandestinely
'hold it as a point of his faith that $x^2 + px$ was absolutely and 535
unconditionally equal to q . Say to one of these gentlemen,
by way of experiment, if you please, that you believe occasions
may occur where $x^2 + px$ is *not* altogether equal to q ,
and having made him understand what you mean, get out of
his reach as speedily as convenient, for beyond doubt he 540
will endeavor to knock you down.

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, while I merely laughed
at his last observations, "that if the minister had been no
more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been
under no necessity of giving me this cheque. I knew him, 545
however, as both mathematician and poet, and my measures
were adapted to his capacity, with reference to the circum-
stances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as
courtier, too, and as a bold *intrigant*. Such a man, I con-
sidered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial 550
modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—
and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—
the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have
foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises.
His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed 555
by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only
as *ruses*, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the
police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the con-
viction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive—the
conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I 560
felt, also, that the whole train of thought which I was at
some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the
invariable principle of policial action in searches for articles
concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would
necessarily pass through the mind of the minister. It 565

would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary nooks of concealment. He could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, 570 to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our 575 first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident."

"Yes," said I, "I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"The material world," continued Dupin, "abounds with 580 very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some colour of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma that metaphor or simile may be made to strengthen an argument, as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the 585 *vis inertiae*, for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent *momentum* is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is, in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more 590 constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again; have you ever noticed which of the street signs over the shop-doors are the most attractive of 595 attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state, or 600 empire—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks

to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names, but the adept selects such words as stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-largely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

“But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand* if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary’s ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

“Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

“To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of paste-board that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the minister, himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was to all appearance radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here the address, to the minister, was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided: the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor,

and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived: these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion in one who came with the intention to suspect. 675

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned as a glove, inside out, re-directed and re-sealed. I bade the minister good morning and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table. 680 685 690 695

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed quite eagerly the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a case-ment, threw it open and looked out. In the meantime I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *facsimile* (so far as regards externals), which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread. 700 705

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behaviour of a man with a musket. He had fired it

710 among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon
715 afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a *facsimile*? Would it not have been better at the first visit to have seized it openly, and departed?"

720 "D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest I might never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But
725 I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter, I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus
730 will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Avern*i, but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani
735 said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise
740 character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

"How? did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why—it did not seem altogether right to leave the
745 interior blank—that would have been insulting. D——, at

Vienna, once did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just 750 copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

‘—Un dessein si funeste,
S'il n'est digne d' Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.’

They are to be found in Crébillon's Atrée.”

TO SCIENCE

A PROLOGUE TO “AL AARAAF”

Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art,
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise, 5
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
To seek for treasure in the jeweled skies,
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood 10
To seek a shelter in some happier star?
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

10

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand!
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
 Are Holy Land!

15

ISRAFEL

And the angel Israfel, whose heartstrings are a lute, and who has
 the sweetest voice of all God's creatures. KORAN

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
 Whose heart-strings are a lute;
 None sing so wildly well
 As the angel Israfel,
 And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
 Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
 Of his voice, all mute.

5

Tottering above
 In her highest noon,
 The enamoured moon
 Blushes with love,
 While, to listen, the red levin
 (With the rapid Pleiads, even,
 Which were seven),
 Pauses in Heaven.

10

15

And they say (the starry choir
 And the other listening things)
 That Israfeli's fire
 Is owing to that lyre

By which he sits and sings, 20
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love's a grown-up God, 25
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest 30
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest:
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above 35
With thy burning measures suit:
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute:
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this 40
Is a world of sweets and sour;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell 45
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell 50
From my lyre within the sky.

ULALUME

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crispèd and sere,
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
5 Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir:
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

10 Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll,
15 As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

20 Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,
Our memories were treacherous and sere,
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year,
25 (Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber,
(Though once we had journeyed down here),
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

30 And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn,

As the star-dials hinted of morn,
 At the end of our path a liquescent
 And nebulous lustre was born,
 Out of which a miraculous crescent 35
 Arose with a duplicate horn,
 Astarte's bediamonded crescent
 Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:
 She rolls through an ether of sighs, 40
 She revels in a region of sighs:
 She has seen that the tears are not dry on
 These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
 And has come past the stars of the Lion
 To point us the path to the skies, 45
 To the Lethean peace of the skies:
 Come up, in despite of the Lion,
 To shine on us with her bright eyes:
 Come up through the lair of the Lion,
 With love in her luminous eyes." 50

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
 Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust,
 Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
 Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
 Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must." 55
 In terror she spoke, letting sink her
 Wings until they trailed in the dust;
 In agony sobbed, letting sink her
 Plumes till they trailed in the dust,
 Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust. 60

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming:
 Let us on by this tremulous light!
 Let us bathe in this crystalline light!

Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming

65

With hope and in beauty to-night:—

See,—it flickers up the sky through the night!

Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,

And be sure it will lead us aright:

We safely may trust to a gleaming

70

That cannot but guide us aright,

Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,

And tempted her out of her gloom,

And conquered her scruples and gloom;

75

And we passed to the end of the vista,

But were stopped by the door of a tomb,

By the door of a legended tomb;

And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,

On the door of this legended tomb?"

80

She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—

'T is the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober

As the leaves that were crispèd and sere,

As the leaves that were withering and sere,

85

And I cried—"It was surely October

On this very night of last year

That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,

That I brought a dread burden down here:

On this night of all nights in the year,

90

Ah, what demon has tempted me here?

Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber,

This misty mid region of Weir:

Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,

This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

ELDORADO

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

5

But he grew old,
This knight so bold,
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

10

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow;
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be,
This land of Eldorado?"

15

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,—
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

20

HENRY TIMROD

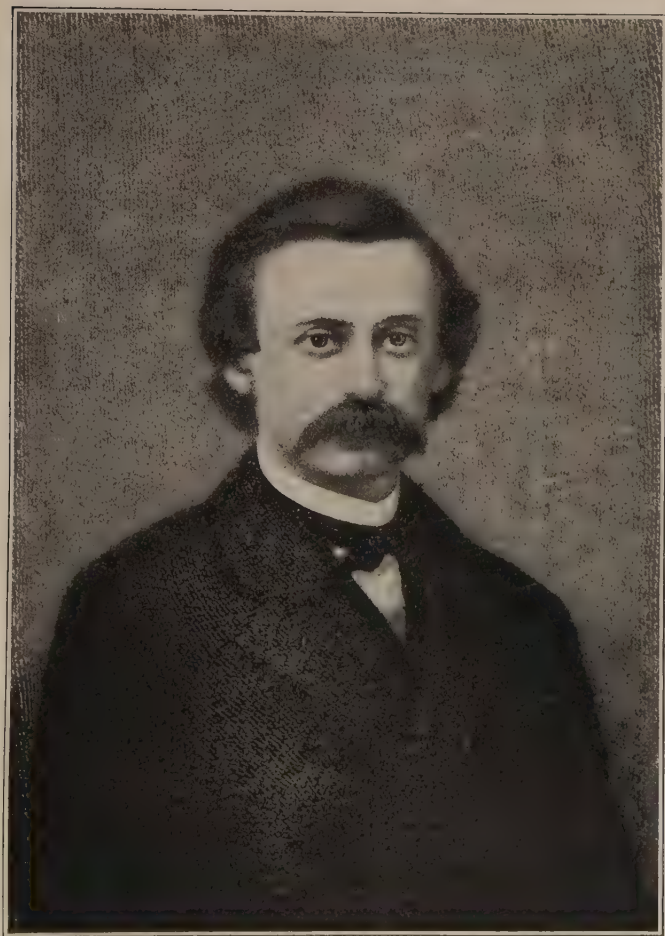
1829-1867

Time has dealt both harshly and kindly with Henry Timrod. During his life this young South Carolinian suffered perhaps more than any one of his long-suffering fellow poets of the Civil War and Reconstruction periods, but gradually his fame has expanded until now he is universally recognized as one of the four or five major poets of the South, being placed second only to Lanier and Poe. His work at times undoubtedly reaches a higher level than that of his lifelong friend, Paul Hamilton Hayne, and the actual product of his thirty-seven years of ill-starred, poverty-stricken, disease-haunted life, though but an indication of what he might have accomplished under more favorable circumstances, yet gives him the right to an honorable place among the song-crowned sons of America.

Like Paul Hayne, Henry Timrod came of an excellent family, who in Revolutionary times had settled in the aristocratic and cultured city of Charleston, South Carolina. There was less than a month's difference between the natal days of the two poets, Timrod being born on December 8, 1829, and Hayne on January 1, 1830. The boys became acquainted while attending the same private school in Charleston, where they sat together for a time and became intimate cronies.

Although Timrod is described as a shy and timid youth, slow of speech while quick to learn, he was a thoroughly likable lad, and was a general favorite among his playmates. He took an active part in all outdoor sports and games, even in fighting, and he was fond of getting away from the city to take long rambles in the woods.

When he was about seventeen years old Timrod entered the University of Georgia with bright prospects. He made a fairly good record as a student, especially in the literary and classic branches, but he spent much of his time in verse-making. His education was cut short through lack of financial means, however, and he left college without a degree. This was the first great disappointment of his life.



*From a portrait in possession of the Charleston
Library Society. Courtesy of the trustees*
HENRY TIMROD

Returning to Charleston, he entered the office of the Honorable J. L. Petigru, one of the best-known lawyers of the city, to prepare for a professional career; but he soon found law work distasteful and his preceptor uncongenial, and so he went out to earn his livelihood by tutoring in private families. Aspiring to a professorship in the classics, Timrod read diligently to prepare himself for this work. But he was born under an unlucky star, it seems, for he was always approaching very near to, but never quite realizing, his most cherished desires. He found no suitable opening for a successful teaching career, and so for about ten years he toiled on at private tutoring here and there, wherever he found work.

All this time poetry was his constant companion and consolation. He contributed both prose and verse to southern literary journals, such as *Russell's Magazine* and the *Southern Literary Messenger*. He published a small volume of poems in 1860, and as Hayne said, "a better first volume of the kind has seldom appeared anywhere." In this volume were "The Lily Confidante," "A Vision of Poesy," and other worthy efforts. The book was well received by the reviewers, but there could not have been in the whole history of our country, perhaps, a more unpropitious moment for the publication of a volume of purely nature and personal lyrics. The people were in no mood to read love songs or disquisitions on the nature of poesy. Again we find disappointment and failure Timrod's portion, for there were few buyers of his modest volume, and consequently no material returns to the impecunious young author.

But hope smiled anew, and Timrod threw himself with intense zeal into the approaching struggle between the sections. He was too frail physically to bear arms or undergo the hardships of military life, but he went to the front as a war correspondent for the *Charleston Mercury*, and was continually helping the southern cause by composing the fiery war songs which gave him such wide fame in those years of struggle and which won for him a place in the foremost rank of our war poets. His "Ethnogenesis," written in February, 1861, on the birth of the Southern Confederacy at Montgomery, Alabama, is a magnificent ode, and except for the fact that it celebrates a "lost cause" there is no doubt that long ago it would have been

crowned as one of the supreme productions of our nation in this kind of poetry. By far the best-known and most highly praised of Timrod's longer poems, "The Cotton Boll," was written about the same time. Though more strictly a nature poem, it concludes with a strong patriotic appeal, and is sometimes classed as a war poem. His "Carolina" and "A Cry to Arms" are stirring war songs. These poems, and many others like them, were widely circulated and enthusiastically received all over the South. So prominent had Timrod become as a representative southern poet that in 1862 his friends proposed to bring out an illustrated edition of his poems in England, the artist Vizetelli, then war correspondent of the *London Illustrated News*, promising to supply the engravings. But in the stress of the war period the project fell through, and again, on the very verge of apparent success, our poet met his old foes, misfortune and disappointment.

Early in 1864 Timrod accepted an editorial position on the *South Carolinian* of Columbia, South Carolina, and with this prospect for permanent employment he married Miss Kate Goodwin, an English girl. This lady was the ideal of many of his poetic fancies and the heroine of some of his best love poems. The long poem "Katie," which celebrates the beauty and charm of Miss Goodwin, is full of exquisite imagery and fine descriptive passages.

Little more than a year of happiness was vouchsafed him. On December 24, 1864, was born to him a son, the "Little Willie" whom he mourns in a pathetic lyric in less than a year after the child's birth. After the death of his son the poet lost much of his hopefulness and buoyancy. General Sherman's army had destroyed the beautiful city of Columbia almost exactly one year after the date of Timrod's marriage, and there was nothing left to him but poverty and distress from that time on to the end of his life. He tried to bear up bravely, and in a letter to his friend Hayne in 1866 he humorously refers to the gradual sale of what little furniture and silverware that had been saved from the wreck, to meet the bare necessities of existence. "We have—let me see—yes, we have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge bedstead." He continued his work on the *Carolinian*,—the paper had now been moved to Charleston,—but in a letter to Hayne he

stated that for four months he had not received a dollar of his promised salary.

One brief respite came before the end, when in the summer of 1867 Timrod, by the advice of his physicians and at the urgent solicitation of his old friend, went for two visits of about one month each to Copse Hill, the home of Paul Hamilton Hayne, who was now living in the pine barrens of Georgia about sixteen miles from Augusta. Hayne writes sympathetically of their comradeship during these visits, both in his introductory memoir in the 1873 edition of Timrod's poems and in his beautiful reminiscences of the poet in "Under the Pine" and "By the Grave of Henry Timrod." From this visit, though greatly revived in spirits and apparently in health also, Timrod returned home to die. On September thirteenth he wrote to Hayne that he had suffered a severe hemorrhage from the lungs, and this was speedily followed by others, still more severe. He died October 7, 1867.

Since the publication, by the Timrod Memorial Society, of his poems (in 1889), Timrod's grave in Trinity Church Cemetery, Columbia, which for many years remained unmarked, and for many more was marked only by a small shaft erected by a few of his admirers, has been crowned with a huge boulder of gray granite. Historians of American literature have been drawn to give more prominence to Timrod's work, and what is quite as gratifying, his poetry is being read and studied more and more every year.

(For appreciations of Timrod see the Introduction to the Memorial Volume of his Poems and the essay in the *Library of Southern Literature*, Vol. XII.)

SPRING

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain
Is with us once again.

5 Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

10 In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
15 Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
20 The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom
And soon will burst their tomb.

25 Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,

Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note, amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth;
And, near the snowdrop's tender white and green
The violet in its screen.

30

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

35

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

40

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await,
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start
If from a beech's heart
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

45

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessed time!
Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of Death!

50

Yet not more surely shall the Spring awake
The voice of wood and brake
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
A million men to arms.

55

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
 Than all her sunlit rains,
 And every gladdening influence around,
 60 Can summon from the ground.

Oh! standing on this desecrated mold,
 Methinks that I behold,
 Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
 Spring kneeling on the sod,

65 And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
 Upon the ancient hills
 To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
 Who turn her meads to graves.

ODE

SUNG ON THE OCCASION OF DECORATING THE GRAVES
 OF THE CONFEDERATE DEAD AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY,
 CHARLESTON, S.C., 1867

I

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
 Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
 Though yet no marble column craves
 1 The pilgrim here to pause.

II

5 In seeds of laurel in the earth
 The blossom of your fame is blown,
 And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
 The shaft is in the stone!

III

10 Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
 Which keep in trust your storied tombs,

Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

15

V

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

20

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

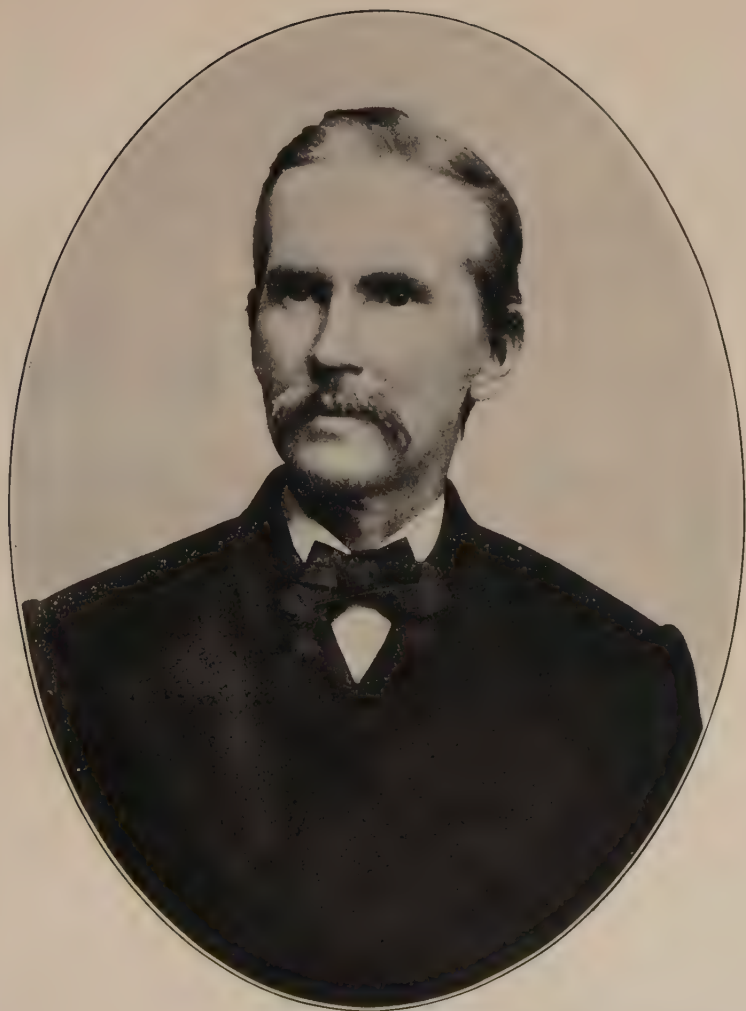
1830-1886

Paul Hamilton Hayne, a grandson of the distinguished statesman and orator Robert Young Hayne, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on New Year's Day, in 1830. His father, Lieutenant Paul Hamilton Hayne of the United States Navy, died when Paul was a mere infant, and the boy was brought up amid the wealth and luxury of his grandfather's home. He received careful training in the best schools of Charleston, and was graduated from Charleston College in 1850.

Like many young southerners of good family, Hayne prepared himself for the bar, but the call of poetry was stronger than that of the law. He became an associate editor of the *Southern Literary Gazette*, and later co-founder and editor of *Russell's Magazine*, which he made a decided success. He published a volume of poems in 1855, and three other volumes followed—*Sonnets and Other Poems* (1857), *Avolio and Other Poems* (1860), *Legends and Lyrics* (1872), and a complete edition of his poems, arranged by himself and published with an introductory biographical sketch by his friend and fellow poet, Margaret J. Preston, about four years before his death on July 6, 1886.

The Civil War came on just in time to interfere seriously with the development of his genius and the spread of his fame. True, he threw himself whole-heartedly into the struggle, writing a number of good war poems; but his muse was better suited to the home, the winter fireside, and the summer forest retreat than to the battle field, the march, and the camp. In spite of his delicate constitution and frail physique he volunteered his services to the Confederate cause, becoming an aide on Governor Pickens's staff.

Home, library, wealth, all were swept away by the war. When peace came, Hayne moved with his devoted wife and only son, William Hamilton (who is himself a poet of no mean ability), into the pine barrens of Georgia, and settled in a little cottage—or, rather, log cabin—near Augusta.



*From a photograph. Courtesy of the poet's son,
William Hamilton Hayne*

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

In this primitive home, which he named "Copse Hill," he spent the remainder of his life, striving to build up his health, and devoting himself exclusively to literature for a livelihood. His poems and prose articles found a ready reception in the magazines and periodicals of the North as well as in those of the South, but the remuneration was small and the family was forced to live under the severest economy.

Hayne's lyric genius has been highly praised, but he is still little more than a name to many readers North and South. He wrote a large amount of poetry of a singularly uniform excellence, but no single poem so far superior to the great mass of his work as to make itself particularly noteworthy or noticeable. Poets of far less literary merit are more generally known, through some single popular work, while Hayne, for the very reason of his uniform excellence, is neglected. He was not strikingly original in his poetry, but he had an individual note, and his art was rarely at fault. He deserves a more generous and general recognition than he has received. His longer narrative poems and his dramatic pieces are not without merit, but his best work is undoubtedly in the purer lyric and descriptive types. Especially noteworthy are his sonnets, of which he wrote considerably more than one hundred. Maurice Thompson said: "As a sonneteer, Hayne was strong, ranking well with the best in America"; and again, "I can pick twenty of Hayne's sonnets to equal almost any in the language"; and Professor Painter adds, "It is hardly too much to claim that Hayne is the prince of American sonneteers."

Paul Hamilton Hayne lived as he wrote—simply, purely, bravely. The latter part of his life was marked by struggle and heartache, privation and disease; yet he kept up his courage and maintained a calm, sweet temper to the end, making of his own life, perhaps, a more beautiful poem than any he ever penned.

(Perhaps the best essays on Hayne are those by Margaret Junkin Preston in the latest edition of his poems [1882] and by William Hamilton Hayne in *Lippincott's Magazine* for December, 1892.)

ASPECTS OF THE PINES

Tall, somber, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

5 Tall, somber, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
10 Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy and might
Borne from the west when cloudless day declines—
15 Low, flutelike breezes sweep the waves of light,
And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous—gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
20 Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

COMPOSED IN AUTUMN

With these dead leaves stripped from a withered tree,
And slowly fluttering round us, gentle friend,
Some faithless soul a sad presage might blend;
To me they bring a happier augury;
Lives that shall bloom in genial sunshine free, 5
Nursed by the spell Love's dew and breezes send,
And when a kindly Fate shall speak the end,
Down dropping in Time's autumn silently;
All hopes fulfilled, all passions duly blessed,
Life's cup of gladness drained, except the lees, 10
No more to fear or long for, but the rest
Which crowns existence with its dreamless ease;
Thus when our days are ripe, oh! let us fall
Into that perfect Peace which waits for all!

SIDNEY LANIER

1842-1881

In one of his earlier poems, called "Lite and Song," Sidney Lanier says that none of the poets has ever yet so perfectly united the ideal of his minstrelsy with the reality of his daily life as to cause the world in wonder to exclaim:

"His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hand!"

But so nearly did Lanier himself come to a realization of his ideal of "a perfect life in perfect labor writ," that the ever-growing circle of his admirers is ready to place him among that very small number of the gifted sons of genius who have nobly conceived and nobly striven toward the ideal. Outwardly his life was a hard one. The story of his struggle against poverty, disease, and adversity often has been told, but not too often, for it is as inspiring as it is pathetic. It is the old, old story of genius making its way in spite of all obstructions.

Sidney Lanier was born at Macon, Georgia, February 3, 1842. His father, Robert S. Lanier, was a fairly successful lawyer who was able to keep his family in that moderate degree of comfort which seems conducive to the highest happiness in home life. The house in which Sidney was born was the home at that time of his grandfather Sterling Lanier, and when this first grandson was a few months old, his parents moved to Griffin, Georgia, returning to Macon a year or two later. Here their parlor was later the scene of many a hospitable gathering of friends and neighbors in impromptu family musical entertainments. The two boys, as well as the mother, were talented in music, and each contributed to the home concerts. The Laniers had in previous generations been distinguished for their attainments in various kinds of artistic expression, particularly in painting and in music. Sidney early showed his remarkable musical talent, becoming a performer on almost all kinds of instruments at an early age, learning with that ease and rapidity which come only from natural genius. He was so



SIDNEY LANIER

fascinated by the music of the violin that he would sometimes fall into deep reveries or trances as he played. His father, fearing the power of the instrument over the boy and not wishing him to become a professional musician, forbade him to practice on it; and Sidney turned to the instrument which after the violin most appealed to him, the flute. On this he produced marvelous effects, not only fascinating his schoolmates at Oglethorpe College and his fellow soldiers during the Civil War, but later earning as a professional the distinction of being the greatest flute-player in the world. The sweetness, mellowness, and passionate appeal of the tones of his flute are said to have held all hearers spellbound. He could imitate bird notes with ease, and was also able to obtain in his extemporized variations and embellishments tones suggestive of those of the violin. He was not merely a virtuoso, but a composer as well.

But later on we find the conviction taking possession of Lanier that he must be a poet. He writes to his father, "Gradually I find that my whole soul is merging itself into this business of writing." He had begun while at college to test his powers as a writer. He was ambitious to prepare himself by study in Germany for a college professorship, but the war came on, and like many another talented young southerner, he threw himself with great enthusiasm into the cause of the Confederacy. He entered the army as a private, and rather than accept promotion which would separate him from his brother Clifford, he remained such. Near the close of the war, when both he and Clifford were put in charge of blockade-running vessels, Sidney was captured and confined for five months in the Federal prison at Point Lookout. During the war, Lanier did not neglect his mental development. He read all the books he could lay hands on, studied German, translated a few poems from foreign languages, and played on his beloved flute whenever he had an opportunity to do so. He began work on a novel in which he made use of some of the experiences and aspirations of this period. This immature production was published shortly after the war, under the title of *Tiger Lilies*.

Returning home from prison just in time to see his mother before her death, he sadly set to work to make a living for himself and thus to help retrieve the broken fortunes of the family. He began teaching as a tutor on a plantation near Macon, and then he became a clerk in the

old Exchange Hotel at Montgomery, Alabama. In 1867 he accepted the principalship of the village school at Prattville, Alabama, and it was while he was occupying this position that he married Miss Mary Day of Macon, Georgia. During the first year of his married life Lanier suffered his first prostration from hemorrhage of the lungs. To this distressful period belong several Reconstruction outcries, of which only two, "Tyranny" and "The Raven Days," were included in the 1884 edition of his poems, but several others, notably "Our Hills," are included in the latest edition of his complete *Poems* (1916). Some years later the rich emotions incident to his love, courtship, and marriage blossomed forth into many beautiful tributes to the object of his lifelong devotion. No more exquisite love poem, no finer tribute to a wife, is to be found in our literature than "My Springs."

After his marriage, Lanier decided to become a lawyer in order to be able to provide more adequately for his family. He went to Macon to study with the firm of which his father was a member, and he was shortly afterwards admitted to the bar. Though his success was remarkable and immediate, he did not practice long, for the demands of the legal profession were destructive of his now feeble vitality, a public address being likely to induce hemorrhage, and prolonged desk work a steady lowering of his strength at all points. And yet he felt chained by moral obligation to consent to his father's urgency to continue in his law work for the sake of insuring his family's support. At last, after five years of painful sacrifice, disease freed him to devote himself to his beloved arts, music and poetry. He said he had in his heart a thousand songs that were oppressing him because they remained unsung. Relinquishing his law practice, he sought health by rest and travel. He spent some time in San Antonio, Texas, in the winter of 1872, and here he made the first notable public display of his remarkable talent for flute playing. He wrote some for publication, but the best products of this period are his tender love letters to his wife. In fact, Lanier was one of the finest letter writers of the nineteenth century. The charm and fullness with which the poet expressed himself by means of the delicate art of personal correspondence have rarely been equaled and never surpassed.

The next year he determined to go to the North or East,

where he could find encouragement and opportunity to devote himself to the twin arts of music and poetry. He was engaged as first flute in the Peabody Symphony Concerts in Baltimore, and for the remaining nine years of his life he reveled in the musical and scholarly atmosphere of this and other eastern cities. He soon made warm friends of many notable persons, such as Bayard Taylor, Charlotte Cushman, Gibson Peacock of Philadelphia, Leopold Damrosch, President Gilman, and others. Again he was under the necessity of being separated from his family; but while these enforced periods of separation were extremely painful to the poet and his wife, the general public may count them fortunate, in that they were the occasion for some of the most beautiful of his letters on music and kindred arts.

The later years of the poet's life, while consciously devoted to art, were a struggle against poverty and disease. In the summer of 1876-1877 his health became so greatly impaired that his physicians and friends prevailed on him to go to Tampa, Florida, to recuperate. In the leisure of this visit Lanier produced many notable poems, among them being "Tampa Robins," "Beethoven," "The Waving of the Corn," "The Song of the Chattahoochee," "The Stirrup Cup," "An Evening Song," "The Mocking-Bird." On his return to Baltimore in the spring, he tried to find some employment to supplement the meager income from his position in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra. All the efforts of himself and his friends seemed of no avail. It was at this time that what Professor Mims calls "perhaps the most pathetic words in all his letters" were written by the poet: "Altogether, it seems as if there was n't any place for me in the world; and if it were not for May [his wife] I should certainly quit it, in mortification at being so useless."

Finally a friend hit upon the idea of organizing a private class for a series of lectures on English poetry. Lanier had been taking every advantage of the excellent libraries and opportunities for culture in Baltimore, and he had developed rapidly under the inspiration of the literary and artistic life of that city. He was reading deeply into the Old and Middle English and the Elizabethan writers. His sympathetic interpretations attracted a goodly number of students to his first class, and the success of these private lectures soon gave him an opportunity to present the results of his investigations in a regular series of lectures in Johns Hopkins

University. It was in 1879 that President Gilman appointed him to a lectureship in English literature.

During all this time Lanier was turning out many excellent works, both creative and editorial. His *Boy's Froissart*, *Boy's King Arthur*, *Boy's Percy*, *Boy's Mabinogion* are still standard juvenile books. He was gradually working out in concrete examples of poetic composition his theories of the interrelationship of music and poetry. Poems like "The Symphony," "The Song of the Chattahoochee," "The Marshes of Glynn," "Sunrise," almost justify these theories, though later critics, while acknowledging the fascination and suggestiveness of *The Science of English Verse*, have generally refuted the extremes to which the author presses his theories of the interrelationship between the two arts.

In 1880 Lanier faithfully filled his engagements at the university, but it is said that his hearers were in constant dread lest each hour should be his last. It was only by the conquering power of his will that he kept himself alive at all. He rode to the hall in a closed carriage, and sat during the hour, being unable to stand to deliver his lectures. In 1881 he sought relief in the mountains near Asheville in North Carolina. His father and his brother Clifford were with him for several weeks, but only his wife was there when the end came. Mr. William Hayes Ward, in his memorial essay, which is attached as introduction to the volume of Lanier's *Poems*, quotes Mrs. Lanier's own words:

"We are left alone with one another. On the last night of the summer comes a change. His love and immortal will hold off the destroyer of our summer yet one more week, until the forenoon of September 7th, and then falls the frost, and that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God."

He was buried in Greenmount Cemetery in Baltimore, the beloved city of his adoption.

The present editor's volume, *Southern Literary Readings*, Rand McNally & Company, Chicago, contains, in addition to "Song of the Chattahoochee," three other poetical selections, "The Ballad of Trees and the Master," "My Springs," and a part of "Corn."

(The most satisfactory life of Lanier is that by Edwin Mims. Other noteworthy studies are those by Morgan Callaway, Jr., in his *Select Poems of Sidney Lanier*, and by Henry Nelson Snyder in his volume on the spiritual message of Lanier.)

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall;
Split at the rock and together again, 5
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall. 10

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide*,
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide, 15
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay*,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide*,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall. 20

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold, 25
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall. 30

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
35 And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
40 In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
45 Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
50 Calls through the valleys of Hall.



From a photograph by Paul Thompson, N. Y.
O. HENRY

O. HENRY

1862-1910

William Sydney Porter, known to the general public almost entirely by his pen name of O. Henry, was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, September 11, 1862. He grew up in the typical fashion of the moderately well-to-do people of the post-bellum period in the Carolinas. He attended the elementary private school conducted by his aunt, Miss Evelina Porter, to whose training he attributes his love for storytelling. He became a voracious reader, especially between the ages of thirteen and nineteen. At sixteen he left school and became a clerk in a Greensboro drugstore. In 1881 he set out to Texas in company with Dr. J. H. Hall, eagerly seizing the opportunity to get a touch of western life on a sheep ranch in La Salle County, Texas. Here he remained about two years, lounging around, working with the sheep, and amusing his friends through his gift at sketching, and by his inexhaustible fund of stories. It is said that in these leisurely days he read Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary* so assiduously that he could spell and define practically every word in it.

About 1883 Will Porter, as he was familiarly called, moved to Austin, and became an intimate member of the family of Mr. Joe Harrell, whose sons recall many humorous cartoons, remarkable exhibitions of spelling and defining words, and one or two local love stories which Porter wrote at this time. He held several clerical positions, one among them being a draftsman's place in the Texas State Land Office. Presently he fell in love with, and was married to, Miss Athol Estes. After four years in the Land Office he became paying and receiving teller in an Austin bank, a position which eventually led to entanglements which put him under a cloud for several years. O. Henry's biographer, Professor C. Alphonso Smith, emphatically declares that Porter was guiltless of the charges made against him and was clearly the victim of circumstances. At any rate his experiences during this period gave him an insight into the life of the underworld which he made good use of in his later stories.

O. Henry was inevitably to become a writer. The whole trend of his life seemed to lead unerringly to humorous caricature and short-story writing. While he was working for the bank he became editor-owner and chief contributor and illustrator of a breezy weekly paper called *The Rolling Stone*. This paper "rolled" for nearly a year, as O. Henry expressed it, and then stopped because it had begun to gather moss. Porter was forced to resign from the bank, and he removed to Houston, where he obtained a position as reporter on the *Daily Post*. A little later, to avoid embarrassment, he went away to Central America. But when he learned that his wife was hopelessly ill with tuberculosis, he returned to Austin and faced a charge of embezzlement.

It was while he was in New Orleans on his return from Central America that he began to write under the pen name of O. Henry. During a prison life of three years he wrote a number of stories which were accepted and published by good magazines. When he was released, he went to Pittsburgh, where his daughter Margaret was living with her grandmother. Here he continued to write, and presently was selling his stories regularly at one hundred dollars apiece to *Ainslee's Magazine*. It was in 1902 that he removed to New York to devote himself to authorship. In 1904 he undertook to furnish to the *New York World* a story a week for an entire year, and he renewed the contract in 1905. The success of his first volume, *Cabbages and Kings* (1904), a loosely connected series of stories based on his Central American experiences, had already made his name well known, and from this period on to his death on June 5, 1910, O. Henry was, so far as popularity goes, the foremost short-story writer of America. His stories were collected in twelve volumes between 1906 and 1911; *Rolling Stones*, a supplemental volume of fugitive material, some of it of biographic interest, being collected in 1912 by his friend and literary executor, Harry P. Steger. The remaining titles of his books are *The Four Millions* (1906), being stories of New York life; *Heart of the West* (1907), being largely stories of life in Texas; *The Gentle Grafters* (1908), being mostly stories of the underworld; *The Trimmed Lamp* (1907); *The Voice of the City* (1908); *Strictly Business* (1908); *Roads of Destiny* (1909); *Options* (1909); *Whirligigs* (1910) and *Sixes and Sevens* (1911), being collections of stories of miscellaneous types and

localities, but dealing mainly with life in New York City.

The chief qualities of O. Henry's stories are realism touched with the glamour of romance, piquancy and cleverness of style and plot, a raciness of language with a large intermixture of slang, a real sympathy and true comprehension of the varied types of our democratic life, especially of the middle and lower classes, and an unfailing sense for the humorous and pathetic in every conceivable situation. He broke most of the conventional canons for correct writing, and yet he was a remarkably good technician in his own type of story. He says that the first rule in writing stories is to write to please yourself, and there is no second rule. The most striking individual characteristic of his stories as a whole is the surprise ending. Guess, prepare for it, watch for it as you may, you will inevitably be brought up with a laugh and a surprised feeling at the close of nearly every one of his more than one hundred and fifty short stories. Mr. Hyder E. Rollins in writing of this characteristic of O. Henry's makes a happy comparison. "Children play 'crack-the-whip' not for the fun of the long preliminary run, but for the excitement of the final sharp twist that throws them off their feet. So adults read O. Henry, impatiently glancing at the swiftly moving details in pleased expectancy of a surprise ending." But O. Henry's stories have more in them than the mere cleverness of their surprise endings. They are drawn from real life, and there is in them a breath of actuality and truth, an interpretative power, a charm, a breadth of sympathy which lifts them into the realm of art. There is no longer any question of the security of this writer's place among the short-story writers of the world. If Poe said the first word on the modern short story, O. Henry has said the latest. As Professor Smith admirably summarizes, "O. Henry has humanized the short story."

(*O. Henry Biography* by C. Alphonso Smith has just been published.)

THE RANSOM OF RED CHIEF

It looked like a good thing: but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, “during a moment of temporary mental apparition”; but we didn’t find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

10 Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; 15 therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn’t get after us with anything stronger than constables and, maybe, some lacka- 20 daisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the *Weekly Farmers’ Budget*. So, it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection- 25 plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the colour of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait 30 till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain,

covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence. 35

"Hey, little boy!" says Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?"

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

"That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars," 40
says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove 45
the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was 50
watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tailfeathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

"Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?" 55

"He's all right now," says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at 60
daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard."

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves 65
returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

"I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?"

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a warwhoop that made Old Hank the Trapper, shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

"Red Chief," says I to the kid, "would you like to go home?"

"Aw, what for?" says he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?"

"Not right away," says I. "We'll stay here in the cave a while."

"All right!" says he. "That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life."

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: "Hist! pard," in mine and Bill's ears, as the

fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw¹⁰⁵ band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts,¹¹⁰ or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs—they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at day-¹¹⁵ break.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case-knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to¹²⁰ take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He laid down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an¹²⁵ eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.¹³⁰

"What you getting up so soon for, Sam?" asked Bill.

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it."

"You're a liar!" says Bill. "You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And¹³⁵ he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?"

"Sure," said I. "A rowdy kid like that is just the kind

140 that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoitre."

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I
145 expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man ploughing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither
150 and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. "Perhaps," says I to myself, "it has not yet been discovered that the wolves
155 have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!" says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash
160 him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

"He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back," explained Bill, "and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?"

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up
165 the argument. "I'll fix you," says the kid to Bill. "No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!"

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes out-
170 side the cave unwinding it.

"What's he up to now?" says Bill, anxiously. "You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?"

"No fear of it," says I. "He don't seem to be much of a home body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the
175 ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around

Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbours. Anyhow, he'll be missed to-day. To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars ¹⁸⁰ for his return."

Just then we heard a kind of war-whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head. ¹⁸⁵

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the ¹⁹⁰ dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: "Sam, do you know who my favourite Biblical character is?"

"Take it easy," says I. "You'll come to your senses ¹⁹⁵ presently."

"King Herod," says he. "You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?"

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled. ²⁰⁰

"If you don't behave," says I, "I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?"

"I was only funning," says he sullenly. "I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me ²⁰⁵ play the Black Scout to-day."

"I don't know the game," says I. "That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, ²¹⁰ or home you go, at once."

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about
215 how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

"You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without
220 batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood—in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?"

225 "I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him,
230 strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. "I ain't attempting," says he, "to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human
235 for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me."

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter
240 that ran this way:

Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.:

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skilful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely, the only terms on which you can
245 have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply—as hereinafter described. If you agree to these

terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, ²⁵⁰ on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return ²⁵⁵ immediately to Summit.

If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, ²⁶⁰ and if you do not accede to them no further communication will be attempted.

TWO DESPERATE MEN.

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says: ²⁶⁵

"Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone."

"Play it, of course," says I. "Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?"

"I'm the Black Scout," says Red Chief, "and I have to ²⁷⁰ ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout."

"All right," says I. "It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages." ²⁷⁵

"What am I to do?" asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

"You are the hoss," says Black Scout. "Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?" ²⁸⁰

"You'd better keep him interested," said I, "till we get the scheme going. Loosen up."

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.

"How far is it to the stockade, kid?" he asks, in a husky ²⁸⁵ manner of voice.

"Ninety miles," says the Black Scout. "And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!"

The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels
290 in his side.

"For Heaven's sake," says Bill, "hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I'll get up and warm you good."

295 I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the post-office and store, talking with the chawbacons that came in to trade. One whiskerando says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I
300 bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously and came away. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to
305 be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill
310 wobbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

315 "Sam," says Bill, "I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was
320 martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures

as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit."

"What's the trouble, Bill?" I asks him.

325

"I was rode," says Bill, "the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-and-blue from the knees down; and I've got two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized."

335

"But he's gone"—continues Bill—"gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse."

Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

340

"Bill," says I, "there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?"

"No," says Bill, "nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?"

345

"Then you might turn around," says I, "and have a look behind you."

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

355

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger

of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend
360 itself to professional kidnappers. The tree under which the
answer was to be left—and the money later on—was close
to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang
of constables should be watching for any one to come for the
note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or
365 in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in
that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the
messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a
bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence-
370 post, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away
again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square.
I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till
I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half
375 an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern and read it
to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the
sum and substance of it was this:

Two Desperate Men.

Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard
380 to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think
you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you
a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will
accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred
and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your
385 hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbours
believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they
would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

Very respectfully,

EBENEZER DORSET.

390 "Great pirates of Penzance!" says I; "of all the impu-
dent—"

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most
appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb
or a talking brute.

395 "Sam," says he, "what's two hundred and fift, dollars,

after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?"

400

"Tell you the truth, Bill," says I, "this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom and make our get-away."

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

"How long can you hold him?" asks Bill.

"I'm not as strong as I used to be," says old Dorset, "but I think I can promise you ten minutes."

420

"Enough," says Bill. "In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border."

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

425

THE LAST LEAF

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called "places." These "places" make strange angles and curves. One street crosses itself a time or two. An artist
5 once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper, and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon
10 came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth avenue, and became a "colony."

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and
15 Johnsy had their studio. "Johnsy" was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the *table d'hôte* of an Eighth street "Delmonico's," and found their tastes in art, chicory salad, and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

20 That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze
25 of the narrow and moss-grown "places."

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and
30 she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow.

"She has one chance in—let us say, ten," he said; as he 35
shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. "And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she any- 40
thing on her mind?"

"She—she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day," said Sue.

"Paint?—bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth 45
thinking about twice—a man, for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man worth—but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my 50
efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract fifty per cent. from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five 55
chance for her, instead of one in ten."

After the doctor had gone, Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling 60
ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bed-clothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave 65
their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horse-show riding

trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho
70 cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She
went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the
window and counting—counting backward.

“Twelve,” she said, and a little later “eleven”; and then
75 “ten,” and “nine”; and then “eight” and “seven,” almost
together.

Sue looked solicitously out the window. What was there
to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and
the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An
80 old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed
half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had
stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches
clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

“What is it, dear?” asked Sue.

85 “Six,” said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. “They’re
falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hun-
dred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it’s
easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now.”

“Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie.”

90 “Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I
must go, too. I’ve known that for three days. Did n’t
the doctor tell you?”

“Oh, I never heard of such nonsense,” complained Sue,
with magnificent scorn. “What have old ivy leaves to do
95 with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so,
you naughty girl. Don’t be a goosey. Why, the doctor
told me this morning that your chances for getting well real
soon were—let’s see exactly what he said—he said the
chances were ten to one! Why, that’s almost as good a
100 chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street
cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth
now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell
the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child,
and pork chops for her greedy self.”

"You need n't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping¹⁰⁵ her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the¹¹⁰ window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Could n't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Besides, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."¹¹⁵

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of wait-¹²⁰ ing. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone¹²⁵ a minute. Don't try to move till I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art.¹³⁰ Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or¹³⁵ advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one,¹⁴⁰

and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank
145 canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

150 Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

"Vass!" he cried. "Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a con-founded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I vill
155 not bese as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der prain of her? Ach, dot poor leetle Miss Johnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very
160 well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you need n't. But I think you are a horrid old—old flibbertigibbet."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I vill not bese? Go on. I come mit you. For half an
165 hour I haf been trying to say dot I am ready to bese. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue
170 pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in
175 his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit-miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper. 180
Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with its serrated 185 edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall 190 to-day, and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, "think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The loneliest thing in all 195 the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they 200 could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, com- 205 manded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something 210 has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked

I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and—no;
215 bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook.”

An hour later she said,

“Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples.”

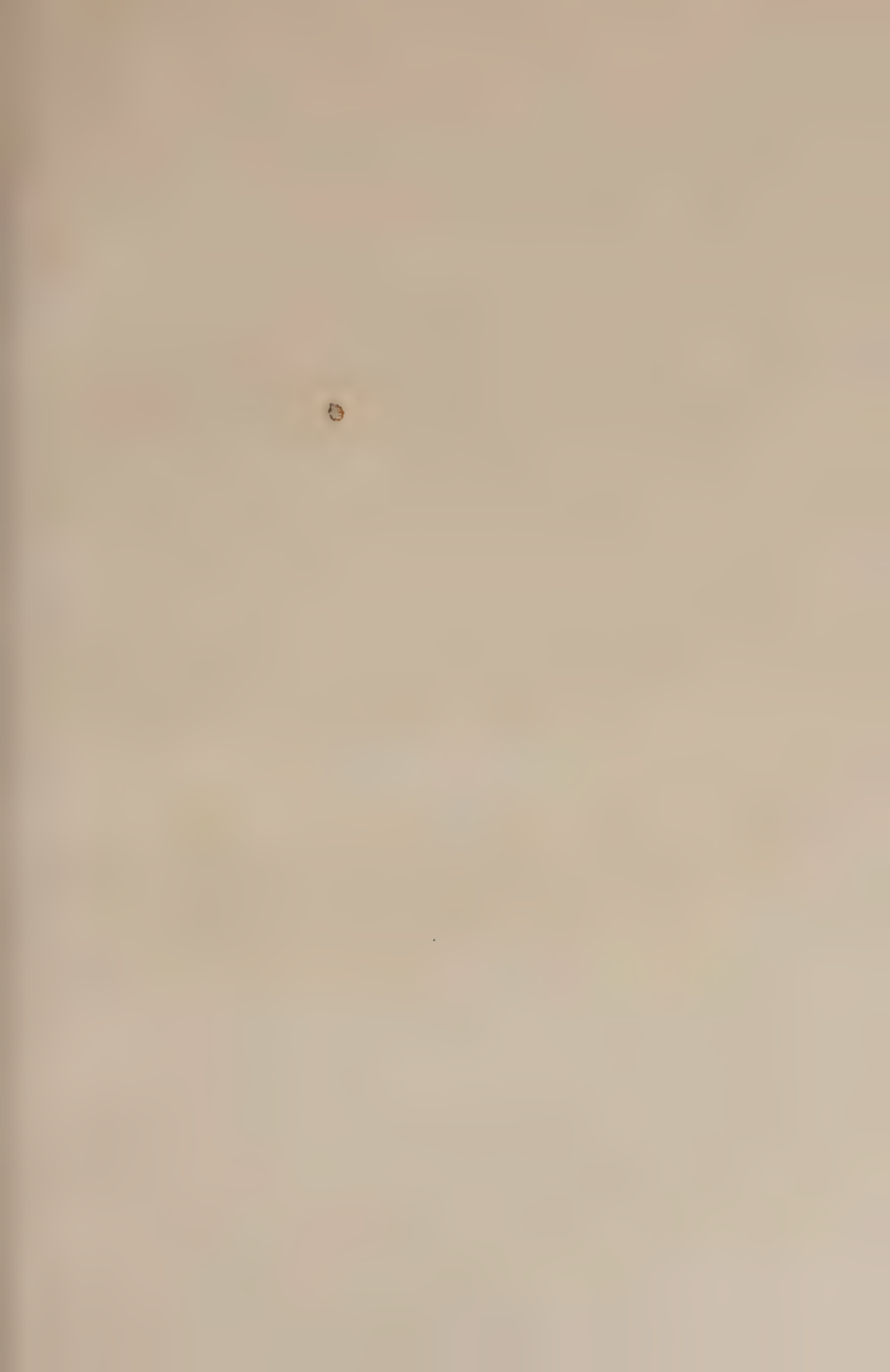
The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse
220 to go into the hallway as he left.

“Even chances,” said the doctor, taking Sue’s thin, shaking hand in his. “With good nursing you’ll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is—some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia,
225 too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable.”

The next day the doctor said to Sue: “She’s out of danger. You’ve won. Nutrition and care now—that’s
230 all.”

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

235 “I have something to tell you, white mouse,” she said. “Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia to-day in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold.
240 They could n’t imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and—look out the window, dear, at the last ivy
245 leaf on the wall. Did n’t you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it’s Behrman’s masterpiece—he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell.”





From a photograph taken by Alexander Hessler, Chicago
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

1809-1865

We do not ordinarily think of Abraham Lincoln as a literary man, but as a wise statesman and leader, a clear thinker, and a forceful speaker. In the critical historical period through which he was called to lead our nation, however, the events all seemed to converge to a focus in the dramatic moment when he delivered the one supremely great literary utterance of his life, the celebrated "Address at the Dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery."

The facts of Lincoln's life are well known. He was born near Hodgenville, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, moved with his parents into Indiana when he was seven years old, and on into Illinois just as he reached his twenty-first year. He had little or no school advantages, but by private study he succeeded in educating himself. Early in life he began to discipline himself to a strict habit of expressing his thought in the clearest and simplest language he could command, using always familiar and homely illustrations to make his meaning still clearer. He became a successful lawyer and an able debater. He was repeatedly sent to the Illinois House of Representatives, and finally he was elected to Congress. When he met Stephen A. Douglas, then a most powerful figure in national politics, in a joint debate in the national campaign for United States senator in 1858, he overmatched this distinguished debater, though he failed to win from him his seat in the United States Senate. This campaign made Lincoln a powerful force in national politics, and in 1860 he was nominated by the Republican party for the presidency.

Every child knows of the terrible conflict which followed his inauguration in 1861, and every American now honors Abraham Lincoln along with Washington as one of the two greatest presidents our country has had. His tragic death at the hands of an assassin in Washington City, April 15, 1865, plunged the whole country, North and South, into grief. No more unfortunate thing could have happened—especially to the South, facing as it did the trying period of reconstruction which was to follow—than to lose at this critical juncture the influence of the great-brained, justice-loving, tender-hearted Lincoln.

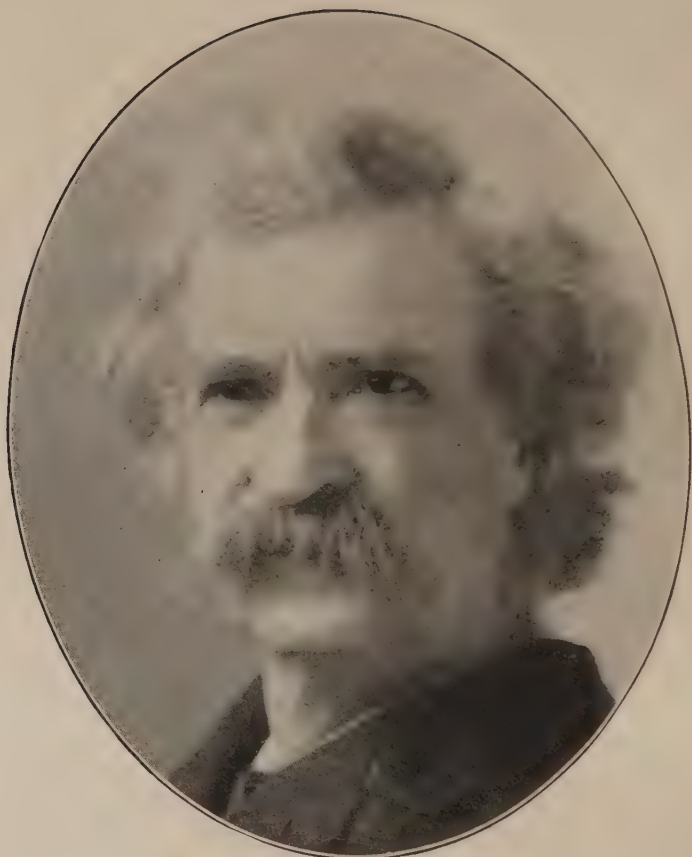
ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GETTYSBURG NATIONAL CEMETERY

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, ⁵ can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

10

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can ¹⁵ never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take ²⁰ increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall ²⁵ not perish from the earth.



SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS
(Mark Twain)

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS—MARK TWAIN

1835-1910

Mark Twain is not merely our greatest humorist; he is also one of our greatest creative geniuses, and he is undoubtedly our one writer who is most thoroughly representative of the genuine American spirit and life. For a long time he was looked upon as a mere jester, and his works were not accepted as belonging at all to the best class of literature; but from the first he was accepted at his real worth by a few discerning ones, and during the past two decades the critics and the public alike have come to realize that Mark Twain is one of the few creative giants that have sprung out of our democratic soil. He shares with Walt Whitman the distinction of coming up directly from the common democratic masses, and with him, too, he shares the almost unanimous approval and applause of European critics.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, the son of John Clemens and Jane Lampton, both of unpretentious but sterling southern families, was born November 30, 1835, in the hamlet of Florida, Missouri, some fifty miles west of the Mississippi River. Four years later the family moved to Hannibal, a typical river town about a hundred miles north of St. Louis, and here grew up in all the freedom of that border life the boy who was to make the town famous by enshrining its life in those immortal books *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. It was almost impossible to keep Sam in the village school or to make him study his lessons, but the effort was kept up until he reached his twelfth year. He was then apprenticed to learn the printer's trade, a fortunate choice, since it brought him into contact with type and printer's ink and thus helped to complete the desultory education he had received in the village school. He worked for six years as a printer's devil on the local newspapers, and as one of his companions remarked, he was rightly named in this position. Then he took a sort of journeyman's trip to the East to complete his training as a printer. He remained for a year or more in Philadelphia and New York, but he was not satisfied to become a mere

typesetting machine, and so he turned his face westward once more to seek fame and fortune in the land of his birth. For about two years he was Horace Bixby's cub, or assistant on a steamboat, learning the business of a pilot on the Mississippi River, and for about two years more he was himself a master pilot on that treacherous river. He was proud of his profession, and later in life he declared that he loved it far better than any other business he had tried. The Civil War brought to a close this period of his career, but we have a faithful portrayal of the vanished past of Mississippi pilotage in his reminiscent treatment in *Life on the Mississippi* (1883).

His next experience carried him to the Far West. He joined a troop preparatory to enlisting in the Confederate Army, but a few weeks of camp life convinced him that soldiering was not the sort of occupation that suited him. He was led by his southern ancestry and his environment (for he was reared in a slave-holding community) to espouse the southern cause, but deep down in his heart there was little enthusiasm for it. His eldest brother had just been appointed territorial secretary of Nevada, and young Clemens was offered the opportunity of going along as his assistant. So during the years from 1861 to 1867 he was again enlarging his education by looking on and taking part in those wild and stirring activities of the newly opened West. He soon felt the call of the gold and struck out for fortune in the mining districts. He did not succeed in finding much gold, though he came perilously near to it on several occasions, but he did succeed in storing his mind with all those wonderful experiences out of which he was to mint the golden romance of some of his later books, such as *The Celebrated Jumping Frog* (1867) and *Roughing It* (1872).

Discouraged in his fruitless mining operations, young Clemens turned to his old occupation and became local reporter on the *Enterprise*, a rather distinctive paper published at Virginia City, a thriving mining town that had sprung up like magic around the great silver mines known as the Comstock lode. Many were the practical jokes and startling schemes indulged in by the lively group of newspaper men engaged on this paper, and the rampant imagination of the young local reporter usually led in these escapades. Presently he was sent to Carson City to report the doings of the newly formed legislature, and as was expected

of him, he sent back a series of exceedingly breezy letters. These were unsigned at first, but they were being widely copied, and he felt that he ought to choose a pen name so as to conserve and center his reputation around it. He hit upon the happy combination Mark Twain, an old river term meaning the mark registering two (twain) fathoms, or twelve feet, of water. He said it had a comforting sound, for whenever a pilot heard that reading called out, he knew that he was in a safe depth of water. His reputation was spreading rapidly now, and so the call to the wider world led him to San Francisco. It must be confessed, however, that the immediate cause of his leaving Carson City was to avoid prosecution for accepting a challenge to a duel which never came off, a story which he has recorded in full in *Roughing It*. At San Francisco he met Bret Harte and other men of local fame as journalists, poets, lecturers, and artists of one sort or another, and under the influence of this new environment his style developed rapidly from what he called an awkward and grotesque sort of natural utterance, into a more facile literary type of prose.

His vigorous news letters which he still sent back to his old employers on the *Virginia City Enterprise* soon got him into trouble with the police of San Francisco, for he did not hesitate to attack some of their corrupt practices, and he was forced to leave the city for a while. With his pal, Jim Gillis, who was the original of Bret Harte's "Truthful James," he went to the mountains of east California and engaged in the fascinating game of pocket mining. The partners were just on the verge of uncovering a rich treasure of nuggets when they deserted their claim and allowed some more fortunate miners to come along and uncover a rich pocket just a few feet from where they stopped. But the real chance of Mark Twain's life came from this experience, for here he ran across the droll story of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." It was early in 1865 that he first heard the story, and by the end of this year, upon the publication of the story in the East, Mark Twain was well on his way to fame.

After the publication of this early volume of sketches in 1867, he continued his newspaper work in San Francisco, making one very successful trip to the Hawaiian Islands. He also won some fame as a lecturer at this time. But the first really great success came when he got a commission to

travel through Europe and the Holy Land with a group of Americans who were to make the voyage in the *Quaker City*. By skillful persuasions he convinced the editors of the *Alta Californian* that he could send them a series of letters that would be worth the price of the trip, something over \$1200. He wrote fifty-odd letters of his experiences on this trip, and these were later collected in a book which took the public by storm—namely, *The Innocents Abroad* (1869). Other books of travel and impressions from abroad had been written by Irving, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Bayard Taylor, but this was an entirely new type. It was extravagantly humorous, boisterously funny, and yet filled with wonderful passages of description and comment on the really impressive scenes of the old world. The book was at bottom a severe satire on the sentimental and gushy type of description that was found in the guide books and travel letters of the day. Mark Twain went abroad with his eyes open, and he laughed to scorn those American innocents who were ever ready to gulp down with rolling eyes and ecstatic exclamations every fossilized legend that the sentimental guide books or the stereotyped talk of their paid guides gave them. The breezy, original, humorous, human, and frankly American revelations of this new writer who saw things with his own eyes and reported them as he saw them met with immediate and widespread approval.

It was on this tour that Mark Twain met Charlie Langdon and saw for the first time the beautiful miniature of Langdon's sister Olivia, the woman who was to become his wife and the most profoundly formative influence on his character and on his later attitude toward his art. She was a wealthy girl, and it seemed almost unthinkable that an unknown westerner without money, formal culture, or social position should aspire to her hand. But by persistence and patience Mark Twain overcame all obstacles, and he was in every sense of the word happily mated with this charming woman. She called him always by the suggestive pet name of "Youth," and all through her life, by his own confession, she was his most helpful and sympathetic critic, and aided him to realize himself to the fullest extent in the more serious and lasting products of his art. Upon their marriage in 1870, they went to Buffalo, where through the help of Mr. Langdon, Mark Twain had become part owner and associate editor of the *Buffalo Express*. But the

venture was not a fortunate one; sorrows due to death and sickness followed, and presently the young couple sold their property in Buffalo and retired to Elmira, New York, for the summer, and then moved to Hartford, Connecticut, where they made their home for a number of years.

After giving up his journalistic position, Clemens arranged to go on the lecture platform to recoup his fortunes. He had succeeded from the very first as a lecturer in California, and had captivated audiences in the East and in the Middle West just after his return from his first trip abroad; so he undertook his second tour with full confidence. He won his audiences by his slow, drawling speech and by his narrative and dramatic powers, as well as by his inimitable dry humor and flashes of pure wit. He was acclaimed the most popular lecturer and reader in America, but he never liked this work and resorted to the platform only when it was necessary to recover from some financial difficulty.

Roughing It appeared in 1872, and was almost or quite as popular as *The Innocents Abroad* had been. This new book was based on his experiences in the West, and to many readers it is more entertaining than *The Innocents Abroad*, mainly because it is more thoroughly American in subject-matter and treatment. To protect his rights of publication in this new volume, Mark Twain made a trip to England. He had some notion also of gathering material for a new book on the English people; but when he was treated so cordially and honored so signally by them, he confessed that he could not bring himself to dishonor their hospitality by exploiting them in a humorous book.

On his return to America he collaborated with Charles Dudley Warner in the production of a novel called *The Gilded Age*. In this book Mr. Warner did the romance, and Mark Twain drew the characters, modeling them mostly from the members of his own family. The character of Colonel Mulberry Sellers, the dreamer and idealist, drawn from James Lampton, his maternal uncle, is one of the most magnetic and original of all Mark Twain's creations. Colonel Sellers was later made the central figure in a successful play.

After another trip to London in which he registered a signal triumph as a lecturer, Mark Twain began the composition of a new book which was to surpass in popularity anything he had yet done. This was the wonderful story

of boy life on the Mississippi, based on his own experiences and those of several of his companions in the old days at Hannibal, Missouri. Other work interrupted him before he completed the task, however, and it was not until 1876 that *Tom Sawyer* made its appearance. This book, together with *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884), with which it is usually bracketed, though the two are entirely different types of stories, is undoubtedly the finest creative achievement of Mark Twain's genius. Tom is the typical American boy, bad and yet not too bad to be likable, rough and ready, shrewd, courageous, sincere, genuine. His story is so realistically told that many persons believe that the hero actually lived through the adventures described. Huckleberry Finn is a poor outcast from the very lowest stratum of society, but with a tender heart and a pure soul wrapped in his unkempt and hardened little body. The book is one of the finest pieces of realism in modern literature. It gives us a faithful presentation of the mid-century life on the Mississippi, the scenes coming on in rapid succession like a vivid panorama moving before our very eyes. There is nothing final, nothing fortuitous, nothing romantic, but all appears to be just as it is in real life. This book, together with *Tom Sawyer* and *Life on the Mississippi*, gives us the truest historical values of the vanished life on the great inland waterway. *Huckleberry Finn* has been singled out not only as Mark Twain's masterpiece, but as one of the world's great books.

Among his many other volumes, two or three at least must be mentioned. The romantic extravaganza *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889) is a humorous presentation of the new democratic ideals as opposed to the ancient aristocracies and monarchical forms of government. *The Prince and the Pauper* (1881), a delightful juvenile romance, had previously set forth something of the same teaching in the plot whereby a prince and a pauper are made to interchange places in order that each may see how the other half of the world lives. Together with *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (1894), a searching study of negro slavery punctuated with the keen and exhilarating epigrams or maxims of Mark Twain through the mouth of the title character, and *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* (1896), a historical study cast in memoir form, a powerful piece of writing and the one of all his works that Mark Twain liked

best,—these make up the more valuable of his later productions. In most of his other works, particularly in the field of literary criticism, he displays more courage than good judgment.

The story of Mark Twain's debts is to be placed with Sir Walter Scott's very similar struggle as one of the two most inspiring examples of business integrity recorded in modern literary history. Being himself somewhat of a dreamer, he allowed many impractical enthusiasts to enlist his aid in their wild financial speculations, and he lost heavily in most of these investments. Finally he became involved in large losses through a publishing house with which he was connected as a partner. When an assignment was forced upon the firm, Mark Twain gave up all his own property, and his wife also generously put her patrimony in to satisfy the creditors; but there was still found to be owing a large sum. Through the bankruptcy laws he might have settled legally by simply giving up all the assets of the company, but he asked for time, saying that he would pay dollar for dollar if he lived to earn it. In his sixtieth year he set himself resolutely to the task of molding his talents into cash through his writings and his lectures. In 1895 he began the memorable lecture tour around the world, beginning in America and moving westward to Australia, New Zealand, India, Ceylon, and South Africa, landing finally in Vienna, Austria. This marvelous lecture tour, perhaps the most marvelous on record, netted him a large sum; and with the additional income from his books, within two and a half years he had paid every dollar of the debts of his firm and was again a free man with untarnished business honor.

From a humble beginning Mark Twain had reached a dizzy height in the affectionate regard of his own people and of the world. He was not spoiled by this adulation, however, and he refused to compromise himself by exploiting his popularity or appearing before the public for personal gain. He gave himself freely for public good, but he had a competency for himself, and there was no longer need for him to pile up money. He was greater than kings and potentates, for he commanded the affectionate regard of millions of men through the magnetism, sincerity, and geniality of his own personality. Missouri, through the State University, honored her son with the degree of LL.D., and some years later even the conservative old-world

University of Oxford conferred upon him her coveted degree of Litt. D. He made other voyages abroad for his wife's and his own health, but the strong constitution was gradually weakening. His wife died in 1903 in Florence, Italy, and the blow was a severe one to Mark Twain. He took up his residence in New York City with his one surviving daughter, and fought bravely but ineffectually against a growing sense of remorse, bitterness, and pessimism. On his seventieth birthday a great dinner was given in his honor in New York, and on this occasion he delivered perhaps the greatest of all his speeches. In his last years he retired to Stormfield, a beautiful home that had been built for him at Redding, Connecticut, and here he died, April 21, 1910, in his seventy-fifth year. He was buried beside the bodies of his wife and three of his children in Elmira, New York.

(*Mark Twain, A Biography* (1912) by Albert Bigelow Paine is the authoritative life of this author. Mr. Paine's *The Boy's Life of Mark Twain* (1916) is a briefer and simpler story based on the larger work.)

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W. Smiley*, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded. 5 10

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W. Smiley*—*Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*—a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me any thing about this *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, I would feel under many obligations to him. 15 20 25

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial 30

sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was
35 any thing ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said
40 before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or may be it was the spring of '50—I don't
45 recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume was n't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about always betting on any thing that turned up you ever see, if he could get any body
50 to bet on the other side; and if he could n't, he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there could n't
55 be no solitry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a
60 chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man.
65 If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he

would bet you how long it would take him to get to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they war n't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, any way."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent; but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his underjaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him,

and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was
105 satisfied, and had n't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip
110 and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that did n't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come
115 to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had been in the door, so to 'speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and did n't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley
120 a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog than had n't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have
125 made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he had n't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he had n't no talent. It always makes
130 me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you could n't rest, and you could n't fetch nothing for him to bet
135 on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back

yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like ¹⁴⁰ a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley ¹⁴⁵ said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most any thing—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake ¹⁵⁰ a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he had n't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he ¹⁵⁵ was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on ¹⁶⁰ him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of that frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he ¹⁶⁵ used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be ¹⁷⁰ a parrot, or it might be a canary, may be, but it an't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it and looked at it careful, and turned

it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well,
175 what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "He's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long,
180 particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"May be you don't," Smiley says. "May be you understand frogs, and may be you don't understand 'em; may be
185 you've had experience, and may be you an't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad
190 like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog."
And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars
195 along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the
200 floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word."
205 Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wan't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he

couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley²¹⁰ was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—at Dan'l, and says again,²¹⁵ very deliberate, "Well, *I* don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there²²⁰ an't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot.²²⁵ And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And²³⁰ turning to me as he moved away, he said, "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I an't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would²³⁵ be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that²⁴⁰ didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and—"

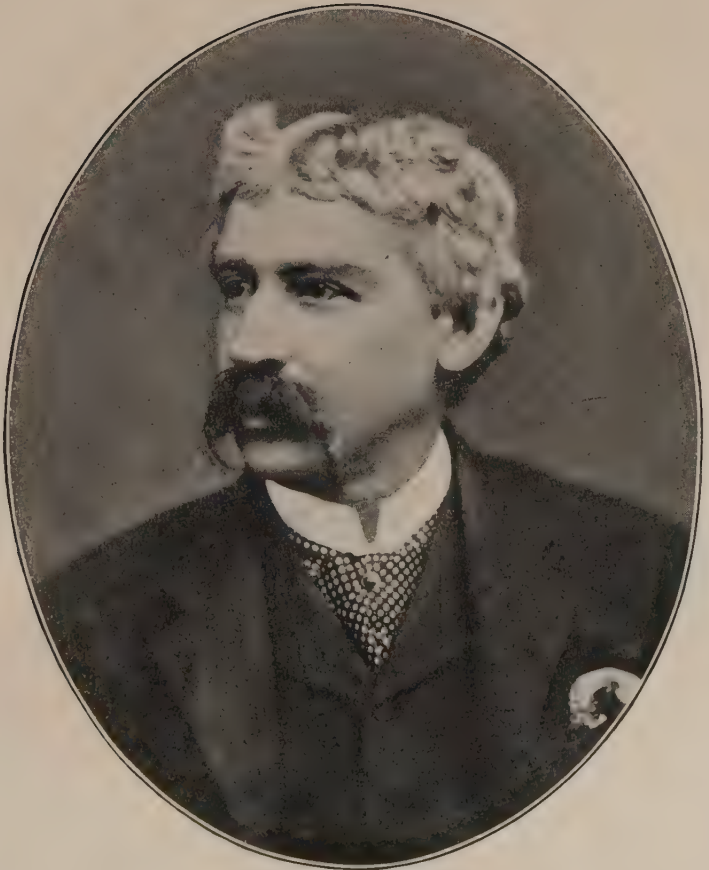
"Oh, hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.

BRET HARTE

1839-1902

Francis Bret Harte was by birth and training an easterner, being born in Albany, New York, August 25, 1839; but he earned his reputation by writing poems and stories dealing with the wild scenery, conglomerate life, and odd characters of the mining districts of California, and so he is always thought of as belonging to the western group of writers. He received a common-school education, but the principal source of his literary training was through his parents. His father, a professor of Greek in Albany College, was a linguist of considerable attainments, and his mother a cultured woman who directed her son's reading with such judicious care that by the time he was grown he was exceedingly well read. In 1854 he went to California and there tried to earn a living through several small clerical and teaching positions. He finally entered a newspaper printing office as a compositor, and by dint of steady purpose and persistent effort at writing he rose to successful editorial positions, first on the *Golden Era* and then on the *Californian*, a weekly paper to which he contributed his "Condensed Novels," being parodies on popular works of fiction of that time.

The *Overland Monthly* was founded in 1868, with Bret Harte as its editor. The first number appeared without any matter of a distinctly local character, so for the second number the young editor supplied the deficiency himself by writing his first story of mining life, "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The proprietor of the magazine became dubious as to the wisdom of printing such a frank and novel presentation of a situation so unusual, characters so rough and uncouth, and life in such a questionable stratum of society. But when the editor-author of the story threatened to resign unless allowed to exercise his own judgment unhampered in selecting matter for the magazine, the proprietor yielded and the story appeared in its original form. It provoked a good deal of protest at home, being characterized as indecent, immodest, improper, and unfaithful in its portrayal of life in the West at its best; but it was warmly welcomed in the East as the work of an original writer of great promise.



FRANCIS BRET HARTE

The editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* begged for a similar contribution, and a number of letters of commendation came to the author of this new type of story. "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," and "Tennessee's Partner" followed, and presently Bret Harte had enough stories in this vein to make up a volume. These stories together with a catchy, humorous kind of dialect verse, of which "The Heathen Chinees" or "Plain Language from Truthful James," and "Jim" are typical, made Harte famous not only in America but in England as well.

In 1870, being flattered by the applause of the East, Harte went to New York to engage in writing for the magazines. The *Atlantic Monthly* paid him the munificent sum of \$10,000 for all his work for a year, and he was probably the best paid short-story writer in the country at that time. But in spite of his large earnings he became involved in debt. To escape from his difficulties he accepted an appointment in the consular service and went to Germany and then to Glasgow, Scotland. Finally he settled in England, where he was even more popular than he was in America. He became estranged from his family and remained in England until his death in 1902.

He wrote many stories and poems, imitative of his first successful work, but the promise of his early output was not realized in his later productions. He did not seem to love the country which he had so successfully exploited in his stories. He was not a great interpreter of the real American spirit, as was his early contemporary and colleague, Mark Twain, but he caught the spirit of the California mining camp in the gold-fever days as nobody else was able to do, and he has preserved for future generations this small but interesting and now completely vanished phase of American life. He was confessedly a lover and follower of Dickens, and like him did not hesitate to portray all sorts of low characters, rough miners, gamblers, adventurers, desperadoes, and unchaste women, and in each of these he discovered that element of the human, that touch of nature, which after all makes the whole world kin. His range was narrow, but he did good work in the local short story, in which *genre* his influence has been by no means insignificant.

(The fullest life of Bret Harte is that by H. C. Merwin. The shorter study by H. W. Boynton is more judicious if less eulogistic.)

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER

I do not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from
5 some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack"; or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man.
10 who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon his own unsupported statement.
15 "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid newcomer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jaybird Charley,"—an unhallowed inspiration of the moment that
20 clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title. That he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to
25 go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly,
30 to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen.

He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a justice of the peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and bar-rooms,—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly and chastely retreated,—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a justice of the peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife,—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else,—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically

concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype, the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Cañon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent, and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but in the nineteenth simply "reckless."

"What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly.

"Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife.

"That takes me," returned Tennessee; and, with this gambler's epigram, he threw away his useless pistol and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the chaparral-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated resinous odors, and the decaying driftwood on the bar sent forth faint sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day and its fierce passions still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of

the pines the windows of the old loft above the express office stood out staringly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.

110

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands, they were ready to listen patiently to any defense, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defense than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable but good-humored reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight" that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

115

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper" and trousers streaked

140 and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpetbag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his
145 trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after shaking the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandana handkerchief, a shade lighter than
150 his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:—

“I was passin’ by,” he began, by way of apology, “and I thought I’d just step in and see how things was gittin’ on with Tennessee thar,—my pardner. It’s a hot night. I
155 disremember any sich weather before on the Bar.”

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

160 “Have you anything to say on behalf of the prisoner?” said the Judge finally.

“Thet’s it,” said Tennessee’s Partner, in a tone of relief. “I come yar as Tennessee’s pardner,—knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o’ luck.
165 His ways ain’t aller my ways, but thar ain’t any p’int in that young man, thar ain’t any liveliness as he’s been up to, as I don’t know. And you sez to me, sez you,—confidential-like, and between man and man,—sez you, ‘do you know anything in his behalf?’ and I sez to you, sez I,—confi-
170 dential-like, as between man and man,—‘what should a man know of his pardner?’”

“Is this all you have to say?” asked the judge impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the court.

175 “Thet’s so,” continued Tennessee’s Partner. “It ain’t

for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger; and you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the 180 honors is easy. And I put it to you, bein' a fa'r-minded man, and to you, gentlemen all, as fa'r-minded men, ef this is n't so."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any question to ask this man?" 185

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner hastily. "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more, 190 some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch,—it's about all my pile,—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpetbag upon the table. 195

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's 200 Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offense could not be condoned by money, his 205 face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpetbag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed 210 the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had

not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back:—

"If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now."

For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported, with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers, in the "Red Dog Clarion," by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as

cheerily as before; and possibly the "Red Dog Clarion" was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded²⁵⁰ the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse, attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner,²⁵⁵ used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buckeye-tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the committee."²⁶⁰ He didn't wish to "hurry anything"; he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was²⁶⁵ from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar,—perhaps it was from something even better than that, but two thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into²⁷⁰ the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough oblong box,—apparently made from a section of sluicing,—and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow and made fragrant with²⁷⁵ buckeye-blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which²⁸⁰ was habitual with Jenny even under less solemn circumstances. The men—half curiously, half jestingly, but all good-humoredly—strolled along beside the cart, some in

advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque.
285 But whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on, the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show
290 upon an imaginary trombone, desisted from a lack of sympathy and appreciation,—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon, by this time clothed
295 in funereal drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by
300 the roadside as the cortège went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the blue-jays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

305 Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguished the nest-building of the California miner, were all here with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few
310 paces from the cabin there was a rough inclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it, we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was
315 the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the inclosure, and rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it unaided within

the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid, and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech, and they disposed themselves variously on the stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

325

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home. And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you seed me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and Jinny have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why"—he paused and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen," he added abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun'l's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

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Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandana handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance, and this point remained undecided.

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In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of

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that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering
 360 various uncouth but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude health and great strength seemed visibly to decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass-blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

365 One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying, "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put Jinny in the
 370 cart"; and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now, steady, Jinny,—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts,—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind
 375 drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar! I told you so! —thar he is,—coming this way, too,—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

Bret Harte

GRIZZLY

Coward,—of heroic size,
 In whose lazy muscles lies
 Strength we fear and yet despise;
 Savage,—whose relentless tusks
 5 Are content with acorn husks;
 Robber,—whose exploits ne'er soared
 O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard;
 Whiskered chin, and feeble nose
 Claws of steel on baby toes,—
 10 Here, in solitude and shade,

Shambling, shuffling plantigrade,
Be thy courses undismayed!

Here, where nature makes thy bed,
Let thy rude, half-human tread
Point to hidden Indian springs, 15
Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,
Hovered o'er by timid wings,
Where the wood-duck lightly passes,
Where the wild bee holds her sweets,—
Epicurean retreats, 20
Fit for thee, and better than
Fearful spoils of dangerous man.

In thy fat-jowled deviltry
Friar Tuck shall live in thee;
Thou may'st levy tithe and dole; 25
Thou shalt spread the woodland cheer,
From the pilgrim taking toll;
Match thy cunning with his fear;
Eat, and drink, and have thy fill;
Yet remain an outlaw still! 30

Bret Harte

DICKENS IN CAMP

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted 3
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew, 10

And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the twilight fell,

15 He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 't was boyish fancy,— for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—

20 But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,

While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

25 And so in mountain solitudes— o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—

Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

30 Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?—

Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills

35 With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,

40 Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of Western pine!

Bret Harte



JOAQUIN MILLER
At Home, 1900

JOAQUIN MILLER

1842-1913

Cincinnatus Heine Miller, better known by his pen-name Joaquin Miller, was born on November 10, 1842, somewhere on the border line between Ohio and Indiana. He tells us in the autobiographical sketch prefixed to his complete works that his cradle was a covered wagon, one of those "prairie schooners" in which his pioneer parents were making their long journey westward. They settled for a while in Indiana but finally decided to push on to Oregon, a distance of over three thousand miles, where they made their permanent home. Joaquin had his full share of the hardships and adventurous experiences that naturally fell to this pioneer family. Once he was painfully wounded in a fight with some unfriendly Indians; an arrow pierced his face and neck and almost caused his death. But during these years he learned to love the wild western life and the picturesque and beautiful things of this wonder world of nature with a passion which made him unquestionably the poet laureate of the Far West, or as he was frequently called, "The Poet of the Sierras."

As a young adventurer he went from Oregon to California and took passage for Boston, but he stopped off at Nicaragua on his voyage down the Pacific and joined General Walker in his romantic revolutionary expedition into that country. His Central American experiences later found expression in the long poem "Walker in Nicaragua." Then he drifted back to the coast of Oregon, spent a short time at college, and became a teacher. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and was for a short time a district judge. He had been writing a great deal of prose and verse during these later years, but his productions met with little favor. The lure of the mountains was ever calling him away from his social and legal duties, and when gold was discovered in Idaho and Montana, he left all and joined the stream of miners which flowed into those states. He accumulated enough of the precious metal to build a home for his parents and purchase a newspaper for

himself. At the opening of the Civil War he threw his influence toward the peace party, and as a result of his vigorous editorials his paper was suppressed. Again he retired to the mountains to live alone with nature and to write poetry.

About 1870 he crossed the continent and took passage from New York to England. He felt that he could never find an audience in his own country, for he had already published several thin volumes which had attracted little or no attention either in the West, where they were printed, or in the East, where he hoped to find recognition. In London he lived a secluded life until he published at his own expense a volume of poems containing among other things an earlier poem on Joaquin Murietta, a Mexican bandit, from which fact he was himself called Joaquin in derision, a name which he permanently assumed as his *nom de plume* in his next volume. The seven poems in his first volume caught the English ear by their novelty and vigor and unmistakable evidences of poetical genius. The metrical crudeness and lack of literary finish were everywhere recognized, but the English press praised his work extravagantly, and he was enabled to bring out his first really important volume, *Songs of the Sierras*, in 1871. His own picturesque personality in his western garb, the rich new experiences heralded from an unknown world, and the varied and beautiful scenery of the great Rocky Mountains which formed the staple of his poetry made him for a time a sort of literary lion in London. He was invited to dine with many notable persons, met such men as Dickens, Browning, Archbishop Trench, Moore, Rossetti, and was cordially received in clubs and private families.

In spite of his success in London, little attention was paid to him in America, for in his uncouth western garb he was looked upon as an unfair representative of American culture and art. He had to wait long and patiently for an appreciative hearing in his own country. For a time he lived in Washington City, building for himself a log cabin on Stony Creek, a few miles north of the city. This cabin is still an object of interest to the thousands of people who drive in the beautiful park which has since been laid out here. He finally purchased a mountain side of his own in Oakland, California, in sight of San Francisco, and built for himself the lodge in which he lived until his death in 1913.

Joaquin Miller caught the spirit of the western mountain scenery as none who had not lived in it could do. He is no imitator of the European bards, but an original American poet who was willing to put down in his own way what his own eyes saw and his own heart felt. He had his limitations and his faults, but he has earned a secure place among the poets who are thoroughly American in spirit and in subject-matter.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE

- Room! room to turn round in, to breathe and be free,
To grow to be giant, to sail as at sea
With the speed of the wind on a steed with his mane
To the wind, without pathway or route or a rein.*
- 5 *Room! room to be free where the white border'd sea
Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he;
Where the buffalo come like a cloud on the plain,
Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven main,
And the lodge of the hunter to friend or to foe*
- 10 *Offers rest; and unquestion'd you come or you go.
My plains of America! Seas of wild lands!
From a land in the seas in a raiment of foam,
That has reached to a stranger the welcome of home,
I turn to you, lean to you, lift you my hands.*
- 15 "Run? Run? See this flank, sir, and I do love him so!
But he's blind, badger blind. Whoa, Pache, boy, whoa.
No, you would n't believe it to look at his eyes.
But he's blind, badger blind, and it happen'd this wise:
- "We lay in the grass and the sunburnt clover
- 20 That spread on the ground like a great brown cover
Northward and southward, and west and away
To the Brazos, where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken level of brown.
We were waiting the curtains of night to come down
- 25 To cover us trio and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

"We lounged in the grass—her eyes were in mine,
 And her hands on my knee, and her hair was as wine
 In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over 30
 Her bosom wine red, and press'd never by one.
 Her touch was as warm as the tinge of the clover
 Burnt brown as it reach'd to the kiss of the sun.
 Her words they were low as the lute-throated dove,
 And as laden with love as the heart when it beats 35
 In its hot, eager answer to earliest love,
 Or the bee hurried home by its burthen of sweets.

"We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
 Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride;
 'Forty full miles if a foot to ride! 40
 Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
 Of red Comanches are hot on the track
 When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
 Soon, very soon,' muttered bearded old Revels
 As he peer'd at the sun, lying low on his back, 45
 Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerk'd at his steed
 And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
 And then dropp'd, as if shot, with an ear to the ground;
 Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
 While his eyes were like flame, his face like a shroud, 50
 His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
 And his voice loud and shrill, as both trumpet and reed,—
 'Pull, pull in your lassoes, and bridle to steed,
 And speed you if ever for life you would speed.
 Aye, ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride! 55
 For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
 And the feet of wild horses hard flying before
 I heard like a sea breaking high on the shore,
 While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
 Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three 60
 As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire.'

“We drew in the lassoes, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, cinched them on, cinched them over again,
And again drew the girth; and spring we to horse,
65 With head to the Brazos, with a sound in the air
Like the surge of a sea, with a flash in the eye,
From that red wall of flame reaching up to the sky;
A red wall of flame and a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
70 And afar from the desert blown hollow and hoarse.

“Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
We broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

75 Twenty miles! . . . thirty miles! . . . a dim distant
speck . . .

Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight!
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup, and look'd to my right—
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
80 And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
He rode neck to neck with a buffalo bull,
85 That made the earth shake where he came in his course,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings hoarse.
His keen, crooked horns, through the storm of his mane,
90 Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And Revels was gone, as we rode two and two.

"I look'd to my left then—and nose, neck, and shoulder
 Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs,
 And up through the black blowing veil of her hair 95
 Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes,
 With a longing and love yet a look of despair
 And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
 And flames leaping far for her glorious hair.
 Her sinking horse falter'd, plunged, fell and was gone 100
 As I reach'd through the flame and I bore her still on.
 On! into the Brazos, she, Pache and I—
 Poor, burnt, blinded Pache. I love him . . . That's why."

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores;
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said: "Now must we pray, 5
 For lo! the very stars are gone,
 Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
 "Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
 My men grow ghastly, wan and weak." 10
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
 "What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why, you shall say at break of day: 15
 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said:
 "Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead. 20

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

25 They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
30 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he paced his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
35 Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
40 Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"



From a photograph taken by Max Fletz, Chicago
EUGENE FIELD

EUGENE FIELD

1850-1895

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 3, 1850, and died in Chicago, November 4, 1895, having barely completed his forty-fifth year. He was taken to New England for his early education, and he finished what academic training he had at the University of Missouri. He did not complete his course, however, preferring to sacrifice his degree in order to make a six months' tour of Europe. At twenty-three he began his journalistic career as a reporter on the *St. Louis Evening Journal*, and after working on a number of papers he rose to a permanent position on the *Chicago Daily News*, in which paper for the last twelve years of his life he conducted a unique column called "Sharps and Flats." This was a series of miscellanies in prose and poetry, covering a wide range of interests, by turns humorous, farcical, grotesque, pathetic, and serious. The material in the "Sharps and Flats" column was largely local in appeal, and in spite of its cleverness has now naturally lost much of its force.

In 1890 appeared two thin volumes of Field's productions—*A Little Book of Profitable Tales* and *A Little Book of Western Verse*. From this time on his popularity steadily grew, although he lived to enjoy only five years of the vogue created by the publication of these books. Two other volumes, *With Trumpet and Drum* and *Love Songs of Childhood*, containing old and new poems, appeared just before his death.

Eugene Field was possessed of a lovable personality. He was devoted to children of all classes and was an idealist in his home, where he had a devoted wife and eight children of his own. He was extremely sympathetic toward animal life, companionable and magnetic among all classes of people, full of sentiment and imaginative idealism, and yet, like many another genius, he was erratic, extravagant, unconventional in his habits, and obsessed with his own peculiar fads and fancies. His best work was his inimitable child

verse. He has been called "one of the sweetest singers in American literature and incomparably the noblest bard of childhood." His delicate sentiment, imaginative quality, and unconscious sincerity lift his child verse into the realm of art, and he is thus assured a unique niche in the American temple of poetic fame. His best known child pieces are "A Dutch Lullaby (Wynken, Blynken, and Nod)," "Little Boy Blue," "Jest 'Fore Christmas," and "Seein' Things at Night." His two most significant moods—the imaginatively sentimental and the pathetic—may be illustrated in the "Dutch Lullaby" and "Little Boy Blue." "In the Firelight" is an example of childhood experience glorified through reminiscence into a noble expression of faith.

IN THE FIRELIGHT

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
While like winged spirits, here and there,
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

5

And somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thoughts go back to distant years
And linger with a loved one there;
And as I hear my child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me,—
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And Mother holds my hands again.

10

15

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of Mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone,—
Sweet magic of that treble tone,
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

20

DUTCH LULLABY

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.

5 "Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
10 Said Wynken
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
15 And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
20 But never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

25 All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'T was all so prett'y a sail, it seemed
30 As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 't was a dream they'd dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:

 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

35

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;

40

So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,—

45

 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

1849-1916

If poetic merit should be judged merely by popularity with the reading public and with lecture audiences, James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, would undoubtedly outrank all other American poets with the single possible exception of Longfellow. He was born in the village of Greenfield, Indiana, October 7, 1849 (other dates from 1851 to 1853 frequently given are now held to be incorrect), and lived all his life in his native state, his residence being during his late years on the retired little Lockerbie Street in Indianapolis. As a youth he is described as a delicate and slender lad with corn-silk hair, wide blue eyes, large nose, and freckled face. But he was not, as one might suppose from this description and from reading many of his later dialect poems, a backwoods, poverty-stricken country boy. On the contrary, he was the son of a well-to-do lawyer in a moderately sized middle Indiana town of the mid-nineteenth century. He did not take full advantage of his school opportunities, however, preferring to spend his time loitering around the country, filling his mind with the images and experiences which he was later to enshrine so sympathetically and truly in his reminiscent verse.

His tendency toward artistic expression early manifested itself in his ability to play by ear on several musical instruments and in his talent for drawing. At sixteen he learned the house- and sign-painting trade and went about the country for two years with several companions, practicing his vocation. Then he was induced to try reading law in his father's office for a time, but when, as he declares, he found out that political economy and law did not rime, he "slipped out of the office one summer afternoon when all outdoors was calling imperiously, shook the last dusty premise from my head, and was away." He found an opening more to his taste at that period of his life with a traveling medicine man. His duties were to paint or draw the advertisements, assist the troupe of actors, remodel their songs and scenes, and perhaps take part in the acting and mimicry himself, for which, by the way, he had a decided talent.

He was continually trying himself out in original poems



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

which he sent to local newspapers. Once he published "Leonainie," a poem which he pretended was signed by E. A. P. on the flyleaf of an old volume owned by Edgar Allan Poe. So successful was the hoax that it attracted nation-wide comment, many critics accepting the verses as a genuine work of Poe's. A storm of indignant protest arose when the trick was discovered, and Riley says that as a result he lost his position on the *Anderson Democrat*, a local paper on which he was working at the time. He was immediately called to join the staff of the *Indianapolis Journal*, however, and it was in this paper that he first began the long series of dialect poems purporting to come from a simple and unsophisticated farmer, Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone, the original Hoosier poet. Riley prepared long illiterate letters explaining how he, Johnson, came to write these poems, and how the tears rolled down his cheeks sometimes as he wrote. "The Old Swimmin' Hole" was the first of the series published in the *Journal* in 1882, and in 1883 appeared Riley's first volume, *The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems*.

Through a long series of years there continued to flow from his pen poem after poem until he became one of our most voluminous writers. The public bought his books by the hundreds of thousands and still clamored for more. He was called before the public to give readings, and he later became one of the most popular entertainers, vying for public favor with Bill Nye, Mark Twain, Robert J. Burdette, Eugene Field, and George W. Cable, with each of whom he held joint readings.

It was a long time before Riley was recognized by the older and more cultured eastern poets and critics, but he finally won praise from practically all of them. Longfellow wrote him an encouraging letter early in his career; Lowell introduced him to a New York City audience, as a true poet; Holmes, Howells, Mark Twain, Joel Chandler Harris, Rudyard Kipling, and scores of others gave him high praise for touching the hearts of the people with his homely dialect pieces, his child poems, and his more serious and elevated lyrics. He was honored with degrees by several of our leading universities, and on October 7, 1911, the school children of Indiana, and of the whole country in 1912, celebrated Riley's birthday with appropriate exercises. He died July 22, 1916.

AFTERWHILES

Where are they—the Afterwhiles—
Luring us the lengthening miles
Of our lives? Where is the dawn
With the dew across the lawn
5 Stroked with eager feet the far
Way the hills and valleys are?
Where the sun that smites the frown
Of the eastward-gazer down?
Where the rifted wreaths of mist
10 O'er us, tinged with amethyst,
Round the mountain's steep defiles?
Where are all the afterwhiles?

Afterwhile—and we will go
Thither, yon, and to and fro—
15 From the stifling city streets
To the country's cool retreats—
From the riot to the rest
Where hearts beat the placidest;
Afterwhile, and we will fall
20 Under breezy trees, and loll
In the shade, with thirsty sight
Drinking deep the blue delight
Of the skies that will beguile
Us as children—afterwhile.

25 Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler to his friends—
To walk with them, in the hush
Of still evenings, o'er the plush
Of home-leading fields, and stand

Long at parting, hand in hand:
 One, in time, will joy to take
 New resolves for someone's sake,
 And wear then the look that lies
 Clear and pure in other eyes—
 He will soothe and reconcile
 His own conscience—afterwhile.

80

35

Afterwhile—we have in view
 A far scene to journey to,—
 Where the old home is, and where
 The old mother waits us there,
 Peering, as the time grows late,
 Down the old path to the gate.—
 How we'll click the latch that locks
 In the pinks and hollyhocks,
 And leap up the path once more
 Where she waits us at the door!—
 How we'll greet the dear old smile,
 And the warm tears—afterwhile!

40

45

Ah, the endless afterwhiles!—
 Leagues on leagues, and miles on miles,
 In the distance far withdrawn,
 Stretching on, and on, and on,
 Till the fancy is footsore
 And faints in the dust before
 The last milestone's granite face,
 Hacked with: Here Beginneth Space.
 O far glimmering worlds and wings,
 Mystic smiles and beckonings,
 Lead us through the shadowy aisles,
 Out into the afterwhiles.

50

55

60

THE RAGGEDY MAN

O The Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
5 An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—

Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?

10 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.—
15 He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' nothern'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' nother'n', too, fer The Raggedy Man.—

Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?

20 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man one time says he
Pick' roast' rambos from a' orchurd-tree,
An' et 'em—all ist roast' an' hot!—
An' it's so, too!—'cause a corn-crib got
25 Afire one time an' all burn' down
On "The Smoot Farm," 'bout four mile from town—
On "The Smoot Farm"! Yes—an' the hired han'
'At worked there nen 'uz The Raggedy Man!—

Ain't he the beatin'est Raggedy Man?

30 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man's so good an' kind
He'll be our "horsey," an' "haw" an' mind

Ever'thing 'at you make him do—
 An' won't run off—'less you want him to!
 I drived him wunst way down our lane 35
 An' he got skeered, when it 'menced to rain,
 An' ist rared up an' squealed and run
 Purt 'nigh away!—an' it's all in fun!
 Nen he skeered *ag'in* at a' old tin can . . .
 Whoa! y' old runaway Raggedy Man! 40
 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
 An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
 Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
 An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers the'rselves! 45
 An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
 He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
 'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
 Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
 Er Ma, er Pa, er The Raggedy Man! 50
 Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' wunst, when The Raggedy Man come late,
 An' pigs ist root' thue the garden-gate,
 He 'tend like the pigs 'uz *bears* an' said, 55
 "Old Bear-shooter 'ill shoot 'em dead!"
 An' race an' chase' 'em, an' they'd ist run
 When he pint his hoe at 'em like it's a gun
 An' go "Bang!—Bang!" nen 'tend he stan'
 An' load up his gun *ag'in*! Raggedy Man! 60
 He's an old Bear-shooter Raggedy Man!
 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' sometimes The Raggedy Man lets on
 We're little *prince*-children, an' old King's gone
 To git more money, an' lef' us there— 65

And *Robbers* is ist thick ever'where;
An' nen—ef we all won't cry, fer *shore*—
The Raggedy Man he'll come and "'splore
The Castul-halls," an' steal the "gold"—
70 An' steal *us*, too, an' grab an' hold
An' pack us off to his old "Cave"!—An'
Haymow's the "cave" o' The Raggedy Man!—
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he
75 Was makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me,
Says "When you're big like your Pa is,
Air *you* go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows!"
80 An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

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WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

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1869-1910

William Vaughn Moody is as yet far from being a widely known poet, and perhaps he will never be a widely popular one; but like Sidney Lanier he will no doubt have a steady growth of fame, and in the estimation of those who are prepared to recognize his artistic work in the subtle metrical harmonies and the deeper interpretative thought of the modern world, he will surely take his place as one of our major American poets. He has done creditable work in literary criticism and the history of literature, and creative work in the pure lyric, in the poetic drama, and in the prose or acting drama; and although he died before reaching the full development of his genius, he accomplished enough to make him the most important of the younger poets of America.

He was born at Spencer, Indiana, July 8, 1869. About three years after his birth his parents moved to New Albany on the Ohio River. Here he grew into young manhood only to be doubly orphaned by the death of his mother when he was fifteen and of his father two years later. Left to his own resources at this immature age, he determined to secure for himself the best possible education. He taught school for a while near New Albany, and then went to New York to become an assistant teacher in an academy where he could himself obtain further instruction. He finally entered Harvard University and continued his undergraduate work for four years, and then went abroad as a tutor in a private family.

After a memorable year in Europe, he returned to Harvard and entered upon graduate work. Two years later, in 1894, he was graduated with the Master's degree, and the next year he became an instructor in English in the University of Chicago. With numerous vacation intermissions he continued in the work of teaching until 1902, when he permanently relinquished his professional position to devote himself to creative writing. During the years spent in Chicago he made several trips abroad and a number of

bicycle and walking tours with his friends in his own country. He loved outdoor life, and had an insatiable desire to mix with all classes of people and thus see life at all sorts of angles. His friendships were very important to him, and no man perhaps ever had more devoted and intimate companions. In collaboration with Robert M. Lovett, he prepared a textbook on the history of English literature, and the success of this volume, and of several other books which he edited for school use, enabled him to carry out his long-cherished design of giving up entirely his work in the classroom. Professor John M. Manly urged him again and again to give a series of lectures at the University of Chicago after he had formally resigned, but he steadfastly refused, saying, "I cannot do it; I feel that at every lecture I slay a poet."

He had been contributing poems to the best magazines since his Harvard University days, but it was not until toward the close of the nineties that he began to find his individual note. In 1900 he contributed to *Scribner's Magazine* what he considered his best lyric,—namely, "Gloucester Moors." Among his other distinctive poems are "The Brute," a poem after the manner of Kipling, on machinery and its effects on modern life; "The Menagerie," a delightful Browning-like treatment of the theme of evolution from the point of view of a half-drunken man fresh from the menagerie of a circus; "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines" and "An Ode in Time of Hesitation," passionate outcries against American imperialism; and "The Daguerreotype," a wonderful tribute to the memory of his mother. Professor Manly says that this last poem is "so deep of thought, so full of poignant feeling and clairvoyant vision, so wrought of passionate beauty that I know not where to look for another tribute from any poet to his mother that equals it."

Moody's most ambitious work was his unfinished trilogy of poetic dramas, "The Fire-bringer," "The Masque of Judgment," and "The Death of Eve." The last, which was to round out and complete the series, is left in fragmentary form, but the final theme is more or less adequately treated in the blank verse poem of the same title. There is a wonderful array of fine poetry here, but the number of readers who can fully appreciate the quality of Moody's art is unfortunately limited. Professor Manly says that Moody's poetry even

in its simplest forms does not always reveal its meaning to the careless and casual reader, and most young readers will find these dramas to be a severe test upon their intellectual and interpretative powers. But such poetry has in it lasting qualities, and will always repay the student for his efforts to comprehend and appreciate it. Some of Moody's finest lyrics, too, are imbedded in these blank verse dramas.

The third type of writing in which Moody succeeded admirably was that of the prose or acting drama. "The Great Divide" is perhaps the most original and successful native play produced on the American stage within the past quarter century. "The Faith Healer" was not so popular with the playgoing public, but it is a composition of wonderful literary appeal, and if not so good as an acting play, is certainly worthy of remembrance as a literary drama.

In spite of his outdoor habits and simple living, Moody's health failed in 1909, and after a few months of happiness in his marriage with Harriet V. Brainerd, a woman whose companionship had meant much to him for several years preceding their marriage, he succumbed on October 17, 1910, cut off, as it were, in the full flush of his genius.

In the excellent introduction to the two-volume edition of Moody's poems and dramas Professor Manly admirably epitomizes the forcefulness of this new poet's work in these words: "Moody's poetry, whether due to a direct impulse from life or suggested, like 'The Dialogue in Purgatory' and 'The Fountain' and 'Thamuz' by literature, is notable for its freedom from response to the obvious, the trivial, the merely pretty. This is, no doubt, one reason why, for all his rich and various melody, his wealth of fresh and vivid imagery, his modernity, his worship of beauty and love, his depth of spiritual emotion, he is not popular, is indeed hardly remembered by any except those to whom poetry is not an idle pastime, but a passion; for the idler wants art in all its forms to be obvious, and trivial and pretty. Moody's themes are often the common themes of poetry: love, patriotism, human suffering, God, and the soul. But he sees them ever from a new angle, he finds in them new significance, he mingles them with unaccustomed but predestined associations. His vision and feeling are not simple, but interwoven with rich threads of reflection and transmuting emotion."

GLOUCESTER MOORS

A mile behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
5 Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

10 Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew.
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
15 From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the grey moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
20 Beach-peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land-birds all are here;
25 That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;

From deep to deep she varies pace, 30
And while she comes is gone,
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel 35
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnacle frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright. 40
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old world steer
As if her port she knew. 45

God, dear God! Does she know her port,
Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
To brazen and chance it out?
I watched when her captains passed: 50
She were better captainless.
Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught 55
Sounds from the noisome hold,—
Cursing and singing of souls distraught
And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see;
But they said, "Thou art not of us!" 60
I turned to those on the deck with me

And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be:
Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
65 Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alder-clump where the brook comes through
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin!
70 Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
75 Boats and boats from the fishing banks
Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
80 And hearts to take and keep to the end,—
O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
85 Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
90 While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?

THE NOTES

Rip Van Winkle (Irving)

INTRODUCTORY:

Irving was living in England when he wrote *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon*. In 1819 he sent the manuscript to New York in separate sections to be published serially. In the first number, published in May, there were five sketches, of which "Rip Van Winkle" was the last. Irving's sources for this tale were partly local traditions about Henry Hudson and his crew, and about Indian legends concerning the spirits that dwell in the Catskills. The long-sleep device has been frequently used in romance and fairy lore. "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" is an old Latin medieval legend telling how seven Christians slept in a cave for three hundred and sixty years. In the French fairy tale of "Rosebud, or The Sleeping Beauty," the young princess sleeps one hundred years until she is awakened by the kiss of a prince. In Ludwig Tieck's "The Elves," the little girl Mary sleeps seven years. But Irving's sources, as he himself hints in the note at the end of the story, were the legends concerning the tales about Emperor Frederick I, or Barbarossa, and the Kyffhäuser, or the Kyffhäuser Mountain legends. The principal Hartz Mountain legend is that told by Johann Karl Nachtigal, who, under the pseudonym of Otmar, published *Folks-sagen* or "Popular Traditions of the Hartz Mountains" in 1800. Irving probably saw this in the original German when he was studying that language during his first trip abroad. In order that it may be seen exactly how an author may use a source we give here Thomas Roscoe's translation of "Peter Klaus," which appeared in 1826, seven years later than Irving's story.

PETER KLAUS, THE GOATHERD

In the village of Sittendorf at the foot of a mountain lived Peter Klaus, a goatherd, who was in the habit of pasturing his flock upon the Kyffhäuser hills. Towards evening he generally let them browse upon a green plot not far off, surrounded with an old ruined wall from which he could take a muster of his whole flock.

For some days past he had observed that one of the prettiest goats, soon after its arrival at this spot, usually disappeared, nor joined the fold again until late in the evening. He watched her again and again, and at last found that she slipped through a gap in the old wall, whither he followed her. It led into a passage which widened, as he went, into a cavern; and here he saw the goat employed in picking up the oats that fell through some crevices in the place above. He looked up, shook his ears at this odd shower of corn, but could discover nothing. Where the deuce could it come from? At length he heard over his head the neighing and stamping of horses; he listened, and concluded that the oats must have fallen through the manger when they were fed. The poor goatherd was sadly puzzled what to think of these horses in this uninhabited part of the mountain, but so it was, for the groom making his appearance, without saying a word beckoned him to follow him. Peter obeyed, and followed him up some steps which brought him into an open courtyard surrounded by old walls. At the side of this was a still more spacious cavern, surrounded by rocky heights which only admitted a kind of twilight through the overhanging trees and shrubs.

He went on, and came to a smooth shaven green, where he saw twelve ancient knights none of whom spoke a word, engaged in playing nine pins. His guide now beckoned to Peter in silence, to pick up the nine pins, and went his way. Trembling in every joint Peter did not venture to disobey, and at times cast a stolen glance at the players, whose long beards and slashed doublets were not at all in the present fashion. By degrees his looks grew bolder; he took particular notice of everything round him; among other things, observing a tankard near him filled with wine, whose odour was excellent, he took a good draught. It seemed to inspire him with life; and whenever he began to feel tired of running, he applied with fresh ardour to the tankard, which always renewed his strength. But finally it quite overpowered him, and he fell asleep.

When he next opened his eyes, he found himself on the grass-plot again, in the old spot where he was in the habit of feeding his goats. He rubbed his eyes, he looked round, but could see neither dog nor flock; he was surprised at the long, rank grass that grew about him, and at the trees and bushes which he had never before seen. He shook his head and walked a little farther, looking for the old sheep path and the hillocks and roads where he used daily to drive his flock; but he could find no traces of them left. Yet he saw the village just before him; it was the same Sittendorf, and scratching his head, he hastened at a quick pace down the hill to enquire after his flock.

All the people whom he met going into the place were strangers to him, were differently dressed, and even spoke in a different style from his old neighbors. When he asked about his goats, they only stared at him, and fixed their eyes upon his chin. He put his hand unconsciously to his mouth, and to his great surprise found that he had got a beard, at least a foot long. He now began to think that both he and all the world about him were in a dream: and yet he knew the mountain for that of Kyffhausen (for he had just come down it) well enough. And there were the cottages with their gardens and grass-plots, much as he had left them. Besides, the lads who had all collected around him answered to the enquiry of a passenger, what place it was, "Sittendorf, Sir."

Still shaking his head, he went farther into the village to look for his own house. He found it, but greatly altered for the worse; a strange goat-herd in an old tattered frock lay before the door, and near him his old dog, which growled and showed its teeth at Peter when he called him. He went through the entrance which had once been a door, but all within was empty and deserted. Peter staggered like a drunken man out of the house, and called for his wife and children by their names. But no one heard him, and no one gave him any answer.

Soon, however, a crowd of women and children got round the inquisitive stranger with the long, hoary beard, and asked him what it was he wanted. Now Peter thought it was such a strange kind of thing to stand before his own house, enquiring for his own wife and children, as well as about himself, that evading these enquiries he pronounced the first name that came into his head: "Kurt Steffen, the blacksmith." Most of the spectators were silent, and only looked at him wistfully, till an old woman at last said: "Why, for these twelve years he has been at Sachsenburg, whence, I suppose you are not come to-day." "Where is Valentine Meier, the tailor?" "The Lord rest his soul," cried another old woman leaning upon her crutch, "he has been lying more than these fifteen years in a house he will never leave."

Peter recognized in the speakers two of his young neighbors who seemed to have grown old very suddenly, but he had no inclination to enquire any farther. At this moment there appeared making her way through the crowd of spectators a sprightly young woman with a year-old baby in her hand, all three as like his wife he was seeking for as possible. "What are your names?" he enquired in a tone of great surprise. "Mine is Maria." "And your father's?" continued Peter. "God rest his soul! Peter Klaus to be sure. It is now twenty years ago since we were all looking for him day and night upon the Kyffhausen; for his flock came home without him, and I was then," continued the woman, "only seven years old."

The goatherd could no longer bear this: "I am Peter Klaus," he said. "Peter and no other," and he took his daughter's child and kissed it. The spectators appeared struck dumb with astonishment, until first one and then another began to say, "Yes, indeed, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, good neighbor, after twenty years of absence, welcome home."

According to Lowell, a literary idea belongs to him at last who says it best, and so the whole series of tales dealing with long sleeps is now dominated by Irving's "Rip Van Winkle." So well known has Rip become through Irving's story and through Joseph Jefferson's dramatization of it that the very name has become a synonym for a sleepy old fellow who is about twenty years behind the times.

EXPLANATORY:

7. *thylke*. That same; an old word composed of *the* and *ilk*, the (or that) same.

7. *Cartwright*. William Cartwright, an English playwright of the early seventeenth century.

7: 2. *Knickerbocker*. Irving said the name was compounded from *Knicker*, to nod, and *bocker*, books, or one who nods over his books.

7: 27. "*more in sorrow than in anger*." *Hamlet*, I:ii.

7: 33. *Waterloo Medal, or a Queen Anne's Farthing*. The Waterloo medals were given to the British soldiers who fought in the battle of Waterloo, and the Queen Anne's farthing was a coin supposed to be of great rarity. The joke on the hard Dutch cakes is evident.

7: 35. *Kaatskill Mountains*. Why does Irving use this old spelling? The word *kill* means creek or river, as in Schuylkill.

8: 50. *a village*. When a young boy wrote to Irving asking him whether it was the village of Catskill or Kingston, the author playfully replied that he could find nothing in Mr. Knickerbocker's manuscript to indicate which village was intended.

8: 56. *Peter Stuyvesant*. Governor of the Dutch colony of New Netherlands from 1647 to 1664. See Irving's account of him in *Knickerbocker's History of New York*.

8: 68. *Fort Christina*. The Swedish settlement near what is now Wilmington, Delaware. Stuyvesant captured it in 1655.

9: 80. *termagant*. Formerly applied to a violent or overbearing person, but now only to a boisterous or quarreling woman. What is the meaning of *tolerable* in the next line?

9: 84. *good wives*. Wife is used here in the generic sense of woman rather than specifically as a married woman.

10: 131. *galligaskins*. Long, loose trousers.

12: 185. *junto*. An organization for furthering some cause, especially of political intrigue.

15: 293. *doublets . . . jerkins*. The doublet was a close-fitting outer garment with sleeves. The jerkin was a jacket or waistcoat.

15: 303. *hanger*. A short broadsword worn hanging from the belt.

18: 426. *an unkind cut*. "This was the most unkindest cut of all" (*Julius Caesar*, III:ii).

19: 442. *red night-cap*. This was used as a symbol of republicanism in the French Revolution. It has also been adopted in our image of the goddess of liberty, as may be seen in the engraving on our coins.

19: 465. *Babylonish jargon*. An allusion to the tower of Babel (Genesis 11:1-9).

20 : 475. *Federal or Democrat*. The Federalists were loose constructionists and the Democrats strict constructionists of the Constitution. Hamilton was a leading member of the Federal party, and Jefferson of the Democratic party.

21 : 507. *Stony Point*. A rocky promontory on the Hudson, captured by General Anthony Wayne in 1779.

21 : 508. *Antony's Nose*. Another promontory just north of Stony Point. Irving gives a humorous account of the naming of this promontory in *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, Book VI, chap. 4.

23 : 585. *the historian*. Adrian van der Donck, author of a Dutch history of New Netherlands.

23 : 593. *That it was affirmed*. In this and the next sentence the main predication is omitted. Supply the omission.

23 : 594. *Hendrick Hudson*. Henry Hudson, an English sailor in the service of the Dutch East India Company, in attempting to discover a northwest passage to India navigated the Hudson River and also discovered Hudson Bay. The *Half-moon* was the name of his ship. Why does Irving spell the name Hendrick?

25 : 659. *Frederick der Rothbart*. Frederick I of Germany, called Barbarossa, or Redbeard, died 1190. A legend arose to the effect that he was not dead but held spellbound in an underground castle, where he must remain as long as the ravens fly about the mountain.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

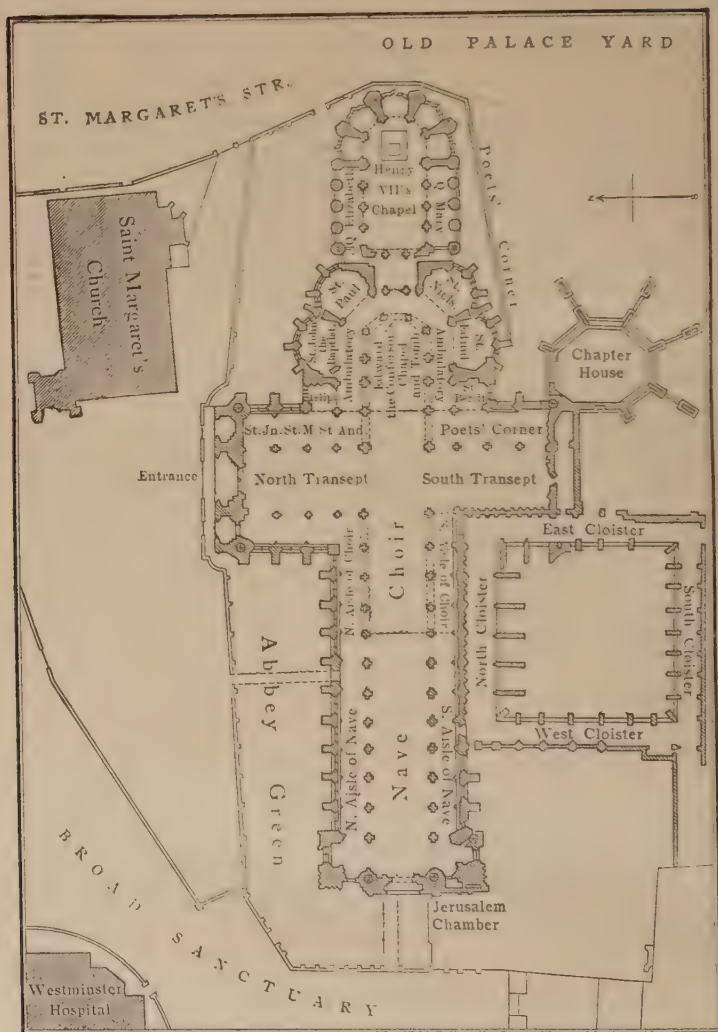
(1) What is the purpose of the introductory note about finding the manuscript of the story in Diedrich Knickerbocker's posthumous papers? How had Irving won fame under this pseudonym ten years before the appearance of the *Sketch Book*? (2) Examine also the note and the postscript at the end of the story. What is the chief value to the story of this framework of pretended notes from Mr. Knickerbocker? (3) With what element does Irving begin the story—setting, characters, or action? Is this a good way to begin a story like this? Why? (4) Why are the mountains spoken of as "barometers," "fairy mountains," and the like? (5) Why is Rip the first character to be introduced? (6) Give a full description of his appearance. (7) Discuss his character and habits, including his relations to his wife, his dog, his cronies, and others. (8) What humorous touches do you discover in Irving's treatment of Rip? (9) Is Rip well suited to play the part of a lackey or "subject" in the supernatural events which follow? Why? Do you think he might *want* to sleep twenty years? (10) Describe Dame Van Winkle's character. What light do Wolf's actions throw on this topic? (11) What does Dame Van Winkle's character have to do with the development of the narrative, that is, with the events which follow? (12) Why is the club or *junto* introduced? Are its members reverted to a little further on in the story? (13) At what point does the main action of the narrative begin? Note how many pages Irving has consumed in his leisurely introduction. Do most modern stories move so slowly as this? Do you think Irving is justified in making such a full analysis of characters before he begins the main action of the story? Explain why. (14) Notice that Irving gives a picture of the mountain scenery instead of recounting the details of Rip's day of hunting. Just why does he do this? Do you think the pictures are good? Compare these two paragraphs with the first two paragraphs for picturesque effects.

(15) Tell in your own words the peculiar happenings just as Rip started to descend the mountain. (16) Are the strange characters vividly presented? Tell just how they look to you. What historical period and what particular characters do they represent? (17) How much space does Irving devote to Rip after he fell asleep and before the awakening? Might a less skillful writer have filled in a page or so of description here to denote the passage of time? (18) How long did Rip think he had slept? (19) Is the waking natural? How does Irving manage to disclose the wonderful changes that had taken place in Rip and his surroundings? Note particularly the order in which things are taken up—the gun, the dog, the stiffness in Rip's joints, his hunger, and the like. (20) What things had apparently not changed during his sleep? Is this a natural touch? (21) Do you think it a little strange that Rip did not notice his long beard until he reached the village? Why is this point delayed? (22) Show just how the changes in the village are gradually disclosed. To what cause did Rip attribute his confusion? (23) What humorous and pathetic touches are found in the paragraphs describing Rip's visit to his own home? Was it Wolf or perhaps a dog like Wolf that snarled at him? (24) Does the name of the new keeper of the inn, now a hotel, sound like the previous Dutch names? Why this change? (25) What did Rip learn when he called for his old associates? (26) What ironical and humorous effect is produced when he asks if nobody knows Rip Van Winkle? (27) Who finally tells Rip that he went away twenty years ago? Was this the proper person to do it? Describe the recognition scene. (28) How did Rip spend his last days? (29) Go over the story now and point out its main divisions, thus making a complete outline. Notice first the setting; then the leisurely introductory description of characters; then the account of the hunting trip, which is the beginning of the narrative proper; next the strange party at ninepins; then Rip's sleep; his awakening; his return to the village; the recognition; and finally Rip's after life, as a conclusion. (30) In a second perusal do you see many natural hints or suggestive preparations for succeeding incidents? (31) Point out exact references to show the date and extent of time covered, and thus make a time outline of the story. (32) Point out five of the wittiest sayings in the story. (33) Make a study of "Peter Klaus" (see introductory note above) and determine just what Irving has taken, what he has left out, and what he has added in writing his own story. (34) Suggested composition subjects: Rip's Character; Comparison of the Humor of "Rip Van Winkle" with That of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"; write a story incorporating some local legend; Comparison of Joseph Jefferson's Dramatization with the Original Story; How Irving Used His Sources (see introductory note).

Westminster Abbey (Irving)

INTRODUCTORY:

"Westminster Abbey" was the first essay in the seventh and last number of the *Sketch Book* when it was published serially in 1819. It is a typical example of the informal or personal essay dealing with real scenes and their literary and historical associations. We call the essay personal because the author infuses into it a great deal of his



GROUND FLOOR PLAN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

own sentiment and emotion, or personality; and we call it informal because it is presented in the easy and natural style of one talking to us and giving us his own thoughts and experiences in an informal rather than a formal or dignified manner.

EXPLANATORY:

26. *Westminster Abbey*. The Abbey, or Cathedral, of St. Peter in Westminster, formerly a suburb of London, but now in the midst of the city. The Abbey was begun by Edward the Confessor in 1050 and completed after his death in 1066. In 1245 it was rebuilt by Henry VII, and it has since been added to from time to time. It is the first of the English cathedrals built on the cruciform plan, and it is also first in historic and literary interest. If possible, look up further facts about this famous old church.

26. *Chrestolero's Epigrams*. The correct title is *Chrestoleros: Seven Books of Epigrams*, by Thomas Bastard, 1598.

27: 10. *Westminster School*. Also called St. Peter's College, one of the famous English boarding schools, refounded by Elizabeth in 1560.

27: 15. *verger*. The official keeper of a cathedral; so called because he formerly carried the verge, or rod, signifying ecclesiastical authority.

28: 45. *Vitalis. Abbas.*, etc. Names of ancient abbots now almost entirely forgotten.

29: 89. *Poet's Corner*. In the south transept. Geoffrey Chaucer was buried here in 1400, probably because he was a favorite officer of the crown and had his dwelling within the confines of the cathedral. Since Cromwell's time others than royalty have been buried in the Abbey by way of special national recognition. Longfellow, whose bust is in Poets' Corner, is the only American honored by a memorial in the Abbey.

30: 122. *cognizance*. A family badge or heraldic device.

30: 127. *crostiers and mitres*. A crosier, or crozier, is a bishop's staff surmounted with a crook or a cross; a mitre, or miter, is a large ornamental headdress worn by bishops and other ecclesiastics.

30: 131. *that fabled city*. On the seventeenth night of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, "The Story of the Eldest Lady (Zobeide)" relates the finding of a city with all the inhabitants petrified just as they were in real life.

30: 134. *buckler . . . morion*. A shield . . . an open helmet.

31: 171. *tomb of Mrs. Nightingale*. The French sculptor Roubillac (or Roubiliac) made several notable monuments in Westminster before his death in 1762. Irving accurately describes the bizarre statue in memory of Joseph Nightingale and his wife Elizabeth.

32: 201. *Henry the Seventh's chapel*. At the east end of the Abbey, built about 1500 by Henry VII as a memorial and burial place for himself and his family.

33: 256. *Elizabeth . . . Mary*. Look up the account of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots.

34: 278. "*For in the silent grave,*" etc. Quoted from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Thierry and Theodoret*, IV.

35: 311. *Edward the Confessor*. King of West-Saxons from 1042 to 1066. He was succeeded by Harold, who was overthrown by William of Normandy.

35: 319. "*beds of darkness.*" Echoing Job 17:13, "If I wait, the grave is mine house; I have made my bed in the darkness."

37: 378. *Sir Thomas Brown(e)*. An eminent English prose writer of the seventeenth century. This quotation and the one below are from *Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial*, his most noted work.

37: 389. *Cambyses . . . Mizraim . . . Pharaoh*. Cambyses III, king of Persia, conquered Egypt in the sixth century before Christ.

Mizraim is Hebrew for Egypt; it is also used as the name of one of Ham's sons (see Genesis 10:6). Pharaoh is a general name for the early kings of Egypt.

37: 402. *a tale that is told.* From Psalms 90:9, "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) In what mood and from what mental point of view does Irving open this essay? How does the day harmonize with this mood? (2) Why is the first personal pronoun used so frequently throughout the essay? Is it objectionable? (3) Trace Irving's course through the Abbey by reference to the plate given on p. 530. (Note that he enters from the southwest. After passing through Westminster School and the cloisters, he reaches the Abbey proper, entering at the south transept door [see the sixth paragraph]. After giving the first general impressions, he passes on to the Poets' Corner in the south transept. He then goes on around through the kings' tombs until he reaches the Nightingale tomb in the north transept. Then he wanders around from tomb to tomb and chapel to chapel until he comes to the great Henry VII's chapel in the east wing, to which, including the reflections on the noise of the outside world, he gives ten paragraphs. On his way out he stops at the magnificent shrine of Edward the Confessor in the very heart of the Abbey, and mounting this tomb, he takes a last general survey of the great mausoleum, and finally passes out the north entrance. The conclusion draws some lessons on the emptiness of human renown and the fleetness of all-consuming time.) (4) The notable thing about the essay is the blending of vivid description with quiet musing or reverie. Point out some of the paragraphs which best bring out this blending, and read them aloud in the appropriate tone and movement. (5) Do you get a better idea of the Abbey from this essay than you could from a guide book? Why does Irving not give the history of the Abbey, its dimensions, its architectural details? (6) You might expect from Irving some touches of humor. Are there any in this essay? Why? (7) Read the paragraph on Poets' Corner, and test what is said about the influence of authors by applying it to Irving himself. (8) Give the general characteristics of Irving's style in this essay. (Simplicity, clearness, elegance, smoothness, grace, and melody; blending of sentiment and picturesqueness; dominant personal tone.) (9) Suggested themes for compositions: A Comparison of Irving's Visit to Westminster Abbey with That of Sir Roger de Coverley (*Spectator*, No. 26); Westminster Abbey: Its History and Architecture; A Visit to Our Local Cemetery.

The Last of the Mohicans (Cooper)

Chapter III (Hawk-eye, Chingachgook, and Uncas)

INTRODUCTORY:

The Last of the Mohicans, the best and most widely read of all Cooper's novels, was written in 1825 and was published early in 1826. It has since been reprinted in almost innumerable editions both for the general reader and for school use. The earlier editions contained many errors in syntax and infelicities of diction which were removed in later editions; in our text we have preferred to give the author the benefit of these improvements. Cooper's stories should be read and

judged as wholes rather than by excerpts. The third chapter is here reprinted more to pique interest than to show Cooper at his best, though the selection is a good average sample of his style and is especially valuable in that it presents, largely through conversation, the three principal characters of the romance. After this selection has been studied carefully, the pupil should be encouraged to read the remainder of the story more as a pleasure than as a set task.

EXPLANATORY:

46. *Before these fields*, etc. Quoted from Bryant's "An Indian at the Burial Place of His Fathers." Cooper usually followed the custom of placing a quotation as a motto or headpiece to give a hint as to the contents of the chapter.

46: 1. *Heyward and his confiding companions*. In the preceding chapter Major Heyward, who was intrusted with the duty of escorting Cora and Alice, the daughters of General Webb, from Fort Edward to Fort William Henry, was being led into an ambush by Magua, a treacherous Indian guide.

47: 36. *chivalrous scalping-tuft*. The North American warrior caused the hair to be plucked from his whole body; a small tuft only was left on the crown of his head in order that his enemy might avail himself of it in wrenching off the scalp in the event of his fall. The scalp was the only admissible trophy of victory. Thus, it was deemed more important to obtain the scalp than to kill the man. Some tribes lay great stress on the honor of striking a dead body. These practices have nearly disappeared among the Indians of the Atlantic States. (Cooper.)

47: 53. *hunting-shirt*. The hunting-shirt is a picturesque smock frock, being shorter, and ornamented with fringes and tassels. The colors are intended to imitate the hues of the wood with a view to concealment. Many corps of American riflemen have been thus attired, and the dress is one of the most striking of modern times. The hunting-shirt is frequently white. (Cooper.)

48: 63. *rifle of great length*. The rifle of the army is short; that of the hunter is always long. (Cooper.)

48: 74. *Chingachgook*. The Indian name means "big serpent." Pronounced chin-gä-göök'.

48: 81. *the big river*. The Mississippi. The scout alludes to a tradition which is very popular among the tribes of the Atlantic states. Evidence of their Asiatic origin is deduced from the circumstances, though great uncertainty hangs over the whole history of the Indians. (Cooper.)

48: 89. *Hawk-eye*. The name of the famous scout as given in *The Pioneers*, the first of the series of Leatherstocking Tales, is Natty Bumppo, Natty being an abbreviation of Nathaniel. In this first story he is also called Leatherstocking on account of his leather leggings, and in other tales he is given other appropriate names.

49: 108. *wooden gun*. Bow and arrow.

49: 111. *Iroquois*. This was a large federation of various Indian tribes living west of the Mohicans around lakes Erie and Ontario.

50: 137. *Mohicans*. A part of the Algonkin or Delaware tribe. The Indian name Mohicanni or Mohegan means wolf. Cooper indicates in his introduction to *The Last of the Mohicans* that these eastern tribes were fast disappearing, and thus explains the title of his novel.

50 : 146. *water . . . sweet in the shade . . . bitter in the sun.* Hawk-eye is thinking of the difference between the sweet waters of the inland or shaded streams and the salty water of the ocean.

51 : 184. *Alligewi.* A traditional tribe often mentioned by the Algonkins as their predecessors in the occupation of central New York.

51 : 187. *Maquas.* Another name for the Mohawks, the enemies of the Algonkins.

51 : 192. *salt . . . licks.* Inland salt springs gave rise to salt licks, where the animals came to lick the ground to obtain salt. Cooper explains that these were famous spots for hunters to waylay their game.

52 : 221. *Sagamore.* An Indian name for chieftain.

53 : 261. *busy Frenchman.* So printed in the first edition, but frequently misprinted *bushy* in later editions.

55 : 316. *Six Nations.* That is, the Six (originally Five) Allied Nations of Indians who occupied the New York territory. Cooper gives a full note on them at the beginning of Chapter II.

55 : 324. *The horses of white men.* This was Major Heyward and his party approaching. In the next chapter the scout and his Indian friends perceive that Heyward and the two young ladies are being led into a trap by the treacherous Indian runner Magua. Read the entire story.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the principal function of this chapter (see the introductory note)? (2) What appropriateness do you see in the poetical motto at the head of the chapter? Do modern novelists ever use this device? (3) What is the rhetorical function of the first paragraph? Why are the words *unsuspecting*, *confiding*, *treacherous*, introduced here? (4) What topics are developed in the next three paragraphs? (5) The usual function of dialogue is to develop the situation, portray character, and propel the narrative or action of the story. Does the conversation in this chapter fulfill these functions adequately? (6) Give the substance of the first part of Hawk-eye's and Chingachgook's talk together. What does this section suggest to you in regard to the education of Hawk-eye? (7) Why is it wise to present rather fully the previous history and present troubles of the Mohicans? (8) Who was "the last of the Mohicans"? How is he brought on the scene? (9) What is said about the Maquas, and what has this to do with later developments in the story? (10) Describe the incident of the slaying of the deer by Uncas. (11) What is the function of the last incident in this chapter? Why does Hawk-eye mention the Iroquois in the very last sentence? (12) Study carefully the language put into the mouths of the characters. Is Cooper successful in preserving the peculiarities of the individuals and of the Indian language as it is traditionally reported to us? (13) Collect a list of peculiar metaphorical or interpretative expressions found in this chapter, such as "setting sun" for west, "salt lake" for the ocean, etc. (14) Explain the means by which the author arouses your interest in this chapter.

Thanatopsis (Bryant)

INTRODUCTORY:

This celebrated poem, now usually considered the first great poem written in America, was composed in its earlier form by Bryant

in his seventeenth year (1811), but not published until 1817, when it appeared in the September number of the *North American Review*. Bryant's father found it in the young poet's desk and carried it to Mr. Willard Phillips, one of the three editors of the *North American Review*. When Phillips read the poem to his colleagues, Richard Henry Dana said, "Ah, Phillips, you have been imposed upon; no one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses." The source of Bryant's interest in subjects of this kind is traceable to the so-called "graveyard" poems, such as Henry Kirke White's melancholy verse, Blair's "The Grave," Bishop Proteus's poem on "Death," and Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." In its original form the poem was shorter by seventeen lines at the beginning and sixteen at the end. Thus it will be seen that the germ or central thought of the poem begins abruptly in the middle of line 17, "Yet a few days," and ends similarly in the middle of line 66, "And make their bed with thee." The introductory and concluding lines were added when the poem was included in the first edition of Bryant's poems, published in 1821. Many verbal changes in both the original and the enlarged versions were made from time to time, and practically always for the better, so that we may well agree with Poe's statement that the poem owes a good part of its celebrity "to its nearly absolute freedom from defect."

EXPLANATORY:

62. *Thanatopsis*. A view of death; from two Greek words, *θάνατος*, death, and *ὄψις*, view.

62: 2. *Communion with her visible forms*. The first sentence is distinctly Wordsworthian in thought and tone.

63: 50. *Take the wings of morning*. "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me" (Psalms 139: 9, 10).

63: 51. *Barca's*. Barca is a desert region in northern Africa.

63: 53. *Oregon*. Now known as the Columbia River in Oregon.

63: 66. *make their bed with thee*. "If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there" (Psalms 139:8).

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What general introductory thought is developed in the first sentence? (2) How is the specific theme of the poem led up to in the second sentence? What poetic imagery is used to bring the subject of death vividly before the mind? (3) What "still voice" (line 17) speaks to those who are burdened with the thought of death? The body of the poem, then, is made up of the speech of Nature to man on the subject of death, is it not? (4) Write out briefly the argument of the poem from this point, giving only the principal thoughts advanced. (Suggestion: "In a short time death will claim you, and your body will be placed in the earth to be resolved again into its elements. Yet you will not go alone, for you will find there the beautiful, the great, the good of all ages," etc.) (5) What is the exact meaning of "Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim Thy growth"? (6) What is the effect on the mind of the image beginning "To be a brother to the insensible rock"? (7) What is the advantage of selecting the oak as the specific image in the thought of line 30?

(8) Why does the poet represent the earth as a magnificent couch in line 33? Does he revert to this image again? Where? (9) What characters are suggested to your mind by the phrase "patriarchs of the infant world"? (10) Why is the epithet "rock-ribbed" a particularly happy one for the hills? (11) Read aloud the passage beginning "The hills" (line 37) and comment on the imagery of these eight lines. (12) Just what is suggested to your mind by the expression "Take the wings of morning" (line 50)? This is echoed from the Bible; does this fact increase its effectiveness here? (13) What are some of the "favorite phantoms" (line 64) that men pursue? (14) With what fine moral thought does Nature conclude her discourse? (15) Analyze the beautiful imagery in which this thought is expressed. Do you see vividly the "innumerable caravan" winding toward "the silent halls of death"? What do you think of the contrast drawn in the last lines? What would be the exact interpretation of "dungeon" and "couch" in this passage? (16) Some have called this a pagan rather than a Christian poem, meaning thereby that there is nothing in it which a pagan philosopher might not have said. Do you think the omission of the Christian teachings of immortality and resurrection of the body is a serious lack in the poem? Is there anything in the poem which denies these doctrines? Is it necessary for a poet to mix his theology with his art? (17) In what meter is this poem written? Scan the first five lines. (18) Notice how many of the lines are run-on lines; that is, the sense runs on without a pause from line to line. There is not even a comma at the end of a single line of the first ten. What is the stylistic effect of this? Are the long-cadenced sentences well suited to the thought of the poem? (19) How would you characterize the tone quality, movement, and general manner of the style? (Suggestion: Melancholy, sonorous, deep-voiced; slow, stately, dignified; majestic, reposeful, restrained.) (20) Memorize the first eight and the last nine lines; and also lines 37 to 45. (21) Suggested composition subjects: How "Thanatopsis" Affects Me; Bryant's Treatment of Nature; Bryant's Indebtedness to Wordsworth; Comparison of "Thanatopsis" with Gray's "Elegy."

To a Waterfowl (Bryant)

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem, first published in the *North American Review*, March, 1818, had its origin in a personal experience. On December 15, 1815, Bryant, who was then twenty-one years old and had just been admitted to the bar, went to the little village of Plainfield a few miles from his father's home at Cummington in western Massachusetts, to see if he could find any encouragement for opening a law office there. Parke Godwin, his biographer, thus describes the incident as related by Bryant himself. "He felt, as he walked up the hills, very forlorn and desolate indeed, not knowing what was to become of him in the big world, which grew bigger as he ascended, and yet darker with the coming on of night. The sun had already set, leaving behind it one of those brilliant seas of chrysolite and opal which often flood the New England skies; and while he was looking upon the rosy splendor with rapt admiration, a solitary bird made wing along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lone wanderer until it was lost in the distance, asking himself whither it had come and to what far home it

was flying. When he went to the house where he was to stop for the night, his mind was still full of what he had seen and felt, and he wrote those lines, as imperishable as our language, "To a Waterfowl." Matthew Arnold relates an incident of how Hartley Coleridge read "To a Waterfowl" to him, calling it "the best short poem in the language." Arnold admitted that he was not sure but that Coleridge was right in this judgment.

EXPLANATORY:

64 : 7. *limned upon*. Bryant first wrote "painted on" but changed it to "limned upon," and in a still later edition to "seen against" because he said the image of the bird floating, in the next line, was incongruous with the image of a painted picture, which is stationary. Another suggested reading was "shadowed on." Which of them all do you think is the best? (Many modern editions retain the reading "painted on.")

64 : 9. *plashy*. Marshy, watery.

64 : 10. *marge*. A poetical form of *margin*.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Why is the generic *waterfowl* used in the title rather than a specific term like *wild duck*? (2) What figure of speech pervades the entire poem? (Determine to whom the poet is speaking.) (3) In what mood and tone is the lyric written? Is there any jarring note in the whole composition? (3) Explain the figure of speech in the second line. (4) Why does the poet say "*vainly* the fowler's eye might mark thy distant flight"? Was the bird high or low in the air? (5) What do we call the power by which a bird knows exactly where to go? Is instinct in animals an evidence of a creative design in the universe? (6) Why are lines 15 and 16 most imaginative ones? (7) Explain why the poet calls the atmosphere cold and thin. (8) What transferred epithet do you note in line 19? (9) Is the poem just right in length? Could you read the six stanzas preceding "Thou'rt gone" while the waterfowl was still in sight? (10) Some critics have said that the addition of the moral (last stanza) is inartistic and almost spoils the poem. Do you agree with this? Give your reasons. (11) Study the form of the stanza. It is composed of four lines in iambic rhythm, the first and fourth being trimeter and the second and third pentameter, the rime being alternate. It is a rare form, though not unknown in English lyric poetry, and was used by Bryant in several poems. Note also that each stanza is one complete sentence. Do these long, involved sentences add anything to the general effect of the style? (12) Memorize the poem.

The Death of the Flowers (Bryant)

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem, which appeared in the second edition of Bryant's poems, 1832, was written in 1825. It commemorates the death of his sister, Sarah Snell Bryant, who died of consumption in the autumn of 1824 at the age of twenty-two. Though she was eight years younger than he, the poet was deeply attached to her, and always enjoyed her

companionship. George W. Cable in writing of this poem speaks of "those exquisite notes of grief . . . which only draw the tear to fill it with the light of a perfect resignation."

EXPLANATORY:

66 : 13. *wind-flower*. The anemone; called wind-flower because of its supposed affinity for the wind in its early spring blossoming time.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Outline the poem by stanzas. [Suggestion: (a) Picture of late autumn; (b) the flowers are all gone; (c) detailed catalogue of the flowers by seasons; (d) the south wind searches for but finds not the flowers; (e) the death of the flowers brings thoughts of the death of his beautiful young sister who died in the autumn.] (2) Point out some of the best minute references to nature. (3) In what tone and mood is the poem written? (4) Do the long seven-stressed iambic lines add anything to the effect? Note that the pause regularly occurs after the fourth foot in each line, so that the effect is almost the same as a four-stressed followed by a three-stressed line. (5) Do you find a note of resignation in the poet's grief?

Robert of Lincoln (Bryant)

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem appeared for the first time in the 1854 edition of Bryant's poems. It is entirely different from the body of his poetry, being brighter in tone, more distinctly musical, and lighted up with a touch of humor.

EXPLANATORY:

68 : 57. *Off is his holiday garment laid*. In the summer after the nesting time, the black and white plumage of the male bird becomes a dark buff or brown like that of the female.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the lyric impulse of this song? Do you think Bryant was listening to the bird's song as he wrote? (2) Outline the progress of the thought. Do you note any analogy between the domestic life of the birds and that of men? (3) Why is the female called a Quaker wife? (4) Does the poet accurately describe the appearance, song, and habits of these birds? (See any good encyclopedia or bird book for a description.) (5) Point out some slight touches of humor here and there in the poem. (6) What is the effect of the onomatopoeic refrain? Do you think the words are a good imitation of the bird's song? (7) What is the tone of the poem? (8) The meter is dactylic tetrameter, a rare form for lyric verse, but Bryant handles it very deftly. There are many substitutions of two-syllabled feet, both spondaic and trochaic, but the three-syllabled feet occur often enough to give the dactylic swing to the poem. The last foot in each line is catalectic, that is, the two light syllables are omitted. Scan the first stanza.

Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking (Whitman)

INTRODUCTORY:

This beautiful ode was first published in the *Saturday Press*, December 24, 1859, under the title "A Child's Reminiscences." The next year it was included in the third edition of *Leaves of Grass* (1860-1861) under the general title "A Word Out of the Sea" (later called "Sea Drift"), and the subtitle "Reminiscence" inserted just after line 23.

EXPLANATORY:

80: 1. *the cradle endlessly rocking*. What is this? (See the title under which the poem appeared in the 1860 edition, introductory note above.)

80: 3. *Ninth-month*. September. This is the Quaker method of naming the months. See *Fifth-month* in line 24.

80: 9. *sad brother*. This refers to the bird. See note on line 61.

80: 12. *thousand responses*. Compare line 177.

80: 14. *the word stronger and more delicious than any*. See line 168 for this word.

80: 15. *the scene revisiting*. That is, as I revisit the scene.

80: 23. *Paumanok*. The Indian name for Long Island and Whitman's favorite poetical designation of it.

81: 26. *Two feather'd guests*. Two mocking-birds. See line 2.

82: 61. *my brother*. Whitman, like Burns, looked upon animals as his fellow-mortals and brothers. See line 9 above and lines 70, 175 below, and also line 102 of "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd."

82: 66. *white arms*. That is, the jets of white spray, which remind the poet of a swimmer's white arms.

84: 133. *fierce old mother*. The ocean. So also "savage old mother," line 141.

85: 140. *the trio*. The bird, the sea, and the boy's soul.

85: 143. *outsetting bard*. At a certain time in Whitman's life he had what has been called his "conversion," when he became conscious of his genius and set himself the task of striking up a new world-song of democracy. He dates the first dawns of his poetical aspirations from the influences of nature felt in his boyhood when the full meaning of the sad notes of the bird entered his soul.

85: 144. *Demon*. Used here in the old sense of a spirit with supernatural intelligence, and not necessarily, as later, a wicked spirit.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The opening stanza is one long introductory sentence, preparing us for the reminiscence of an incident in the man's boyhood experiences. See lines 18 to 22 for the main predication. The full import of the material in this introduction cannot be appreciated until the end of the poem is reached. The boyhood reminiscence begins at line 23, and extends to the close, but the recital is interspersed with the later experiences and thoughts of the man. Relate the incident in its simple outline. (2) What do you think of the metaphors in lines 1 and 2? If you have ever seen the ocean rocking or heard the mocking-bird singing, you can all the better understand the figures. (3) At what time of year does the man go back to the scene of his boyhood experience (see line 3)? Connect this with the

time of year of the boy's experience (line 24). (4) What is the function of the bird's love song, lines 32-40? (Suggestion: Compare this song with the bird's later songs and the answer will be evident.) (5) Why is the bird's call (line 52-54) made so short? Do you know the mocking-bird's call to its mate as distinguished from its imitative song? Look up a good bird book or encyclopedia on this point. (6) Study carefully the bird's grief song. Notice how it opens with "Soothe! soothe! soothe!" as an onomatopoeic bird note, as well as a suggestion of the regular flow of the waves. Point out the different natural objects in which the bird looks for his mate. Notice, too, how the grief rises and falls and grows more intense toward the close when all hope of recovering his mate seems gone. How does the last line (129) echo the burden of the love song (lines 35 and 40), and what is the effect of this? (7) What was the effect of the song on the boy's heart? (See note on line 143.) (8) Explain what is meant by the trio. (See note on line 140.) (9) Do you think *fierce*, or *savage*, *old mother* is a good synonym for the sea? Why? (10) What is the "drown'd secret" (line 142) which the ocean hisses? Why is it not revealed just yet? Is *hissing* (142 and 170) a good word to use in this connection? (11) How does the poet gradually lead up to the disclosure of the one word, the power which sublimates and equalizes all things (see lines 158 to 168)? Whitman is undoubtedly the poet who has best sung the mysterious beauty of death. Death is the central and culminating point in his whole philosophy and the gate to a sure immortality. (12) Read the introductory and concluding stanzas together and point out all similarities and echo phrases, and comment on the artistic effect of this device. (13) Study the peculiar rhythmic chant or monotone of the body of the poem, and note the variety of phrasal grouping in the lines. Note also how the songs are given a distinct lyrical impulse and tone without the ordinary conventions of rime, regular stanza, and ordered meter and rhythm. (14) Memorize the first bird song (lines 32-40).

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd (Whitman)

INTRODUCTORY:

This threnody and the following grief lyric, "O Captain! My Captain!" are the first two of four poems called "Memorials of President Lincoln" in the final edition of *Leaves of Grass*. They were written in 1865 shortly after Lincoln's death by assassination, April 14-15, 1865, included in a supplemental volume called *Sequel to Drum-Taps* (1865), and afterwards bound up with some of the remaining unbound copies of *Drum-Taps*, which was just going through the press when the tragedy occurred. Whitman was at his home in Brooklyn with his mother when the news reached him. He thus records the experience of April 15, 1865: "Mother prepared breakfast—and other meals afterwards—as usual; but not a mouthful was eaten all day by either of us. We each drank half a cup of coffee; that was all. Little was said. We got every newspaper morning and evening, and the frequent extras of that period, and pass'd them silently to each other." In *Specimen Days*, p. 68, under date of April 16, 1865, is given Whitman's estimate of Lincoln: "He leaves for America's history and biography, so far, not only its most dramatic reminiscence—he leaves, in my opinion, the greatest, best, most characteristic, artistic, moral

personality. Not but that he had faults, and show'd them in the presidency; but honesty, goodness, shrewdness, conscience, and (a new virtue, unknown to other lands, and hardly yet really known here, but the foundation tie of all, as the future will grandly develop) *Unionism*, in its truest and amplest sense, form'd the hard-pan of his character. These he seal'd with his life. The tragic splendor of his death, purging, illuminating all, throws round his form, his head, an aureole that will remain and will grow brighter through time, while history lives and love of country lasts."

The lilacs were in bloom in Brooklyn, and the odor of this favorite flower was naturally associated in the poet's mind with the death of the great President. Whitman had never been personally introduced to President Lincoln, but while he was working in the hospitals at Washington he had frequently seen the President going on his rides, and had recorded in his notes his impressions of the man. Lincoln, too, knew Whitman at sight and now and then exchanged cordial bows with him. On the occasion of Whitman's being pointed out to him, Lincoln remarked with peculiar emphasis on his words, "Well, *he* looks like a *man*."

These two poems of Whitman's are undoubtedly the finest poetical tribute paid to the martyred president. "O Captain! My Captain!" is better known perhaps, because it is briefer and because it is written in the regular technical form of lyric verse. But the threnody, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," written in Whitman's characteristic recitative, or free verse, with the fine lyric interlude of the song of the hermit thrush, is the greater poem and certainly reaches the high-water mark of Whitman's genius. Swinburne in a characteristic outburst of early enthusiasm said that it was "the most sonorous anthem ever chanted in the church of the world."

EXPLANATORY:

87: 1. *lilacs*. The lilac was a favorite flower with Whitman. At the old family homestead on Long Island there grew great clusters of these beautiful and fragrant blossoms. At Brooklyn, where Whitman was when he heard of the death of Lincoln, there were many yards with lilac borders, but in imagination the poet has associated the scene of his dirge with its threefold symbol, the lilac, the star, and the bird, around the old homestead at West Hills.

87: 2. *great star*. Venus, the brightest of the planets, is seen low in the west in the spring. Whitman seems to identify the star with Lincoln, the sinking of the star into darkness representing Lincoln's death.

87: 9. *murk*. An archaic word meaning darkness. What does it typify if Lincoln is the sinking star? (See the preceding note.)

87: 20-21. *the thrush, The hermit*. The North American hermit thrush, a shy and retiring bird with olive-brownish plumage, is a beautiful singer.

88: 32. *Night and day journeys a coffin*. Lincoln's body was carried to Springfield, Illinois, for burial. On its journey of two thousand miles, throngs of people assembled all along the way to do honor to the dead president.

89: 55. *western orb*. The evening star.

89: 56. *a month since I walk'd*. This probably refers to a real incident recorded in *Specimen Days* (p. 43): "I see the President

almost every day, as I happen to live where he passes to or from his lodgings out of town. He never sleeps at the White House during the hot season, but has quarters at a healthy location some three miles north, the Soldiers' Home, a United States military establishment . . . I see very plainly Abraham Lincoln's dark brown face, with the deep-cut lines, the eyes, always to me, with a deep latent sadness in the expression . . . They pass'd me once very close, and I saw the President in the face fully, as they were moving slowly, and his look, though abstracted, happen'd to be directed steadily in my eye. He bow'd and smiled, but far beneath his smile I noticed well the expression I have alluded to. None of the artists or pictures has caught the deep, though subtle and indirect, expression of this man's face. There is something else there. One of the great portrait painters of two or three centuries ago is needed."

90 : 67. *singer bashful and tender*. The poet here reverts to the thrush to keep the reader from forgetting the bird which is later to sing the "Death Carol."

90 : 78. *what shall I hang on the chamber walls?* It was customary in ancient times to hang votive emblems on the walls of the temples in honor of victory, dead heroes, etc. Whitman has here adapted this custom to his purposes in introducing the decorations for Lincoln's tomb.

90 : 82. *Fourth-month*. April. See "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" (lines 3 and 24).

91 : 90. *Manhattan*. New York City, the heart of which is located on Manhattan Island. Whitman called this his city, and practically always used some form of the old Indian name to designate it.

93 : 134. *tallied the song of the bird*. Tally means to score with corresponding notches on two sticks; hence the meaning here is that the poet's soul echoed the song of the bird word for word. Whitman was very fond of this expression. See lines 163, 187, 200 below.

95 : 204. *the sweetest, wisest soul*. See introductory note, quotations from *Specimen Days* (p. 68).

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Try to put yourself in the proper mood for reading this great poem on death. Recall all you know and think and feel regarding Abraham Lincoln, and try to imagine how his tragic death affected the nation, and especially Walt Whitman, the poet whose love for democratic America was all-encompassing. Recall the form, color, and odor of lilacs, and associate this flower with Lincoln's death as Whitman did. Then imagine the poet sitting on the veranda of his ancestral farm home, beside the door of which the lilacs were blooming, looking out over the west just as night came on and the beautiful evening star was slowly sinking behind the horizon and the solitary hermit thrush was soulfully singing in the dark swamp. These three objects become the motifs or lyrical symbols of the hymn. Now begin to read in a slow, solemn tone, thinking soberly and deeply as you read, following the poet in his imaginative flights and re-creating his mood from stanza to stanza as nearly as you can. (2) After you have read the poem straight through in this way, go back and study its structure. Notice the ode form in which this threnody, or dirge, is written. The stanzas vary in length as the intensity of the emotion increases or subsides. Note how skillfully the three concrete symbols

are woven together for a unified final effect. Point out some of the most intense passages, and indicate some of the places where the poet consciously injects one or the other of the three symbols just to keep them all before the reader's mind. Now, take up the poem in detail. The following questions will aid you in this study. (3) What two concrete images are associated with the poet's grief in the first stanza? (4) Why is the second stanza written in such broken, exclamatory style? (5) How does the tone change in the third stanza? (6) To what single object is the third stanza devoted, and why? (7) What third motif, or symbol, is introduced in the fourth stanza? Why is the song spoken of as from a "bleeding throat"? Why is it called "Death's outlet song of life"? (8) What procession does the poet have in mind in the fifth stanza? Is the railroad journey clearly presented to your mind? What elements of beauty enter the description? (9) What picture is presented in the sixth stanza? How are the third and sixth stanzas united? (10) In the seventh stanza, which is parenthetical, how does the poet broaden the theme so as to make a universal application of the specific instance? (11) To what symbol does the poet revert in the eighth stanza? Do you think Lincoln himself might be the star that was so full of sorrow (see note on line 56)? (12) Why does the poet stop to mention the bird again in stanza 9? Where does he next introduce the bird, and for what purpose? At what point in the progress of the poem is the bird's carol introduced? Has this climax been carefully prepared for? (13) What beautiful new thought is given in the tenth stanza? (14) Give the decorative pictures as presented in stanza 11. (15) In stanza 12 the poet offers the whole of America, body and soul, city and country, as a decorative tribute for the dead President's tomb. How does he manage to encompass in brief space the whole land with all its sections? (16) What is the function of stanza 13? (Note how all three symbols are united here.) (17) How does stanza 14 summarize and enrich the picture, and at the same time present a new and startling imaginative vision? What is the distinction you would make between the companions that hold the poet by either hand? (18) What do you think of the bird's carol on death? Why is it called a carol instead of a lament? Did you ever think of death as an object of praise and glorification and joyous thanksgiving? Is it the bird or Whitman's soul that really sings this carol? How does the poet indicate that his soul responds to every word that the bird sings? (19) What visions did the song of the bird bring to the poet (stanza 15), and what new thought came to him about the dead? (20) How does he dismiss and yet retain in his mind all the symbols and companions his grief-stricken imagination has conjured up? Quote from memory the last four lines of the poem. (21) Do you notice how the song of the bird and the scenes of nature have softened and quieted the poet's grief? Quote a passage from Bryant in this connection. (22) What peculiarities of style do you find in this poem? Is the punctuation always conventional? Are the sentences always complete; that is, do they always have the predicate and subject fully stated? Are Whitman's rhythmic chants like anything else you have read in this book? (23) Suggestions for compositions: Whitman's Portrayal of Nature; Whitman, the Poet of Democracy; Why I Think Whitman is (or is not) the Greatest American Poet; Walt Whitman and Abraham Lincoln.

O Captain! My Captain! (Whitman)

INTRODUCTORY:

See the introductory note to "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," p. 540.

EXPLANATORY:

96 : 2. *rack*. Storm, shipwreck; cognate with *wrack*, an obsolete form of *wreck*.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Under what figure does Whitman conceive the Union and at what critical moment in our history? Who is the Captain? (2) What is the meaning of "the prize we sought is won"? Do you catch the full vision of the grand old ship coming into the harbor of peace after the great Civil War? (3) Give the circumstances of Lincoln's death. Does the image of the Captain fallen on the deck in his own blood fit the facts? (4) Why does Whitman call Lincoln "dear father" (lines 3 and 8)? (5) What is the meaning of the bells, flags, etc., as indicated in stanza 2? In what respect does the tone of this stanza differ from the tone of the next stanza? (6) How are the two notes of rejoicing and sorrow mingled in the final stanza? (7) Study the form of this lyric, noting that it has regular iambic rhythm, rime, and refrain, and is similar to conventional lyrics and entirely different from most of Whitman's poetry. Point out one example of rime within the line and one faulty end rime. (8) Compare this poem with the closing lines of Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship," beginning "Thou too sail on, O Ship of State."

The Mystic Trumpeter (Whitman)

INTRODUCTORY:

This noble chant was first published in 1872 with the poem "As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free," which had been recited by the poet at the Commencement celebration of Dartmouth College that year.

EXPLANATORY:

97. *The Mystic Trumpeter*. This shadowy musician is symbolic of the poet's ideal or creative imagination; and by identifying himself with the trumpeter, Whitman partially expresses his own poetic creed and what he hoped to effect by his poetry.

97 : 24. *troubadours*. The medieval poets of certain parts of France, Spain, and Italy who sang principally of love and war.

98 : 25. *holy Graal*. The Holy Grail. See the note on Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," p. 599.

98 : 36. *alembic*. A glass distilling vessel. Expound the figurative use here.

100 : 71. *bacchanals*. Devotees of Bacchus, the god of wine

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Show how the poet first hears, then invokes, the mystic trumpeter (stanzas 1 and 2). (2) Just what is typified in this mysterious musician? (3) What is the first effect of the trumpet's free, clear note on the poet (stanza 3)? (4) What theme is developed in the fourth

stanza? Does this stanza summarize for you all that you have ever read of the feudal ages? (5) Why does the chant become more intense and more emotional in the fifth stanza? (6) What is the subject of the sixth stanza? (7) What thoughts seem to oppress the poet's spirit in the seventh stanza? Is it true that at times the whole world seems going wrong? (8) What striking contrast to stanza 7 is developed in stanza 8? Does this seem to indicate Whitman's fundamental optimism? In this final stanza Whitman sketches the ideal toward which he believed democratic America was tending. (9) Does this poem read more easily and naturally than the preceding long poems by Whitman? What is the chief difference in style between this and the other poems you have read? (10) Compare this poem with Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," and determine which of the two you think is the finer poetical production.

Heroism (Emerson)

INTRODUCTORY:

Emerson delivered a lecture on heroism in Boston during the winter of 1837-1838. This essay is probably a revision of that lecture. It occurs in the *Essays*, First Series, published in 1841. Only the quotation from Mahomet appeared as a motto heading in the first edition, but in later editions the additional lines composed by Emerson to fit the thought of the essay were inserted. Read these mottoes carefully; notice how admirably they suggest and summarize the thought of the essay.

EXPLANATORY:

106: 15. *Rodrigo, Pedro or Valerio*. Names of characters in several plays by Beaumont and Fletcher, English dramatists of the time of Shakespeare.

106: 21. *Bonduca, Sophocles*, etc. Names of plays by Beaumont and Fletcher. Sophocles is really not a play but the name of a prominent character in the *Triumph of Honor*, one of four short plays or "triumphs" included under the title *Four Plays in One*. The long quotation just below is taken from Scene i of the *Triumph of Honor*.

107: 34. *Ariadne's crown*. A constellation. Look up the whole beautiful story of Ariadne in classic mythology and report on it in class.

107: 58. *Strike, strike, Valerius*. That is, lower your weapon, stop the punishment of Sophocles and Dorigen.

107: 82. *flutes . . . fife*. The flute is typical of soft, voluptuous music; the fife of vigorous, martial, heroic strains.

108: 86. *Lord Evandale*. In chapter 42 of Scott's *Old Mortality* Burley's characterization of Lord Evandale may be found.

108: 91. *a song or two*. Such perhaps as "Scots Wha Ha' wi' Wallace Bled" and "A Man's a Man for a' That."

108: 91. *Harleian Miscellanies*. Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford (1661-1724), collected many rare books and pamphlets. These are now to be found in the library at Oxford University. In Vol. IV, p. 197, of the published series (1808) there is a spirited account of the battle of Lutzen (1632) between Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and Wallenstein, the great general fighting under Ferdinand II, King

of Bohemia. Gustavus Adolphus won a great victory but lost his life.

108 : 93. *Simon Ockley*. English Arabic scholar and historian; died 1720.

108 : 98. *Plutarch*. A Greek historian of the first century who wrote the lives of many ancient heroes, statesmen, and philosophers. Some of them are named in the text. Read several of these heroic biographies, and see if you do not become interested enough to read more of the "Lives."

108 : 117. *insanity that makes him eat grass*. See the story of King Nebuchadnezzar in Daniel 4:33.

109 : 141. *hero is a mind*. That is, he possesses a mind, etc.

109 : 150. *Heroism feels and never reasons*. Emerson believed more in intuitive insight into truth than in the products of the logical or reasoning faculties.

110 : 182. *Plotinus*. A Greco-Egyptian philosopher of the third century who exalted the ideal or spiritual to the neglect of the physical or materialistic.

110 : 184. *cats'-cradles*. A child's game made by looping a string over the fingers so as to form imitative figures. Compare Job's coffin, crow's feet, etc.

110 : 189. *the great hoax*. That is, the world, life. Compare this passage with Shakespeare's "seven ages of man," *As You Like It*, II: vii.

111 : 195. "*Indeed . . .*" The quotation is from *Henry IV*, Part II, II: ii. See also Hotspur's famous speech in *Henry IV*, Part I, I: iii, in which he flays "a certain lord," a "popinjay," who came to demand prisoners of him.

111 : 207. *Ibn Haukal*. An Arabian geographer; died 976. Emerson must have read the account in Sir William Ouseley's translation, "The Oriental Geography of Ibn Haukul" (1800). This illustrates Emerson's habit of using unusual and obscure allusions.

111 : 220. *put God under obligation*. The same idea is expressed in the essay on *Compensation*, p. 134, "Put God in your debt."

112 : 229. *bannocks*. Coarse barley or oatmeal griddle cakes used by the peasants in northern England and Scotland.

112 : 238. *John Eliot* (1604-1690). The Apostle to the Indians. He lived among the Indians, teaching and preaching to them. He translated the Bible into the Indian language.

112 : 242. *King David*. Repeat the story as told in I Chronicles II: 15-19.

112 : 245. *Brutus*. Marcus Junius Brutus (85-42 B.C.), the friend and one of the assassins of Julius Caesar. Efforts to locate the source of Emerson's information concerning the story that Brutus thus quotes this line have been unsuccessful. Shakespeare in *Julius Caesar*, following Plutarch's "Life," makes Brutus say,

"My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto."—V: v.

112 : 260. *Scipio*. The Roman general who destroyed Carthage, 146 B.C.

113 : 264. *Socrates*. A celebrated Greek philosopher; died 390 B.C. The Prytneum was a palace where distinguished guests were entertained

by the state free of charge. Socrates playfully declared that he ought to be entertained there for life.

113: 265. *Sir Thomas More*. An English nobleman who was beheaded as a traitor in 1535 in the reign of Henry VIII. It is said that when he mounted the scaffold he asked a friend to help him up, and then remarked, "When I come down, I can shift for myself." He is the author of the famous Latin romance *Utopia*.

113: 269. The quotation is from *The Sea Voyage*, IV: iii.

113: 280. *Blue-Laws*. In the early colonial governments, particularly in New Haven, Connecticut, the laws were very strict and puritanical in character. Hence any harsh, restraining law is called a blue law.

114: 309. *That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds*. Compare with Ruskin's saying, "That country is richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings."

114: 312. *Pericles*, etc. Pericles (died 429 B.C.), Greek statesman; Xenophon (died 357), Greek historian; Columbus (died 1506), Spanish explorer, discovered America, 1492; Bayard, Chevalier de (died 1524), French hero, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, "without fear and without reproach"; Sidney, Sir Philip (died 1586), an English nobleman, soldier, and author; or perhaps Emerson had in mind Algernon Charles Sidney (died 1683), an English patriot executed for alleged complicity in the Rye House Plot. Hampden, John (died 1643), English statesman, opposed ship tax of Charles I. All these men suffered reverses and exhibited notable traits of heroism and unselfishness in their troubles.

114: 333. *Sappho, or Sévigné, or De Staël*. Three notable women, the first a lyric poet of ancient Greece, the second and third noted French writers and clever conversationalists.

115: 336. *Themis*. The wife of Zeus; she was the goddess of law and order and absolute right. Note the appropriateness of this appeal to a female goddess.

115: 339. *Let the maiden . . . to end of paragraph*. This passage is worth committing to memory.

115: 365. "*Always do*," etc. This advice is said to have been given to Emerson by his eccentric but strong-minded aunt, Miss Mary Moody Emerson. Do you think it is good advice? Why?

115: 368. *Phocion*. A noted Athenian aristocrat, statesman, and soldier; died 317 B.C. He opposed the policy of Demosthenes in regard to the war against Philip of Macedon, preferring instead to make peace.

116: 384. *asceticism*. The doctrine of extreme self-denial, abstinence, austerity, and the like, in order to gain perfection of character.

117: 404. *Lovejoy*. In 1837 the Reverend Elijah P. Lovejoy, a Presbyterian minister, was killed by a mob in Alton, Illinois, for persistence in his right to publish freely his articles against negro slavery. Note how strongly Emerson voices his own feelings through this example. If possible, read the full account of Lovejoy's martyrdom in the Centenary Edition of Emerson's works, Vol. II, p. 424.

117: 410. *stablish*. Establish. The old form occurs frequently in the King James Version of the Bible. Does Emerson gain anything by choosing this archaic form of the word?

117: 426. "*Let them rave*." Imperfectly quoted from one of Tennyson's early poems, "A Dirge."

117: 438. *conversation*. Here used in the sense of intercourse, association, connection.

117: 439. *sooner than treacherous*. That is, the love that will be annihilated sooner than it will prove to be treacherous, etc.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Test by your own reading the following outline by paragraphs: 1. The heroic in early English dramatic literature. 2. Modern literature has some touches of the heroic, but Plutarch is the great source book of heroism. 3. Need for such examples. 4. Education must forewarn and arm the youth so as to prepare him for life's warfare. 5. Definition of heroism; how it expresses itself in its rudest forms. 6. Heroism cuts across accepted ideas of prudence and conventional life and proves its right to do so. 7. Heroism trusts itself and despises the little, piddling, prudent care of the body. 8. Heroism does not count the cost of hospitality, but is magnanimous. 9. The hero is temperate and never demands luxuries for himself. 10. The heroic soul clings to virtue; yields not to personal ease and comfort. 11. Above all the hero is good-humored and sportive even amid the hardships and crises of life. 12. The perennial interest in heroes and heroic literature is due to the fact that, no matter what our circumstances may be, we are capable of becoming heroic and appropriating the hero's virtues in our own lives. 13. The aspiration of youth, even though it may never ripen, springs from the heroic instinct and is its own reward. 14. Heroism is consistently persistent even when the outcome seems contradictory. 15. The heroic soul never worries over apparent blunders or indiscretions. 16. The fortunate should subject themselves to some form of asceticism in order to develop heroic qualities. 17. All ages, even the most prosaic, offer opportunities to test heroism. 18. Trust yourself; prepare for the personal heroic crisis, for whatever has happened to men may happen again. 19. The hero can rest peacefully when he has done his best according to the light that is in him.

(2) Does Emerson stick to his subject throughout the essay? Can you see any regular plan or orderliness in the development of the theme? If so, make some larger headings covering groups of paragraphs. [Suggestion: Introductory thoughts on heroism (paragraphs 1-4); definition and specific qualities of heroism (paragraphs 5-11); some evidences of the heroic spirit in everyday life (paragraphs 12-19)]. (3) In paragraph 1, what is the function of sentences 1 and 2, which speak of gentility in the older English dramatists? What is the main topic of this paragraph? Do you think the long quotation justifies Emerson's high opinion of its heroic quality? What does Dorigen mean by "With this tie up my sight"? What does Martius mean by saying his heart will leap out of his mouth? (4) Have you read any of the modern literature referred to in paragraph 2? If so, how well do you think the examples are chosen? If not, read one or two of the specimens and make your decision as to their fitness in illustrating the point.

(5) Look up the meaning of *stoicism* (paragraph 2), *cathartic* (paragraph 3), *urbanity* (paragraph 4). Write out the definitions of these and seven other words of your own selection in this essay, giving the special sense in which each is used in the text. (6) Explain the fitness of the examples of good humor and hilarity in paragraph 9. (7) Exactly what is meant by "Let us find room for this guest in our small houses," paragraph 12? (8) Work out carefully the

thought of the beautiful final sentence of the essay. Does Emerson believe in immortality? (9) Select and memorize one good passage from each of the following paragraphs: 12, 13, 14, 17, 19.

Compensation (Emerson)

INTRODUCTORY:

Whether this essay was first delivered as a lecture is now a matter of conjecture, but there is no doubt that Emerson was early impressed with the universal application of the law of compensation, and he probably introduced into his first lectures some of the ideas now incorporated in the essay. In June, 1831, he wrote in his *Journal* a considerable note on compensation, among other things saying, "Is not the law of Compensation perfect? It holds, as far as we can see, different gifts to different individuals, but with a mortgage of responsibility on every one . . . I have nothing characterized on my brain that outlives this word Compensation." The essay was published in *Essays*, First Series, 1841, and it has since held the foremost or very nearly the foremost place in popularity among all Emerson's essays.

EXPLANATORY:

118: 8. *Electric star and pencil*. Probably refers to comets and shooting stars.

118: 11. *makeweight*. An insignificant weight or bit of matter used to make up a true balance.

118: 18. *None from its stock that vine can reave*. That is, the vine cannot take away anything from the tree on which it grows.

118: 20. *There's no god* . . . What is the meaning of this line? Note the striking paradox.

120: 101. *the following chapter*. The next essay—namely, on "Spiritual Laws."

120: 105. *Polarity*. The quality of possessing opposite poles or contrasted characteristics. This is the keyword to the body of the essay. Notice the emphatic position in which it is placed in the paragraph.

120: 110. *systole and diastole*. Systole is the contraction of the heart which drives the blood outward; diastole is the expansion which draws the blood inward.

122: 163. *intenerate*. Make tender or soft; from Latin *tener*, tender.

123: 177. *bear witness to the light*. A reminiscence of John 1:7. Similarly "hate father and mother," in the next sentence, is an adaptation of Luke 14:26.

123: 186. *Res nolunt*, etc. Translated in the preceding sentence of the text.

123: 218. *The world globes itself in a drop of dew*. In what sense?

124: 229. *Thus is the universe alive*. Emerson believed in a universal soul, a world soul, and an individual soul of man, all as parts of one great soul system. Read the essay on "The Oversoul."

124: 232. *"It is in the world,"* etc. A reminiscence of John 1:10.

124: 235. *The dice of God*, etc. A translation of the preceding quotation from the Greek.

125: 272. *soul says, 'Eat'; the body would feast*. See the parable of the rich fool (Luke 12:16-21), "Eat, drink, and be merry."

125: 273. *one flesh*. "And Adam said: This is bone of my bone

and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman . . . and they shall be one flesh" (Genesis 2:23, 24).

125 : 275. *dominion over all things*. See Genesis 1:26.

125 : 278. *All things shall be added unto it*. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33).

125 : 281. *truck and higgie*. To barter and contend over a bargain.

126 : 295. "*Drive out Nature*," etc. An old Latin saying quoted by Horace in the first of his Epistles.

126 : 314. "*How secret*," etc. From the Confessions of Saint Augustine.

126 : 324. *Prometheus*. Look up the story of Prometheus and the other classical allusions in this paragraph. Prometheus knew how Jupiter was to be overthrown.

126 : 328. "*Of all the gods*," etc. Translated from a speech by Athena, or Minerva, in the *Eumenides* ("Furies"), a drama by Aeschylus. Emerson quotes from R. Potter's poetical translation, London, 1779, Vol. II, p. 288.

127 : 331. *A plain confession*. The verb is omitted. Supply it.

127 : 338. *Siegfried*. Hero of the German epic "*Nibelungenlied*."

127 : 348. *Nemesis*. The goddess of retribution. The other allusions in this paragraph may be verified in a classic mythology.

127 : 354. *belt which Ajax gave Hector*, etc. After a personal combat Ajax and Hector exchanged arms; later Ajax committed suicide with Hector's sword; and when Achilles killed Hector and dragged his body around Troy, he used the belt of Ajax to fasten Hector's body to his chariot. See the *Iliad* for fuller details.

127 : 358. *Theagenes*. This explains how a wall (line 352) may punish a wrong, just as the sword and belt had done in the instances mentioned above.

128 : 369. *Phidias*. The greatest of Greek sculptors; died 432 B.C.

129 : 424. *vulgar*. Common; from the Latin *vulgus*, the common people.

130 : 446. *obscene bird*. That is, the carrion crow Fear. *Obscene* is here used in the original Latin sense of ill-omened.

130 : 450. *emerald of Polycrates*. Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, was so fortunate that he was warned that he must suffer some loss or injury, or else he would incur the envy of the gods and receive severe punishment. He threw into the sea an emerald ring, one of his most cherished treasures, but in a little while it was found in the stomach of a fish and restored to him. The story goes that shortly afterwards Polycrates was taken by his enemies and crucified.

130 : 452. *noble asceticism and vicarious virtue*. Noble asceticism means the noble desire to suppress or sacrifice one's self for the soul's good; vicarious virtue means the substitution of another's virtue for our own, as when we say Christ's virtue is a substitute for our sins.

130 : 456. *scot and lot*. In old English law, a tax levied according to one's ability to pay. The sense here is, to pay up fully all one's obligations or debts. Read in this connection what is said in the next paragraph, "*Always pay*," etc.

131 : 507. *his honest care*. What is the antecedent of *his*? The antecedent really follows rather than precedes in this case.

132 : 518. *leger*. An archaic form of *ledger*.

132 : 542. *Love, and you shall be loved*. In form this sentence

echoes Matthew 7:7, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find," etc.

133: 550. *Winds blow*, etc. Quoted from Wordsworth's sonnet beginning "Inland, within a hollow vale I stood."

133: 554. *As no man had ever a point of pride*, etc. See the quotation from Burke in paragraph 28.

134: 580. *cicatrices*. Forms a scar.

134: 602. *Put God in your debt*. The same thought occurs in the essay on "Heroism." Locate it.

134: 610. *traversing its work*. That is, contradicting reason's work.

136: 670. *His life*. That is, the upright or virtuous life.

137: 705. *I am my brother*. A reminiscence of "Am I my brother's keeper?" (Genesis 4:9).

137: 715. *wit*. Used in the sense of knowledge, insight.

137: 722. *as the shell-fish crawls out*. Compare the thought with that of Holmes's "Chambered Nautilus," p. 318.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

General. (1) What general idea does Emerson develop in the Introduction, paragraphs 1 to 6? (2) Do you agree with the preacher (paragraph 2) or with Emerson (paragraph 4) in regard to true success? (3) What is the main teaching of the body of the essay as indicated in paragraph 7? (4) Take the following suggestions and make a complete outline of the essay, condensing and restating where possible, and indicating the number of paragraphs in each division; then fill in the subdivisions by giving the paragraph topics: I. Reasons for the desirability of writing on the law of compensation. II. The law of polarity or dualism exists in all nature (*a*) as seen in the material world; (*b*) as seen in the moral and spiritual world; (*c*) as seen in the records of literature and art; (*d*) as applied to practical life; (*e*) as applied to labor; (*f*) as applied to virtue and vice; (*g*) as applied to the nature of the soul; (*h*) as seen in the calamities of life. (5) Is the evolution of the thought of the essay as indicated in the foregoing outline logical and effective? Are the relations between the parts perfectly evident, or do you have some trouble in coördinating the various thought units? (6) Do you think Emerson paid a great deal of attention to the sequence and arrangement of his paragraphs? Of his sentences or thought units within the paragraph? What effect has his habit on the reader's attention? (7) Does Emerson appeal to our logical faculties or largely to our emotional and imaginative faculties? Is he convincing? Inspiring? (8) What did you think of this essay as a whole when you first read it? What do you think of it after studying it more closely? (9) Compare the structure and style of this essay with the structure and style of the essay on "Heroism."

Specific. (1) What thought does the first headpiece or motto express? The second? Are the mottoes appropriate for this essay? (2) What is the relation between paragraphs 2 and 3? 2 and 4? 5 and 1? (3) What is the function of the short paragraph 6? What was Emerson's real purpose in writing the essay? (4) Point out examples of concrete rather than general terms in paragraphs 3, 9, 14. Note other examples throughout the essay. (5) Explain "If riches increase, they are increased that use them," and "Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest," in paragraph 10. (6) Have

you known or read of instances which illustrate the thought of the latter part of paragraph 10? What about Silas Marner? (7) "Eyes, ears . . . all find room to consist in the small creature," paragraph 14; is this literally true? (8) In what sense is the King of England helpless (paragraph 21)? (9) Are the figures and illustration in paragraph 27 effective? Why? (10) Explain why the proverb "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," paragraph 28, is sound philosophy. Read paragraph 29 in this connection. (11) Prove from your own experience the truth expressed in paragraph 29. (12) "Our property is timid," etc., paragraph 30. Why? (13) Explain the thought of paragraph 31. Look up the notes on this paragraph. (14) Illustrate from your own experience or observation the sayings in paragraph 32, "He had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach," and "The highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it." (15) Make a practical application to your school work of the thought in the last sentence of paragraph 34. (16) Does Emerson mean to teach that a man is better for his faults or merely that a man's faults may at times be of distinct advantage to him? (17) Why is it wise to throw one's self on the side of one's assailants (paragraph 39)? (18) Who is the "third silent party to all our bargains" (paragraph 40)? (19) "If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more" (paragraph 40). If you had a hard teacher or one whom you did not like, would it be wise to refuse to do your best work for him? Why? (20) What is Emerson's definition of a mob (paragraph 41)? Why is it a good one? (21) In connection with paragraph 41 read paragraph 17 of the essay on Heroism and the note on Alexander Lovejoy (p. 523) as an example of mob violence. Can you give other examples? (22) Is the doctrine of compensation fatalistic, that is, does it free us from the duty of attempting to do something worth while in life? (Read paragraph 42, and note the discussion of the nature of the soul which immediately follows.) (23) Can you really understand all that is said in paragraph 43? Try to express the thought in your own words. (24) Why is the criminal always punished, even though we do not see any "stunning confutation" (paragraph 44) of his deeds? (25) Most children wish to find a pot of gold. Why does Emerson say he no longer wishes to do this (paragraph 46)? (26) "I am my brother and my brother is me" (paragraph 47). What Bible story does this suggest? (27) In what sense are Jesus and Shakespeare fragments of the soul? "His virtue . . . his wit"; whose virtue and whose wit (paragraph 47)? (28) Under what conditions may we make absolute gain without suffering loss (paragraphs 45 and 46)? Can you give examples from your own experience when calamities have strengthened and helped you in your development (paragraph 50)? (29) Locate in the text and memorize the following passages: 1. "The world globes itself in a drop of dew." 2. "Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it." 3. "You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong." 4. "He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—to receive favors and render none." 5. "The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself." 6. "Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power." 7. "Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass." 8. "Love, and ye shall be loved." 9. "We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go

out, that archangels may come in." 10. "The voice of the Almighty saith, 'Up and onward forevermore!'" (30) Select and copy five other passages which strike you as being especially good. (31) Select and copy six good figures of speech (see paragraphs 1, 10, 15, 16, 27, 30) and name each figure. (32) Note the short, snappy, epigrammatic predications in paragraphs 42 and 43. Is this a characteristic of Emerson's style? Point out similar examples in this essay and in the essay on Heroism. (34) What is Emerson's habit in regard to using quotations or references from the Bible? See paragraphs 11, 15, 17, 18, etc., and the notes on these paragraphs.

Concord Hymn (Emerson)

INTRODUCTORY:

In the early editions of Emerson's poems the subtitle gives the date as April 19, 1836, but the monument was not completed and dedicated until July 4, 1837. (See Emerson's *Works*, Centenary Edition, Vol. IX, p. 454.) Emerson in the bi-centennial "Historical Address," September 12, 1835, gives full details of the battle and its significance. In this address he spoke of "the poor farmers who came up that day to defend their native soil." Emerson's grandfather, William Emerson, minister of Concord, watched the battle from his window in the Old Manse, and encouraged the "embattled farmers" to stand their ground. Says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Of all Emerson's poems the 'Concord Hymn' is the most complete and faultless. . . . Compact, expressive, serene, solemn, musical, in four brief stanzas it tells the story of the past, records the commemorative act of the passing day, and invokes the higher power that governs the future to protect the memorial stone sacred to Freedom and her martyrs."

EXPLANATORY:

139: 1. *rude bridge*. A rude wooden bridge spanned the river just where the battle was fought. The monument is placed within a few yards of this bridge.

139: 2. *April's breeze*. The battle occurred April 19, 1775.

139: 8. *creeps*. The Concord River is a very sluggish stream at this point.

139: 10. *votive stone*. A stone set up in fulfillment of a vow. The first stanza of Emerson's "Hymn" is now engraved on one face of the monument.

139: 11. *redeem*. Here used in the sense of recall. Why did Emerson use this word?

139: 13. *Spirit*. The spirit of liberty or freedom. .

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What kind of poem is this? (2) The first two stanzas give us what? The third stanza treats of what? To what does the poet appeal in the final stanza? (3) Give the story of the battle as recorded in your textbook on United States history. (Read "Paul Revere's Ride" in this connection.) Notice how perfectly the lyric motive of patriotic reverence and gratitude is embodied. (4) Which do you

think will be more enduring, Emerson's "Hymn" or the monument itself? (5) What is the exact meaning of *flood* in line 1? In what sense was "the shot heard round the world"? (6) In what rhythm and meter is the poem written? Notice in reading the lines rhythmically that certain variations of the regular iambic measure occur here and there. In the first line the first foot (*By the*) is a pyrrhic, or two light syllables; but this is compensated for in the second foot (*rude bridge*) by a spondee, or two heavy, full syllables. In reading lines 6 and 11, the words *conqueror* and *memory* should be compressed into two syllables instead of three. In line 13 the first foot (*Spirit*) is a trochee, and thus inversion of the regular iambic rhythm occurs in this instance. These variations are just frequent enough to avoid monotony of movement. (7) Memorize the poem.

The Rhodora (Emerson)

INTRODUCTORY:

In the third chapter of *Nature* (1836) Emerson said, "The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. This element I call an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks beauty. Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression of the universe. God is the all-fair. Truth and goodness and beauty are but different faces of the same All." In a later essay on "The Poet" this same idea is advanced. "The world is not painted or adorned, but is from the beginning beautiful; and God has not made some beautiful things, but Beauty is the creator of the universe." "The Rhodora" is a poetic expression of this idea in concrete form. It was first published in 1839.

EXPLANATORY:

140: 2. *Rhodora*. A handsome shrub of the genus *Rhododendron*; it bears beautiful clusters of purple flowers in early spring before its leaves appear. Read, if possible, John Fox, Jr.'s beautiful story, *The Purple Rhododendron*.

140: 10. *This charm is wasted*. Compare Gray's *Elegy*,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

140: 12. *Beauty is its own excuse for being*. Compare Keats's

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

—*Ode on a Grecian Urn*.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) How is the lyric impulse, that is, the object of beauty which arouses the emotion, the flower, described in the first eight lines? Do you get a good mental picture? By what means? (2) What philosophical application or explanation is made in the last eight lines? (3) How does the flower "cheapen the array" of the redbird? (4) Read the quotation from Gray (note on line 10), and determine whether Emerson seems to agree with him that the sweetness or beauty of a flower can really be wasted. (5) In the last four lines the poet apostrophizes the flower. What is the lyric effect of this? (6) Memorize the whole poem, or at least the heart of it, lines 11 and 12.

The Humble-Bee (Emerson)

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem was written in May, 1837. In his *Journal* for May 9, Emerson wrote, "Yesterday in the woods I followed the humble-bee with rhymes and fancies fine." It was first published in 1839 in the *Western Messenger*, edited by Reverend James Freeman Clarke. In the letter accompanying the verses, Emerson wrote, "Here are the verses. They have pleased some of my friends, and so may please some of your readers." Longfellow said that the poem contained "much of the quintessence of poetry."

EXPLANATORY:

140: 3. *Let them sail for Porto Rique.* Let those who will sail for Porto Rico. Why is the name of the island slightly changed here?

141: 16. *Epicurean.* A follower of Epicurus (died 270 B.C.), a Greek philosopher who taught that men should seek the highest kinds of pleasure in life. Here accented Epicu'rean instead of Epicure'an as ordinarily. Why?

141: 17. *prihee.* A shortened form of *pray thee*.

141: 37. *Indian wildernesses.* The tropic regions of southern India.

141: 38. *Syrian peace.* Syria in Asia Minor is noted for its mild, enervating climate.

141: 38. *immortal leisure.* The gods on Mount Olympus are said to have immortal leisure.

141: 43. *daffodils.* Daffodils. Why is the form changed?

141: 45. *succory.* Same as chicory. It has large heads of blue flowers.

142: 60. *Thou already slumberest.* The humble-bee, or bumble-bee, hibernates, or lies dormant during the winter months.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) How is the humble-bee characterized in the first stanza? In the second? (2) Select the most striking line in the first stanza; in the second. (3) What is the exact meaning of line 19? (4) In which stanza does the poet describe the time when the bee comes? (5) What is the effect on the poet of the drowsy hum of the insect (paragraph 4)? (6) Name the kinds of flowers listed in paragraph 5. What lesson can we draw from this stanza? (7) What lesson is drawn in the final stanza? (8) With the foregoing questions as a guide, make an outline of the poem. (9) The meter is called trochaic tetrameter catalectic. See the discussion of English metrics, pp. 642-647, and explain just what this means. The rime is usually in couplets, and the number of couplets varies from stanza to stanza. What peculiarities of rime do you find in the first stanza? Why are the following lines especially musical: "Epicurean of June," "But violets and bilberry bells," "Columbine with horn of honey"?

Days (Emerson)

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem, though written several years earlier, appeared in the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1857. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his *Life of Emerson* calls attention to a prose passage in

Emerson's "Works and Days," which expresses the same thought as that in the poem: "The days are ever divine as to the first Aryans. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures, sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away." Emerson was himself partial to the little poem, and many others have selected "Days" as the most perfect gem of all Emerson's poetry. It is particularly remarkable as a reflective lyric cast in blank verse instead of rime.

EXPLANATORY:

142: 1. *hypocritic*. That is, muffled so as to conceal their real character.

142: 7. *pleached*. Intertwined with branches, surrounded by a hedge.

142: 11. *fillet*. A ribbon or band around the head.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Under what figure are the days presented? (2) Why are they called hypocritic? Is the word used in a derogatory sense? (3) Why are they placed in marching order and in endless single file? (4) What is symbolized by diadems and fagots? (5) How is the personal application made in the last five lines? (6) Why is one particular day singled out for the application? (7) Why does this day pass in silence, showing a look of scorn? (8) Read the passage quoted in the introductory note above, and draw a comparison between the poetical and the prose expression of the same idea. Which appeals to you more? Try to make out from this the real difference between poetry and prose. (9) In what meter is the poem written? Scan the lines, noting particularly the frequent inversions, the cesural pauses, and the run-on lines. (See paragraph on "pauses," p. 642.) Can a successful lyric be written in blank verse?

The Ambitious Guest (Hawthorne)

INTRODUCTORY:

"The Ambitious Guest" was first published anonymously in the *New England Magazine*, June, 1836. It was later included in the enlarged edition of *Twice-told Tales* (1842), and it has since been frequently reprinted as one of the most perfect specimens of Hawthorne's art. The story is based on the following incident in John H. Spaulding's *Historical Relics of the White Mountains*: "Some time in June—before the great 'slide' in August, 1826—there came a great storm, and the old veteran, Abel Crawford, coming down the Notch, noticed the trees slipping down, standing upright; and as he was passing Mr. Willey's, he called and informed him of the wonderful fact. Immediately, in a less exposed place, Mr. Willey prepared a shelter to which to flee in case of immediate danger; and in the night of August 28th, that year, he was, with his family, awakened by the thundering crash of the coming avalanche. Attempting to escape, that family, nine in number, rushed from the house, and were overtaken and buried alive under a vast pile of rocks, earth, trees, and water. By a remarkable circumstance, the house remained uninjured, as the slide divided about four rods back of the house (against a high flat rock), and came down on either side, with overwhelming power." Of the nine persons

who were overwhelmed in the avalanche, the bodies of all but three were later found. Visitors to the spot have erected a cairn of small stones to the memory of the three unrecovered children.

EXPLANATORY:

149 : 12. *Notch of the White Hills.* The Notch in the White Mountains in western New Hampshire was rediscovered in 1771. "The Notch is a narrow rent, extending more than two miles between towering crags," says Spaulding. "The entrance of this wonderful chasm is about twenty-two feet wide, forming in itself a strange natural gateway . . . From a little beaver meadow the Saco river rises northerly from this gateway, and, struggling down its narrow bounds, shares with the road its wide gulf; and, having passed through the mountain, bears its tribute onward to the ocean."

153 : 145. *Mount Washington.* One of the peaks of the White Mountains. Consult a map of the New England states and locate the several geographical references.

154 : 192. *the Flume.* "Below [Silver Cascade] a short distance, on the same side, falls another stream, clear and beautiful. This, from having worn a channel deeply into the rock, is called *The Flume*. In one place the stream leaps a hundred feet; and its whole course from the clouds down is foamy and wild."—Spaulding, *Historical Relics*, p. 50.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the theme of this story? Is it suggested in the title? (2) Read the incident upon which the story is based (introductory note) and show just what Hawthorne has added for the purpose of developing his theme. (3) Does he open the story with the setting, action, or characterization? (4) Why does he make the interior scene one of happiness and cheer? (5) By what means and why is the daughter of seventeen made prominent? (6) How is the guest received? (7) At what point is the first intimation of danger from the slide introduced? (8) Give a description of the guest's character. (9) Read the paragraph beginning "The secret of the young man's character," and see if you can detect an autobiographic note in it. (10) Why does Hawthorne make the youth say, "I cannot die till I have achieved my destiny"? (11) What effect had the youth's dream on each member of the family? Does this enhance the unity or totality of effect? (12) Relate their ambitions and say whether each is suited to the character expressing it. (13) Just why does Hawthorne not permit any one of these dreams to come true? Suppose, for instance, that the ludicrous wish of the little boy had been acted upon, what would have been the result? (14) The daughter's wish is not clearly expressed. How does the author artistically suggest what was in her heart? (15) Why is the grandmother's wish put last? What makes it so grewsome and effective in this place? (16) Why do you suppose the author made the strangers hesitate and then go on by the cabin? Were they lost? Would they have harmonized with the interior scene? (17) Read the passage beginning "I wonder how mariners feel," line 283. How does this foreshadow the actual catastrophe of the story? (18) Determine the exact point of the climax of the story. How is it made powerful in its imaginative appeal? (19) Why is the last paragraph

devoted to the ambitious guest? Is there really any other ambitious character in the story? Can you decide, then, "whose was the agony of that death moment"? (20) Compare this youth with the youth in Longfellow's "Excelsior." (21) Go over the story carefully and collect all the words or phrases which help to make up the dominant tone of impending tragedy and thus foreshadow the catastrophe. For example, in the very first sentence, the fire is said to be made from "the splintered ruins of great trees that came crashing down the precipice." (22) Read the famous extract from Poe's criticism of Hawthorne's *Tales*, beginning "A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale" (p. 385), and determine for yourself just how nearly "The Ambitious Guest" comes to fulfilling those requirements.

The Great Carbuncle (Hawthorne)

INTRODUCTORY:

This story was first published in one of the erstwhile popular annuals, *The Token*, for 1837. It was also included in the first edition of *Twice-told Tales* in that year. Spaulding in his *Historical Relics of the White Mountains* records that there were numerous legends about the wonderful carbuncles hanging from the crags in the White Mountains. Many "carbuncle hunters," or "seekers," came to the mountains, but none ever reported the finding of one of the marvelous stones. One reason advanced as to why no one could find any trace of these great carbuncles was that an old Indian had pronounced "the red man's curse" upon the pale-faced gem-seekers. "When he died, his last wish was . . . that the Great Spirit would send a black storm of fire and thunder, and splinter the crags, and roll down the carbuncles with mighty avalanches, and bury them deeply in the valleys, beneath the ruins of rocks and trees" (Spaulding, p. 31). Hawthorne took this legend and made the quest of the great carbuncle a symbol of the human search for happiness, or the desire for earthly glory of one kind or another. There is no direct hint of the germ of the story in his *American Note Books*, but one or two entries approach this theme rather closely. For instance, "some very famous jewel or other thing, much talked of all over the world. Some person to meet with it, and get possession of it in some unexpected manner amid homely circumstances" (p. 109). Or, "A man will undergo great toil and hardship for ends that must be many years distant,—as wealth or fame,—but none for an end that may be close at hand,—as the joys of heaven" (p. 107). Or again, "A person or family long desires some particular good. At last it comes in such profusion as to be the great pest of their lives" (p. 27).

EXPLANATORY:

158: 2. *Crystal Hills*. The White Mountains in western New Hampshire were sometimes called Crystal Hills from the number of crystals found there.

158: 11. *Amonoosuc(k)*. The Wild Amonoosuc, one of the upper branches of the Lower Amonoosuc, which rises in the White Mountains and flows west and south into the Connecticut.

160: 58. *Doctor Cacaphodel*. Doctor Bad-odor.

160: 66. *Ichabod Pigsnort*. *Ichabod* means "bereft of glory."

Note how satirical Hawthorne is in naming the mere seekers after wealth. Compare "Gathergold" in "The Great Stone Face."

160 : 68. *Mr. Norton's church.* John Norton (1606-1663) was the successor of John Cotton as minister in the old First Church at Boston.

160 : 72. *pine-tree shillings.* A silver coin engraved with an image of a pine tree on one side. See Hawthorne's story of "The Pine-Tree Shillings" in *Grandfather's Chair*.

161 : 114. *Captain Smith.* Captain John Smith visited the coast of New England in 1614.

164 : 206. *the Great Mogul's best diamond.* The Koh-i-noor, now in possession of the British government, was once owned by the Great Mogul of Delhi, India.

165 : 233. *Grub Street.* A street in London formerly frequented by needy poets. It is now called Milton Street.

166 : 277. *in rerum natura.* In the nature of things.

168 : 360. *cairn.* A mound of loose stones erected as a memorial.

173 : 540. *Persian idolater.* The ancient Persians worshiped the sun.

173 : 542. *the great fire of London.* Occurred in 1666. This, together with the references to Captain Smith and Mr. Norton's church above, fixes the approximate date of the setting of the story.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What kind of story would you call this? (The allegory is so naturally and spontaneously wrought out that we almost forget that the characters are mere types of mankind and that the search for the great carbuncle is nothing less than a symbol of the never-ceasing human search for happiness or the selfish desire to possess some earthly good.) (2) Under what circumstances does the author bring together the various characters? Describe them and tell what types they represent. (3) How are Hannah and Matthew differentiated from the other seekers? (See the suggestion in the second sentence of paragraph 1, and note that they are described in a separate paragraph on p. 161.) (4) What was the one topic of conversation in the hut that night? (5) Why is the spectacled Cynic made a sort of spokesman for the company? (Note how the author thus secures a natural means for his satiric and ironic strokes, and thus also adds a touch of grim humor.) (6) Tell in detail just what each one of the seekers desired to do with the carbuncle, and show how the Cynic gives each an ironic thrust. (7) What one touch differentiates the plans of the young couple from all the other seekers? Were they entirely selfish in their desires? (8) What does the author say about the Cynic who did not believe in the Great Carbuncle, calling it "the Great Humbug"? (9) What is suggested by the appearance of the strange light in the midst of the Cynic's speech? Do you suppose Hannah and Matthew were among those who saw it, or was it visible only to those who were so eager and feverish in the search that they could not sleep? (10) Is it an artistic touch to make the little wife the more ambitious of the two? (Note how the author works out this point in making her urge Matthew on, and in making her the last of the two to give up the quest but the first to give out in strength.) (11) Is the quest of the married couple really an allegorical presentation of average everyday

human life? How so? (12) Why were the two almost lost in the mountain heights? (13) Why were they the only ones allowed to understand and appreciate the meaning of the wonderful light? (14) What happened to each of the other seekers? Do you think each got just what he deserved? (15) In what speech of Matthew's is the real secret of human happiness expressed (p. 168)? (16) What is the chief lesson you learn from the story? Is the moral obtrusive, that is, is it made too prominent for artistic effect? (17) Read aloud the paragraph beginning, "Out of the hollow of their hands," p. 172, and the climax passage on p. 169, beginning "Nor could the young bride" and continuing over two paragraphs, and comment on the quality of the thought and style. (18) Look over the story again, and see how it is constructed. Point out the sections dealing with the setting, the characters, the evening spent in preparation for the quest, the quest of Hannah and Matthew, the finding of the carbuncle (climax), the fate of the seekers, the conclusion. (19) Suggested subjects for compositions on Hawthorne: Write a story imitating Hawthorne's manner as nearly as possible (some of his own suggestions in *American Note Books* may be used. Several are given above in the introductory note on "The Great Carbuncle." Another suggestive one is the following: "A snake taken into a man's stomach and nourished from fifteen years to thirty-five, tormenting him most horribly. A type of envy or some other evil passion"); A Comparison of "The Great Stone Face" with "The Great Carbuncle"; A Comparison of Poe's Stories with Hawthorne's; The Charm of Hawthorne's Style; Hawthorne's Power of Description.

The Wedding-Knell (Hawthorne)

INTRODUCTORY:

This story was written in 1835, published in *The Token* for 1836, and included in the first edition of *Twice-told Tales* in 1837. Poe said, "'The Wedding Knell' is full of the boldest imagination—an imagination fully controlled by taste. The most captious critic could find no flaw in this production." See Poe's "Review of Hawthorne's *Twice-told Tales*," p. 382.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Why does Hawthorne place this legend so far back in the past? Is it based on fact, or is it purely imaginary? (2) Explain the exact situation between the lovers. (3) Expound carefully the character of each. (4) Why was it arranged for the bride and her party to come to the church first? (5) Explain in detail the effect of the sound of the tolling bell. Do you suspect whose funeral knell is being rung? (6) How does Hawthorne artistically present to us the workings of Mrs. Dabney's conscience as the bridegroom and his friends enter? (7) What impression does the description of the funeral make upon your mind? (8) Develop the contrast as fully as you can from memory. (9) Do you think Mr. Ellenwood was cruel? Which of the two had been the more cruel? (10) What was the effect on Mrs. Dabney? Of her confession and contrition upon him? Is there a note of deep pathos here? (11) At one point in the story the minister sent an attendant to stop the tolling of the bell. Why does Hawthorne make it continue to toll until the very end of the story? What sound was

mingled with it at the close? (12) Is the story well named? (13) What is the effect of such a story on your mind? Do you like it? Do you feel that you understand life better after you have read it thoughtfully? (14) Characterize Hawthorne's style as shown in this selection.

Evangeline (Longfellow)

INTRODUCTORY:

The composition of *Evangeline* was begun in 1845, and the poem was completed and published in 1847. The origin of the poet's interest in the legend is significant because it shows the cordial relations which existed between two of our greatest writers. Nathaniel Hawthorne heard the legend from Reverend H. L. Conolly, of Salem, who learned the story from a French Canadian, an attendant at his church. In his notebook Hawthorne put down the legend thus: "H. L. C. heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage-day all the men of the Province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England,—among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him—wandered about New England all her lifetime, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his deathbed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise." At a dinner in Longfellow's home, Craigie House, Cambridge, Mr. Conolly repeated the legend, saying that he had offered the material to Hawthorne as a plot for a tale, but apparently had not been able to get him to use it. Longfellow immediately asked Hawthorne to permit him to write a poem on the subject, and Hawthorne readily consented. Later, when *Evangeline* appeared, Hawthorne wrote an appreciative review of it and said in a letter to Longfellow that he had read the poem "with more pleasure than it would be decorous to express."

A brief historical outline is essential to the clear understanding of the poem. France colonized the northeastern coast of North America about 1604, and the English the eastern coast about 1620. There was a great struggle for supremacy going on between France and England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and naturally there was much contention and war between the French and English settlers in America. By the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, all that part of North America known as Nova Scotia was ceded by France to England. The country was still occupied by the French settlers, known as Acadians from the early name given to the peninsula by the French, imitating, it is said, the Indian name for this district; and these French settlers, because they differed so much from the English in manner, customs, and particularly religion, would not take the oath of allegiance and fight on the English side. They merely took the obligation to remain neutral in any further conflict between the French and English soldiers. In 1741 the English made a settlement at Halifax on the eastern shore of Nova Scotia, and naturally rivalry and envy sprang up between this colony and the French settlements on the west shore of the peninsula. In 1755 war broke out again, and on finding that the Acadians were violating their promise of neutrality, the English decided to remove them from the province and scatter them among the English colonies along the Atlantic coast. A cleverly conceived and skillfully executed plan put the Acadians entirely at the mercy of the English soldiers.

On September 2 Colonel John Winslow, acting under the authority of Governors Lawrence of Nova Scotia and Shirley of Massachusetts, called all the men and boys over ten years of age to meet in the church at Grand-Pré on September 5 to hear the will of His Majesty George II with respect to their province. The story of the detention and deportation is vividly told in the poem. The English tried to keep members of the same families together, but naturally amid so much confusion and distress, some cruel separations were inevitable. Several thousands of the Acadians were scattered along the Atlantic coast as far south as Virginia, and later a colony of over six hundred made their way to southern Louisiana to join the French settlements already there.

The meter of the poem is the dactylic hexameter, the measure of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in Greek and of Vergil's *Aeneid* in Latin. Goethe used this meter in his *Hermann und Dorothea*, and because of the similarity of the themes, Longfellow is thought to have received the suggestion for the meter of *Evangeline* from the German poem. The classic meter is dependent upon syllable length, whereas English rhythm is dependent upon the regular recurrence of accented and unaccented syllables. In English, then, the dactylic hexameter line consists of six feet, each foot being composed of one accented syllable followed by two unaccented syllables. Sometimes one heavy syllable may be substituted for the two light or unaccented syllables, just as a spondee, or two long syllables, may be substituted for the one long and two short syllables of the dactyl. In reading the long hexameter line, it is necessary to find a pause for the voice, even though it be a slight one, at some point in each line. This pause is called the cesura. It may occur at any point after the first and before the last foot; and sometimes there is an additional or secondary pause, as in the following line:

Bearded with | moss, || and in | garments | green, || indis | tinct in the | twilight.

The third foot, *garments*, illustrates the spondaic foot, or the substitution of one syllable for the two light syllables of the dactyl. The pupil should be drilled on the scansion until he can read the lines smoothly and rhythmically. The long swing of the rhythm has been compared to the ebb and flow of "the deep-voiced neighboring ocean" whose "accents disconsolate answer the wail of the forest." The meter is peculiarly well suited to the melancholy theme of the poem.

Evangeline is generally accepted as Longfellow's masterpiece. Oliver Wendell Holmes so classed it, saying, "Of the longer poems of our chief singer, I should not hesitate to select *Evangeline* as the masterpiece, and I think the general verdict of opinion would confirm my choice . . . From the first line of the poem, from its first words, we read as we would float down a broad and placid river, murmuring softly against its banks, heaven over it, and the glory of the unspoiled wilderness all around."

SUGGESTED PLAN OF LESSONS FOR "EVANGELINE"

First reading: Two lessons

The two parts should be assigned on successive days for rapid reading outside the class. The pupils should be asked to reproduce the narrative in detail by cantos. An outline of the whole poem should then be made by requiring the pupils to suggest suitable titles for the

"Prelude," or Introduction, for the two larger Parts, for the five Cantos in each Part, and for the "Postlude," or Conclusion. Suggestions for this outline will be found in the general questions below. After this first reading most of these general questions may be answered by the pupils, but some of the more specific questions may be deferred until a later period during the study of the poem.

Study and analysis: Eleven lessons

One lesson on the "Prelude" and one on each of the cantos will make a good average assignment for closer study. In this study the notes should be carefully consulted, and specific exercises from the notes and thought questions should be prepared from day to day. Some of the questions may be assigned for written reports and some for classroom quizzes, either oral or written. The teacher must be the judge of the amount and character of work to be assigned to individual classes. Memory selections and short compositions on special topics may be interspersed from time to time.

Third reading: Five lessons

The pupils should be carefully drilled in scansion and rhythmic phrasing before any attempt at the final interpretative oral reading is made. They should be required to read the entire poem in sequence and in their best style. No part of the work is more important than this final oral reading of the complete poem. During the days while this reading is in progress, a long composition on the story as a whole or on some particular subject suggested by the study should be prepared by the pupils as a final exercise.

General questions on "Evangeline"

(1) Under what circumstances was the poem undertaken by Longfellow? (See introductory note.) (2) Relate the facts which make the setting or historical background of the poem. (3) Is the poem epic, lyric, or dramatic? (4) E. C. Stedman called *Evangeline* "the flower of American idyls." Explain just why he called the poem an idyl. (It is perhaps better to classify it as an epic, or narrative poem.) (5) What is the basic theme of the poem? (Suggestion: Summarize the whole story in one concise sentence.) (6) What would be a good title for each of the two parts? (Suggestion: Be sure to bring out in your answer the happiness and contentment in the first part and the sorrows of separation and wandering in the second.) (7) The "Prelude," or Prologue, strikes the dominant tone and suggests the nature and quality of the story. Canto I of Part I gives a description of Grand-Pré and its people, thus giving the setting and chief characters of the story; Canto II presents the lovers in all their happiness in Benedict's home, while Basil comes in to announce the arrival of the English ships; III relates the circumstances of the betrothal, which was practically equivalent to a marriage ceremony; IV relates the tragic interruption of the betrothal; and V tells of the deportation and separation of the lovers along with all the other Acadians. Canto I of Part II relates the fortunes of the lovers in separation; II shows Evangeline journeying down the Mississippi River, while Gabriel passes upstream in the night; III gives the picture of Evangeline in Basil's home in Louisiana; IV tells of Evangeline's wanderings in search of Gabriel; V tells of the end of the search; in a brief "Postlude," or Epilogue, the poet describes the grave of Evangeline and reverts to the "Prelude," thus closing the

poem with the identical note with which it opened. Reduce all this to a carefully made outline, using your own words and ideas as far as possible. (8) What is the dominant tone of the whole story? (9) Why do we enjoy a poem full of sadness, melancholy, sentiment, purity, endurance? (10) What do you think is the chief thing which makes this poem so universally popular? (11) What qualities of style help to make *Evangeline* a great work of art? (Suggestion: Diction, imagery, grace, simplicity, melody, beauty, idyllic pictures, rhythm, unity of tone and form—these would make good topics for discussion in answering this question.) (12) In what meter is the poem written (see introductory note)? (13) Scan ten lines after the following model:

This is the | forest pri | meval. The murmur | ing | pines and the | hemlocks,
Bearded with | moss, || and in | garments | green, || indis | tinct in the | twilight
Stand like | Druid of | eld, || with | voices | sad and pro | phetic.

(14) Trace on the accompanying map the wanderings of *Evangeline*, citing references from the text for each important point. (15) Suggested topics for themes: Beautiful Descriptions in the Poem; Figurative Language in *Evangeline*; A Character Sketch of *Evangeline* (or Gabriel, Basil, Benedict, Father Felician, René Leblanc); Catholic Life and Coloring in the Poem; The Home Life of the Acadians; Biblical Allusions in the Poem; The Diction of *Evangeline*; Superstitions and Legends of the Acadians; The Two Homes of Basil Lajeunesse; *Evangeline's* Journey Down the Mississippi; An Imaginary Description of Gabriel's Wanderings; Moral Lessons Drawn from the Poem; A Comparison of *Evangeline* with Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*.

THE "PRELUDE" TO "EVANGELINE"

EXPLANATORY:

190: 1. *primeval*. Original, uncut, virgin. Note that this word occurs twice in the "Prelude" and twice in the "Postlude." What is the effect of this repetition?

190: 3. *Druids of eld*. Ancient Celtic priests. Why is *eld* preferred to *old*?

190: 4. *harpers hoar*. White-haired minstrels. In what way are the pines like harpers with long beards and hair?

191: 15. *Grand-Pré*. A French name meaning "great meadow." See lines 22, 23 for an interpretation of the name.

191: 18. *List*. A poetic form; why is it preferred to *listen*?

191: 19. *Acadie*. Nova Scotia; a name, perhaps of Indian origin, given by the French settlers to a large but vaguely defined territory including the present Nova Scotia. Compare the Parish of Acadia and the term "Cajun" still in use as a designation of the descendants of the Acadians in Louisiana. Compare also the name *Arcadia*, applied in pastoral romance to a picturesque and idealized country in the Peloponnesus.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the chief function of the "Prelude"? (2) What two large natural objects are singled out for personification in the opening passage, and why? (3) What is the dominant tone of the "Prelude"? (4) Point out seven words that indicate and emphasize this tone.

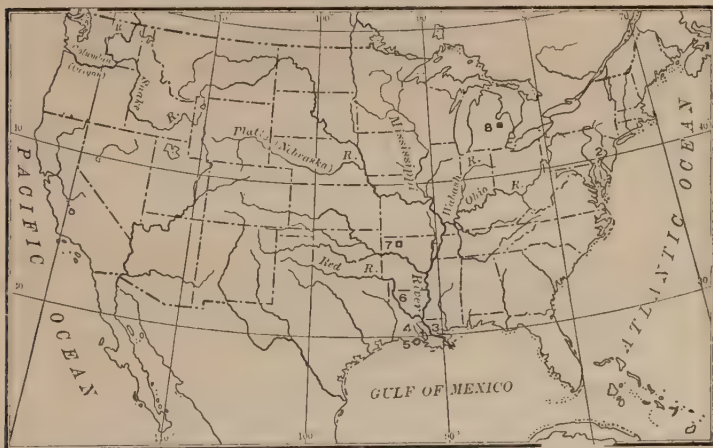
- (5) Point out in the second stanza three similes that suggest the general nature of the theme and thus emphasize the dominant tone.
 (6) In what four lines is the theme of the whole poem definitely stated?
 (7) Memorize these lines.

EVANGELINE I, I

EXPLANATORY:

191 : 20. *Minas*. Locate in the Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia.

191 : 27. *cornfields*. Wheatfields. In English poetry *corn* practically always means wheat; Longfellow discusses the Indian corn in lines 1208-1215, but he calls it maize, not corn.



- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Grand Pré on Basin of Minas | 5 The Tête (Basil's home) |
| 2 Philadelphia | 6 Adayes (Natchitoches) |
| 3 Acadian Coast | 7 Ozark Mountains (The Mission) |
| 4 Atchafalaya River (Wachita willows) | 8 Saginaw River (Gabriel's lodge) |

191 : 29. *Blomidon*. A high promontory at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.

192 : 34. *Normandy*. A province in northern France, whence many of the settlers of Acadia came.

192 : 34. *Henries*. Early Kings of France, probably Henry III (died 1589) and Henry IV (died 1610).

192 : 39. *kirtles*. The dress of the Acadian women, a sort of jacket or bodice with a skirt attached.

192 : 49. *Angelus*. A bell rung morning, noon, and evening, to remind Roman Catholics to repeat the prayer beginning "Angelus Domini" (Angel of the Lord), referring to the Angel Gabriel's annunciation to Mary that she was to be the mother of the Savior. If possible, study Millet's picture, "The Angelus," in this connection.

193 : 61. *Gentle Evangeline*. On December 8, 1845, while Longfellow was writing this poem, he recorded this note in his *Journal*: "I know not what name to give to—not my new baby, but my new

poem. Shall it be 'Gabrielle,' or 'Celestine,' or 'Evangeline'?" Do you think he made a wise choice? What did he do with the first name?

193 : 68. *kine*. An old plural of *cow*. The breath of cattle is notably pure and sweet. The word *kine* occurs again in line 916.

193 : 72. *hyssop*. A plant used in the Jewish ordinance of purification. In the ordinance of the Passover a sprig of hyssop was used to sprinkle the lamb's blood over the door posts. See Exodus 12:22.

194 : 74. *beads . . . missal*. The rosary and mass-book used by the Roman Catholics.

194 : 87. *penthouse*. An overhanging shed.

194 : 91-92. *moss-grown bucket*. Compare Samuel Woodworth's poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket."

195 : 94. *seraglio*. The walled palace in which the sultans of Turkey keep their wives. Note the transferred epithet *feathered*.

195 : 96. *Peter*. Explain the biblical allusion. See Matthew 26:75.

195 : 100. *dove-cot*. A pigeon house. The dove, or pigeon, is a symbol of love and peace. See the same word in line 899.

195 : 107. *hem of her garment*. Explain the allusion; Matthew 9:20.

196 : 122. *plain-song*. A chant used in the Roman Catholic service.

196 : 130. *smithy*. Blacksmith shop. The word also occurs in "The Village Blacksmith." Compare Basil with the village blacksmith.

196 : 133. *nuns going into the chapel*. That is, the sparks disappeared like nuns going into the church.

196 : 137. *wondrous stone*. This was an old superstition. People believed the little stone had miraculous curative powers for certain diseases, and hence one was considered lucky to find it.

197 : 144. *Sunshine of Saint Eulalie*. If the sun shines clearly on Saint Eulalie's day (February 12), it is a sign that the apple harvest will be abundant. Scan the line to determine the correct accent of *Eulalie*.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Locate Grand-Pré on your map, and describe the surroundings (lines 20-32). (2) Describe the village life (lines 33-57). Why does the poet make it all so ideally beautiful and happy? (3) What two characters are first introduced? (4) What impression do you get of Evangeline's disposition and character? (5) Why is Benedict's age given as "seventy winters" and Evangeline's as "seventeen summers"? (6) Which one of these two characters is more fully described? Why? (7) Comment on the beauty and force of the line, "When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music." Determine by the rhythm the correct pronunciation of *exquisite*. (8) What concrete images are presented in the description of Benedict's home (lines 82-102)? Are these details well selected for the poet's purpose? Does the picture give you the sense of plenty and peace and idyllic happiness? (9) How are the two chief characters introduced? (10) Why is so much said of the childhood associations of Gabriel and Evangeline (lines 119-140)? (11) What figures of speech do you find in lines 30, 50, 57 (paradox), 62 (metonymy), 63, 94 (transferred epithet), 128? (12) Why are "gossiping looms" and "whir of the wheels" effective (lines 41-42)?

EVANGELINE I, II

EXPLANATORY:

197 : 149. *sign of the Scorpion*. Scorpion is the eighth sign of the zodiac; it is late in October when the sun enters this sign.

197 : 150. *leaden*. Dull, gloomy, heavy. Note how the poet selects words and images which forebode calamity or misfortune.

197 : 153. *as Jacob of old*. Retell the story as recorded in Genesis 32, and note the appropriateness of the comparison.

198 : 159. *Symmer of All-Saints*. November 1 is All-Saints' Day. We usually designate this season as Indian summer. Note how Longfellow has forced his dates here. The deportation actually took place on September 5-10. See question (2) below.

198 : 170. *Persian*. The Greek historian Herodotus tells us that Xerxes found a beautiful plane-tree and fell so much in love with it that he ordered it to be adorned with jewels and rich mantles.

200 : 205. *pewter plates on the dresser*. *Dresser* here means a sideboard or cupboard. In former times pewter plates and utensils were used by the better classes of people.

201 : 238. *Gaspereau*. A small river which empties into Minas near the village of Grand-Pré.

202 : 240. *his Majesty's mandate*. The King of England at this time was George II. The order was really signed by Lieutenant Colonel John Winslow and dated September 2, 1755. The proclamation called all the men and lads over ten years of age to assemble in the church to hear what his Majesty intended.

202 : 249. *Louisburg . . . Beau Séjour . . . Port Royal*. Places taken by the English from the French in previous wars, Port Royal (now Annapolis) in 1710, Louisburg in 1745, and Beau Séjour in 1755 just a short time before the deportation of the Acadians. It is said that several hundred Acadians were taken prisoners when Beau Séjour fell. This would seem to indicate that the English had just reasons to complain against the Acadians for failure to keep their promise of neutrality.

203 : 261. *glebe*. Soil, a poetic word.

203 : 267. *notary*. An officer authorized to take acknowledgments, draw up contracts, and the like.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

- (1) How is the season of the year indicated in the opening lines?
- (2) Why has Longfellow forced the date forward here nearly two months? (Note the beautiful descriptive passages that follow.)
- (3) What general tone is struck in the first lines of stanza 1, and how is the contrast drawn in the description of the Summer of All-Saints?
- (4) Reproduce in your own words the pastoral picture of lines 171-198. Why do you suppose Evangeline's heifer "bore the bell"? (5) Reproduce similarly the interior scene in Benedict's home (lines 199-217). *Evangeline* has been called a panorama of beautiful pictures. Do these scenes justify this statement? (6) By what signs did Benedict and Evangeline know who were coming when they heard footsteps on the outside? (7) Contrast Benedict's optimistic with Basil's pessimistic view regarding the purpose of the English soldiers. Which one was right? (8) Why was Benedict so happy on this particular night? Do you suppose that the fact that he was getting old had any effect on his desire to see Evangeline happily married? (9) What contract is referred to in line 259? Note how deftly and rapidly the lines here lead up to and prepare for the betrothal in the next canto.
- (10) Point out the figures of speech in lines 153, 162-163, 190, 228, 246. (11) Memorize lines 199-214.

EVANGELINE I, III

EXPLANATORY:

203 : 276. *an old French fort*. Port Royal before it was taken by the English in 1710. René Leblanc is a real historical character, the only one in the poem.

204 : 280. *Loup-garou*. A werwolf, in medieval superstition a man who had the power of changing into a wolf, in which form he devoured men. The superstitions mentioned in the following lines are still circulated in various forms.

204 : 287. *writ*. A poetic or archaic form of *written*. Until recently folklore was not really written down, but transmitted by tradition from generation to generation.

204 : 297. *irascible*. Easily angered, fiery.

205 : 306. *an ancient city*. Florence, Italy.

206 : 344. *draught-board*. Checker-board. In many communities the game of checkers is still called draughts.

207 : 348. *embrasure*. An enlarged space in the wall where a window is set.

207 : 354. *curfew*. From the old French *coufeu*, composed of *couvrir* + *feu*, cover the fire.

208 : 381. Repeat the incident as related in Genesis 21:9-21.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the chief incident in this canto? (2) Give in your own words a brief sketch of the notary public. (3) Enumerate the superstitions mentioned. (4) Relate the legend of the statue of justice. Why is this legend appropriate just at this point in the story? (It foreshadows in a way Evangeline's own story.) (5) Was the betrothal ceremony equivalent to a marriage? Why does the notary speak of "the bride and the bridegroom"? (6) Describe the happy fireside scene after the betrothal. (7) What effects are produced by the full description of Evangeline's chamber and its contents? Does it indicate the girl's character? (8) Explain line 371. (9) Why is the feeling of sadness mentioned (line 376)? (10) Explain the force of the figures in lines 268, 270, 328-329, 351-352, 377-378, 380-381.

EVANGELINE I, IV

EXPLANATORY:

208 : 386. *hundred hands*. This suggests Briareus, the hundred-handed giant of Greek mythology. Note the appropriateness of the figure.

209 : 408. *gayest of hearts and of waistcoats*. Note the two contrasting meanings of *gayest*.

210 : 413. *Tous les Bourgeois*, etc. Titles of old French songs.

211 : 442. *sultry solstice*. The summer solstice is June 21. Explain why it is called solstice.

211 : 451. *imprecations*. Cursings.

212 : 461. *chancel*. The inclosed space in a church where the officiating priests retire. Why was Father Felician here, do you think?

212 : 466. *tocsin's alarum*. The alarm of a signal bell. A drum beat is sometimes used as a tocsin or signal of alarm.

213 : 474. *Lo! where the crucified Christ.* In Catholic churches there is always an image of Christ on the cross set up in a conspicuous place.

213 : 476. "*Father, forgive them.*" See Luke 23:34.

213 : 484. *Ave Maria.* The Latin hymn commemorating the angel Gabriel's salutation to the Virgin, beginning *Ave Maria*, "Hail, Mary!" See Luke 1:28.

213 : 486. *Elijah ascending to heaven.* Explain. See II Kings 2:11.

214 : 498. *ambrosial.* Ambrosia was the delicious food of the gods on Mount Olympus. In what sense is the adjective applied to the meadows here? Find a hint in line 500.

214 : 507. *the Prophet descending from Sinai.* Explain. See Exodus 34: 29-35.

214 : 508. *Angelus.* See note on line 49. The Angelus is again mentioned in line 589.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Recall from your outline the theme or subject of this canto. At what point was the tragic action first introduced (see end of Canto I)? How was it foreshadowed in Canto III? How is it developed in this canto? (2) What is the effect aimed at in the idyllic, joyous scenes of the first two stanzas? (3) Point out half a dozen words which emphasize the dominant tone of happiness in the first stanza. (4) Why was Benedict giving this merrymaking at his home? (5) Describe the scene of the presentation of the king's proclamation and its effect. Notice how the poet pauses to make the long Homeric simile beginning "As, when the air" (line 442) between the delivery of the proclamation and its effect. (6) Give the substance of Father Felician's appeal to his people. (7) What is the effect on the reader of the ready response and the religious fervor of the prisoners? (8) Why do you suppose Evangeline prepared the supper in her home? Was it eaten? See line 515. (9) Read the end of Canto III, particularly lines 374-380, and note the contrast between them and the ending of Canto IV, lines 509-513. How is the situation reversed and what is the artistic effect? (10) What is meant by the "gloomier grave of the living" (line 513)? (11) How do you imagine Evangeline felt when she returned to her empty, lonely home? (12) What is the artistic effect of the storm? (13) What tale is referred to in line 522? Recall how it was introduced and retell it. (14) Explain the appropriateness of the figures in lines 385-386, 410-411, 415, 442-447, 453-454, 465-466, 486, 506-507, 513. (15) Study out the balanced and parallel effects in lines 382-383 and 418-419. Find other examples of balance and parallel in the poem.

EVANGELINE I, V

EXPLANATORY:

215 : 524. *fifth day.* This is historically correct. The prisoners were locked in the church on September 5, 1755, and the deportation took place on September 10.

215 : 527. *neighboring hamlets.* Not only the people of Grand-Pré, but the settlers in the whole province were deported.

215 : 528. *ponderous wains.* Heavy wagons. *Wains* is now used only in poetry.

218 : 575. *refluent.* Flowing back, the outgoing tide. Why does the poet say the ocean *fled* from the shore?

218 : 577. *kelp.* A kind of seaweed.

218 : 579. *leaguer.* A camp.

219 : 597. *Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.* When the apostle Paul was being carried to Rome, a great storm arose and wrecked the vessel, casting the passengers and sailors on the island of Melita, or Malta, in the Mediterranean. Paul comforted and directed the people in a masterly way. See Acts 27 and 28 for the whole story.

219 : 605. *Benedicite.* Latin, "Be ye blessed." Pronounce in five syllables. Compare *benediction* and the proper name *Benedict*.

216 : 615. *Titan-like.* In Greek mythology, the Titans were the huge sons Heaven and Earth. Briareus, the hundred-handed, was one of these giants, or Titans.

220 : 621. *gleeds.* Sparks, burning coals; a poetic word.

221 : 630. *Then rose a sound of dread.* Compare this passage with the description in "Kit Carson's Ride," p. 502.

222 : 657. *bell or book.* In the Catholic burial ceremony the *bell* is tolled for the passing soul while the ritual is being recited from the *book*.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) This canto completes the tragic action of Part I. Recall the title of this canto from your outline. (2) The cock crowed cheerily in the midst of all this suffering. Is this a natural touch? (3) What pathetic reference is made in regard to the children (lines 531-532)? Did they know why they were hauling the household goods to the seashore? (4) Describe the procession to the seashore. (5) Why is it effective to place the lovers together for a brief moment? (6) It is said that the English officers tried to keep families together as far as possible. Is Longfellow justified in making the scene one of cruelty, distress, and heartlessness? (7) Describe the scene on the shore and in the village after the embarkation, and contrast it with the description of the happy village of Canto I. (8) Describe the burning of Grand-Pré (lines 618-640). What effect has this event on Benedict? On the reader's sympathy? (9) Why is it essential to the plan of the story to allow Benedict to die on the seashore before the deportation? (10) What is the effect of his death on Evangeline? On the reader? (11) Contrast the character of Benedict with that of Basil.

EVANGELINE II, I

EXPLANATORY:

222 : 666. *Many a weary year.* Perhaps not more than ten years. Note the transferred epithet. Why were the years weary, and why did they seem so many? If we imagine Evangeline sixteen or seventeen at the time of the opening of the story, she would still be a young woman (see line 683).

222 : 670. *on separate coasts.* The Acadians were distributed among the English settlements from New England to the South Atlantic colonies. Some of our characters (see lines 1258 ff.) were landed at Philadelphia. About a year after the deportation, several hundred of the Acadians migrated to lower Louisiana to join the French settlements there. Among these were, doubtless, Gabriel and Basil.

223 : 674. *savannas*. Plains, level tracts; from the Old Spanish.
 223 : 675. *Father of Waters*. This is the meaning of the Indian word *Mississippi*.

223 : 677. *mammoth*. A large prehistoric elephant, remains of which have been found scattered over the central portions of North America.

224 : 705. *Coueurs-des-Bois*. Literally "runners of the woods"; a general term for trappers and hunters. *Voyageur* in line 707 is another French word meaning traveler or transportation agent for the fur traders.

224 : 713. *to braid St. Catherine's tresses*. Saint Catherine was the patron saint of virginity; hence to braid St. Catherine's tresses means to remain unmarried.

225 : 732. *shards*. Broken pieces of pottery.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) How much time do you think is supposed to have passed between Part I and the main action of Part II? (Consider, for example, what Basil had accomplished during this time.) (2) What function does this canto serve for the whole of Part II? (3) Give a general summary of the experiences of the dispersed Acadians. (4) Why is Evangeline's name not mentioned in line 681, and Gabriel's in line 698? (5) Where (see line 1258) and how was Evangeline spending these first years? (6) Why was Gabriel not looking for Evangeline during this time and later? (Remember that this is a tale of "the beauty and strength of woman's devotion.") (4) Comment on the expressiveness of the personification in line 676; the diminishing climax in line 699. (5) Point out in this canto two Homeric similes, that is, long, fully detailed and expounded comparisons. (6) Memorize lines 715-717 and 720-727.

EVANGELINE II, II

EXPLANATORY:

226 : 741. *Beautiful River*. The Indian name Ohio is said to mean "beautiful river."

226 : 750. *Acadian coast*. The country along the banks of the Mississippi River below Baton Rouge, Louisiana, is still sometimes called the Acadian coast. Locate Opelousas, now a town in St. Landry's Parish.

227 : 759. *pelicans*. The pelican is used as an emblem on the seal of the state of Louisiana.

228 : 782. *shrinking mimosa*. The sensitive plant which folds or closes its leaves at night or when shaken or disturbed. In the South the children touch it and exclaim "Be ashamed!" and the plant seems to hide itself in shame. Is the epithet well chosen?

229 : 809. *lotus*. The American lotus, or *Nelumbium*, a large, yellow-flowering aquatic plant of the lily family. It has broad shield-shaped leaves, and the flower-stems rise from two to six feet out of shallow water.

229 : 821. *the ladder of Jacob*. Explain the allusion. See Genesis 28:12 ff.

231 : 853. *buoy*. Pronounced in one syllable, *boi'*. Why?

231 : 856. *Têche*. This river empties into Grand Lake, a part of

the Atchafalaya. The settlements of St. Maur and St. Martin are on the Têche. St. Martin is now a parish in southern Louisiana.

232 : 878. *Bacchantes*. The female revelers in the orgies in honor of Bacchus, the god of wine. Is the allusion appropriate?

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Why did Longfellow choose the month of May for Evangeline's voyage down the Mississippi? (2) Trace an imaginary line of Evangeline's wanderings from Philadelphia to Basil's home on the Têche, touching at each of the places mentioned in this canto. (3) Point out some of the most attractive descriptive passages in this canto. (4) How do you think Longfellow could have drawn such wonderful pictures without ever having seen the countries he described? (5) Why was it necessary and appropriate to have Father Felician attend Evangeline as a guide on this part of her journey? Did he stay with her all the way through? Why? (6) How did the travelers manage to pass from the Mississippi to the Atchafalaya River? From the Atchafalaya to the Têche? (See a large map of Louisiana.) (7) Describe fully the scene on the lakes of the Atchafalaya where Evangeline's party stopped for the night. (8) Why does the poet make so full a description of the scene "under the boughs of Wachita willows"? What point in the narrative do we reach here? (9) Compare Jacob's dream with Evangeline's. (10) How are suspense and tenseness gained by the appearance of the light, swift boat (lines 827 ff.)? (11) How near did the lovers come to meeting? (12) What premonitions did Evangeline have? (13) Notice the beautiful and expressive stanza with which the canto closes. Why does the poet make the scene so brilliant and the heart of the maiden so hopeful and happy? (14) Explain lines 868-869. (15) Determine by the rhythm the pronunciation of the proper names *Opelousas*, line 750; *Plaquemine* (two syllables), line 766; *Atchafalaya*, line 807; *Wachita*, line 816. (16) Define and give the derivation of *sombre*, line 752; *wimpling*, line 758; *tenebrous*, line 769; *cope*, line 819; *pendulous*, line 822; *credulous*, line 848. (17) Memorize the description of the mocking-bird.

EVANGELINE II, III

EXPLANATORY:

233 : 889. *mystic mistletoe*. The mistletoe was held sacred by the old Druid priests. They cut the mistletoe with a golden knife and preserved it with great veneration. See the next line.

234 : 913. *gaiters and doublet*. The doublet was a close-fitting body garment with sleeves; gaiters were coverings for the legs, usually made of leather and fastened at the side.

234 : 914. *sombrero*. A broad-brimmed hat, from the Spanish *sombra*, a shade.

235 : 952. *Adayes*. An old Spanish settlement near the present town of Natchitoches on the Red River.

235 : 956. *Fates*. The three Fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, were supposed to control the destinies of men. Note that the Fates were against Gabriel, but not in the way Basil meant.

236 : 961. *Olympus*. A mountain in Greece, the abode of the gods.

236 : 970. *ci-devant*. A French word meaning former.

- 237 : 979. *illuming*. From *illumine*, a poetical form of *illumine*.
- 237 : 984. *Natchitoches*. Pronounced here in four syllables, but now in three. See pronouncing list of proper names, pp. 634-637.
- 238 : 1006. *a spider . . . in a nutshell*. See the reference to this superstition in line 285. Do you know of similar superstitious cures that are still in use among the negroes and uneducated classes?
- 238 : 1009. *Creoles*. Settlers of French or Spanish descent in lower Louisiana.
- 239 : 1033. *Carthusian*. An order of monks founded by St. Bruno in 1086, in the Chartreuse valley of the Alps. They were noted for their austerity, one of their practices being that of maintaining almost unbroken silence.
- 240 : 1044. *Upharsin*. "Mene, mene, tekeli, upharsin" were the words written upon the wall of Belshazzar's palace by the mysterious hand. See Daniel 5:25-28, where the interpretation is given.
- 240 : 1057. *oracular caverns*. An allusion to the famous Pythian oracle of Apollo at Delphi; the messages were delivered by a priestess from a dark cave or cavern.
- 241 : 1063-1064. *Prodigal Son . . . Foolish Virgin*. Relate these parables as told in Luke 15 and Matthew 25. How far may they be applied to Gabriel and Evangeline? Why is Father Felician trying to be humorous?
- 241 : 1075. *garrulous*. Talkative.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

- (1) Evangeline is now in Basil's home in Louisiana. The canto gives us a picture of luxuriance and plenty similar to and yet different from that of Benedict's home in Grand-Pré. Draw out the points of similarity and contrast. (2) How is the pathetic revelation of Gabriel's departure made? Is there much emotion compressed in Evangeline's twice repeated query? (3) How did Basil entertain his guests, and why? Has his character changed with his circumstances? (4) Recall the previous canto in which Michael the fiddler appeared, and draw a comparison of the two scenes. (5) Why does the poet make Evangeline steal forth alone into the garden? What thoughts and memories were stirring in her mind? (6) What plan for overtaking Gabriel was decided upon? Why would it have spoiled the story to have left Evangeline behind at Basil's home while the men went to overtake Gabriel? (7) Why does Basil jokingly refer to bringing Gabriel back to his prison (line 958)? Note a similar effort at humor on the part of Father Felician in lines 1063-1064. (8) Judging from Basil's description in lines 945-952, what effect do you think separation had on Gabriel's character? (9) Point out the figures of speech in lines 906-911. (10) What play on words is found in line 983? (11) Compare the imitative and alliterative effects of line 1019 with those of line 729. Which of the two do you think is the better? (12) In line 1025 the sea is again referred to. Compare line 729, "Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean," and read again lines 5-6, 1398-1399. The deep-voiced, melancholy monotone of the ocean is thus made a sort of recurring or dominant note throughout the poem. Is this artistic? (13) Compare the metaphor in line 1041 with that in lines 351-352. Which of the two do you think is the more beautiful? (14) Explain the figure in lines 1060-1061.

EVANGELINE II, IV

EXPLANATORY:

242 : 1082. *Oregon . . . Walleway . . . Owyhee.* The Oregon is now the Columbia River. The branch of the Columbia called the Snake is probably here intended; the Walleway and Owyhee are its tributaries.

242 : 1083-1084. *Wind-river Mountains, etc.* These are in western Wyoming near Yellowstone Park. The *Sweetwater* River is in central Wyoming. It forms one branch of the Platte River. *Nebraska* is the old name for the Platte. Look up these localities on your map.

242 : 1085. *Fontaine-qui-bout.* French for "Fountain which boils," or boiling spring. There are many hot springs in the Spanish sierras, that is, in the mountain ranges in lower Colorado.

242 : 1091. *amorphas.* The *amorpha* is a shrub called false indigo, or lead plant. It bears large spikes of purple or violet flowers.

242 : 1095. *Ishmael's children.* Ishmael was the son of Abraham and Hagar and was a wanderer; hence any nomadic tribes, like the Indians, may be called Ishmael's children.

242 : 1102. *anchorite monk.* A recluse or hermit. Explain the figurative use here. Why is *taciturn* appropriate?

243 : 1106. *Ozark Mountains.* The Ozark Plateau. In southwest Missouri and extending through northwest Arkansas.

243 : 1114. *Fata Morgana.* A mirage observed in Sicily and southern Italy.

243 : 1121. *Coureur-des-Bois.* See the note on line 705.

244 : 1139. *Mowis.* The legends of Mowis and Lilinau (line 1145) are recorded in Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*, the principal sourcebook of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

246 : 1175. *Jesuit Mission.* There are still many ruins of old Jesuit missions in Texas, California, and other western states. The one referred to by Longfellow was located perhaps somewhere in Arkansas in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains.

246 : 1182. *susurrus.* A Latin onomatopoeic word for "whisper." It is not a plural form, as the context might lead one to think.

248 : 1211. *mendicant.* Begging. The metaphor makes the crows the black-robed, begging monks who enter the cornfields as their cloisters.

248 : 1219. *compass-flower.* The compass plant is a tall, rough, bristly herb of the aster family. The leaves are said to assume a vertical position with their edges north and south. Longfellow later corrected this passage to "vigorous plant" (line 1217) and "Here in the houseless wild" (line 1220).

248 : 1226. *asphodel flowers . . . nepenthe.* The asphodel is a species of lily. In Greek mythology it is the flower of the Elysian fields where the dead heroes sleep; *nepenthe* is an opiate that is supposed to make one forget all pain and sorrow.

249 : 1233. *Saginaw River.* Locate this in Michigan.

249 : 1241. *Moravian Missions.* The Moravians were a mild Protestant sect who came from central Europe. They set up "Gnadenhütten," or "Tents of Grace," in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and elsewhere.

249 : 1242. *camps . . . of the army.* This was about 1776 to 1781. What army is referred to?

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The opening paragraph of this canto describes what section of our country? Do you suppose Gabriel went so far west as this? (2) What is the poet's purpose in introducing the Shawnee woman? What is the effect on Evangeline of the Indian's tales about phantom lovers? (3) Why do you suppose the Indians called the priest "Black Robe chief"? (4) When Evangeline reached the Mission, what did she hear of Gabriel, and what did she determine to do? (5) Do you think by this time she had given up hope of seeing Gabriel? Give a quotation to prove your point. (6) How is the slow passage of time indicated in the stanza beginning "Slowly, slowly" (line 1207)? (7) Explain carefully the extended or Homeric simile in lines 1217-1226. (8) Why did Evangeline eventually leave the Mission, and with what results? (9) After this last disappointment do you think she heard any further rumors of Gabriel? (10) Summarize Evangeline's life from this time on. (11) Point out the parallelism and contrast in lines 1245-1246. (12) What is foreshadowed or suggested in the metaphor of lines 1249-1251? (13) Memorize lines 1217-1226.

EVANGELINE II, V

EXPLANATORY:

- 249 : 1252. *Delaware's waters*. Locate the Delaware River.
 249 : 1253. *sylvan . . . Penn.* Note the pun on Pennsylvania.
 250 : 1256. *streets still re-echo the names of the trees*. Some of the principal streets of Philadelphia are Chestnut, Walnut, Pine, Spruce.
 250 : 1257. *Dryads*. These were the spirits or nymphs supposed to dwell within the trees.
 251 : 1298. *a pestilence*. This refers to the yellow-fever epidemic of 1793.
 252 : 1308. *almshouse*. Longfellow said that it would be hard to establish the identity of the house. In 1826 he went to Philadelphia for a few days. In a letter of 1876 he said, "A great many years ago, strolling through the streets of Philadelphia, I passed an old almshouse within high brick walls, and with trees growing in its enclosure. The quiet and seclusion of the place—'the reserve,' as your poor woman so happily said—impressed me deeply. This was long before the poem was written and before I had heard the tradition on which it was founded. But remembering the place, I chose it for the final scene." Samuel Longfellow's *Life of Longfellow*, Vol. III, p. 259.
 252 : 1312. "*The poor ye always have with you.*" Quoted with some slight inversion from Mark 14:7. Why the inversion?
 253 : 1326. *Christ Church*. The Episcopal church still standing on Second Street north of Market. Benjamin Franklin is buried in this old churchyard.
 253 : 1328. *Wicaco*. An old Swedish settlement near Philadelphia.
 254 : 1355. *with blood had besprinkled its portals*. See Exodus 12:22, and explain the allusion in this and the next line.
 255 : 1381 and 1390. *Still stands the forest primeval*. Compare this with the parallel passage *This is the forest primeval* in lines 1 and 7 of the Prelude. What is the purpose of this repetition and parallelism?

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Why did Evangeline finally land in Philadelphia? (2) What new aspiration now filled her soul? Quote a line which sums up her new view of life. (3) Tell how she employed her time and what effect her presence had on others. (4) What is the value of the pestilence in the story? (5) Why do you suppose Gabriel came to such poverty in his old age? (6) Why is the Sabbath chosen for the final scene? What was Evangeline's mood? (7) What words did Evangeline utter when she recognized Gabriel? How had the poet prepared us for these words (see line 1046)? (8) For what do you think Evangeline was so thankful (line 1380)? Was her life a failure? (9) What is the chief function of the Postlude, or Epilogue, lines 1381-1399? (10) What repetitions from the Prelude are found here? Is it artistic for a poem to return in the last lines to the point of departure? Why? (11) Give in a very few words your honest opinion of the poem as a whole. (12) If the yellow-fever epidemic of 1793 (see note on line 1298) is the closing year of the action of the poem, how many years have transpired since the opening of the story? Make an estimate of Evangeline's age at the various stages and thus work out a complete time action of the story.

A Psalm of Life (Longfellow)

INTRODUCTORY:

This famous poem was written on July 26, 1838, and first appeared anonymously in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in October of the same year. It at once attracted wide attention. Whittier reviewed it enthusiastically in *The Freeman*, of which he was editor at this time, saying, "It is very seldom that we find an article of poetry as full of excellent philosophy and common sense . . . These nine simple verses are worth more than all the dreams of Shelley, and Keats, and Wordsworth. They are alive and vigorous with the spirit of the day in which we live—the moral steam enginery of an age of action." Literary critics smile to-day at this injudicious and extravagant outburst of the good Quaker poet's, but it was the sincere expression of his heart, and his judgment has been confirmed by thousands who have read, committed to memory, and found comfort in Longfellow's solemn yet optimistic moralizing. It is the poet's expression of the struggles of his own heart in a period of depression—that eternal struggle which goes on between the conflicting moods of despondency and joy in human life.

EXPLANATORY:

256. *young man* . . . *psalmist*. The subtitle explains the situation. Notice that it is the *heart* of the young man, that is, the better, more hopeful, more joyous nature speaking against the pessimistic, hopeless philosophy of the psalmist, or poet, in a moment of despondency. Longfellow in different moods is both the young man and the psalmist.

256: 1. *mournful numbers*. That is, melancholy or hopeless poetry. Numbers is frequently used to signify metrical composition. Compare Pope's line,

"I lispt in numbers, for the numbers came."

256: 7. *Dust thou art*. See Genesis 3:19.

256 : 13. *Art is long.* This has been traced back to Hippocrates, the ancient Greek physician. The thought recurs in many poems in modern literature.

256 : 18. *bivouac.* A temporary camping-place.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Give the story of the origin of the poem, and show exactly what the poet meant to express by it. (2) Why is this, then, a purely lyric poem? (3) What is its mood, and in what tone of voice and movement should it be read? (4) Paraphrase the thought of the first stanza. (5) What great doctrine is expressed in the second stanza? (6) What is the pivotal word in the third stanza? In what two other stanzas is this word or idea repeated? Is it, then, the key to the whole poem? (7) Expound the metaphors in the fourth and fifth stanzas. (8) According to the sixth stanza, what is the only time we are sure of? (9) Do you admire the extended figure in stanzas 8 and 9? Why? (10) Select what you think is the best single stanza in the poem. (11) In what meter is the poem written? Notice that the trochaic rhythm requires feminine rimes, such as *numbers—slumbers*, but in the second and fourth lines of each stanza the final unaccented syllable is omitted, so that we have one feminine and one masculine rime in each stanza. Is this rime scheme adhered to throughout the poem? (12) How many syllables does the rhythm require in the words *real, funeral, bivouac*? (13) In line 4 would the rhythm require the emphasis to fall on *are* or on *not*? Does the rhythm, then, help you to give the correct rhetorical or thought stress? (14) Memorize the poem perfectly, and recite it.

Hymn to the Night (Longfellow)

INTRODUCTORY:

"Longfellow said that he wrote the poem when sitting at his chamber window on a balmy night."—Bronson, *American Poems*, p. 576. Poe made an elaborate analysis of the "Hymn to the Night" in a review of *Voices of the Night* in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1840. Among other things he said, "No poem ever opened with a beauty more august. The five first stanzas are nearly perfect—by which we mean that they are nearly free from fault, while embodying a supreme excellence. Had we seen nothing from the pen of the poet but these five verses, we should have formed the most exaggerated conception of his powers." The poem first appeared in *Voices of the Night* (1839), giving the cue for the title of that volume.

EXPLANATORY:

257 : 3. *sable.* Black; from the sable, or marten, whose fur is black.

258 : 21. *Orestes-like.* Orestes was pursued by the Furies because he had killed his own mother. Look up the story in a classic mythology.

258 : 22. *Descend,* etc. "It is not every reader who will here understand the poet is invoking Peace to descend *through*, or by means of 'The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair, the best-beloved Night.'"—Poe, in his review of *Voices of the Night*.

258 : 23. *The welcome, the thrice-prayed for.* This is a translation of the Greek words used as a headpiece or motto.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Give the lyric impulse of this poem. (2) In what form does the poet conceive of night? Is the personification maintained throughout the poem? (3) What was the effect of the presence of night on the poet (stanzas 3 and 4)? (4) What lessons did he draw? (5) What appropriateness do you find in the allusion to Orestes? (6) Comment on Poe's interpretation of the last stanza (see note on line 22). Do you accept this interpretation? Why? (7) Compare this poem with "A Psalm of Life." Which of the two do you think is more beautiful? More inspiring? More artistic in expression? (8) How is the theme of the poem emphasized by the rimes in the first three stanzas? (9) Characterize the rhythm and the melody, or tone-color, of the poem.

Maidenhood (Longfellow)

INTRODUCTORY:

On the publication of *Ballads and Other Poems*, Longfellow wrote to his father saying, among other things, "I think the last two pieces the best,—perhaps as good as anything I have written." These two pieces were "Maidenhood" and "Excelsior."

EXPLANATORY:

259 : 18. *Elysian.* Relating to the Greek "Heaven," or place of the departed spirits of the heroes.

259 : 21. *falcon's shadow.* The falcon was a hawk trained to catch birds for hunters.

259 : 34. *Gather, then, each flower that grows.* Compare Robert Herrick's

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

259 : 36. *embalm.* Perfume, sweeten.

259 : 37. *lily.* Emblem of purity.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The thought movement of the poem may be summarized thus: (a) the picture of maidenhood (stanzas 1-5); (b) the query (stanzas 6-8); (c) warning and advice (stanzas 9-16). Give the details brought out in the poem under each of these suggested divisions. (2) What metaphor is developed in lines 7-15? Why is it a good one? (3) Expound the metaphor in lines 31-36. Exactly what does the "tent of snows" mean? (4) Interpret literally the thought of lines 37-39. (5) Select the one stanza in the poem which you admire most.

Excelsior (Longfellow)

INTRODUCTORY:

Late one night Longfellow's eye fell upon a scrap of a New York newspaper with an engraving of the state seal on it—a shield, with a rising sun in the center and the Latin motto *Excelsior* underneath

it. The picture of the youth in the Alps, climbing higher and ever higher and bearing this motto *Excelsior* upon a pennant, flashed into his mind, and he at once wrote the first draft of the poem on the back of an old letter. He dated the composition at the end as follows: "September 28, 1841. Half past 3 o'clock morning. Now to bed." In a letter written later to C. K. Tuckerman, Longfellow gives a full analysis of the piece. He said his purpose was "to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is *Excelsior*, 'higher.' He passes through the Alpine village—through the rough, cold paths of the world—where the peasants cannot understand him, and where the watchword is an 'unknown tongue.' He disregards the happiness of domestic peace and sees the glaciers—his fate—before him. He disregards the warning of the old man's wisdom and the fascinations of woman's love. He answers to all 'Higher yet!' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes; without having reached the perfection he longed for; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward."

EXPLANATORY:

261: 32. *Saint Bernard*. He founded the Bernardine order of Cistercian monks at Clairvaux in the Alps during the twelfth century. Note the reference to the famous St. Bernard dogs in line 36 below.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Read carefully the introductory note and make a complete outline of the poem by stanzas. (2) What effect has the constant repetition of the motto? (3) Which one of the voices was most appealing to the youth? Upon what grounds do you base your decision? (4) How do the warnings in the fourth and sixth stanzas prepare us for the catastrophe? (5) What voice speaks last, and what is the real import of this voice? (6) Compare the poem with Poe's "Eldorado." Which of the two poems best expresses the idea of the unattainable ideal? (7) Memorize "*Excelsior*."

The Wreck of the Hesperus (Longfellow)

INTRODUCTORY:

Longfellow was constantly on the lookout for themes suitable to his own poetic genius. In his *Journal* he recorded suggestions as they came to him from his reading, conversation, and other sources. On December 17, 1839, he recorded the following note: "News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe where many of these took place; among others the schooner *Hesperus*. Also the Sea-flower on Black Rock. I must write a ballad upon this." About twelve days later he was sitting up rather late at night writing a review of Allston's poems, when suddenly the idea came to him to write the ballad. He worked rapidly

on it and then went to bed, but he could not sleep, because he kept thinking of new stanzas to add to the ballad. He arose and completed the poem about three o'clock in the morning, and then went to bed and slept soundly. The next morning he recorded this experience in his *Journal*, saying that the poem hardly cost him an effort, as it came to him in whole stanzas rather than in single lines. The ballad was first published in the *New World*, January, 1840.

EXPLANATORY:

262 : 11. *flaw*. A sudden puff of wind.

262 : 14. *Spanish Main*. That part of the Caribbean Sea along the northern coast of South America, so called during the early colonization periods when the richly laden Spanish merchantmen plied between the Old World and the New. This sea was infested with pirates, and many tales of sunken ships and buried treasures have been told of these stirring times and this romantic region.

263 : 56. *Lake of Galilee*. Relate the incident referred to; see Matthew 8:23-27.

264 : 60. *Norman's Woe*. A dangerous reef off Gloucester harbor in Massachusetts.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Relate the story in your own words. (2) What wrenched accents peculiar to ballad measures do you note in lines 3, 4, 13, 29? (3) What characteristic ballad parallelism and repetition do you find in lines 37-48? Point out other examples. (4) What is the characteristic ballad measure here used? Point out some peculiarities, such as extra syllables (lines 3, 7, etc.), omission of words (line 14), pleonasm (lines 9, 19), stock expressions (line 13), and the like. (5) Of course "The Wreck of the Hesperus" is a literary or imitative ballad, and as such, good as it is of its kind, it pales into almost complete eclipse when brought into direct comparison with some of the fine old English and Scottish popular ballads. Take the following, for example, and make a close comparison of it with Longfellow's literary ballad:

SIR PATRICK SPENCE

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. The King sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine;
O whar will I get guid sailör,
To sail this schip of mine?</p> <p>2. Up and spak an-eldern Knight
Sat at the king's richt knee:
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailör
That sails upon the se.</p> <p>3. The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.</p> <p>4. The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.</p> | <p>5. 'O wha is this has done this deid,
This ill deid done to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!'</p> <p>6. 'Mak hast', mak hast', my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne,
'O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.</p> <p>7. 'Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi' the auld moone in her arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme.'</p> <p>8. Our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild shoon,
Bot lang or a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.</p> |
|---|--|

9. O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
 Wi' thair fans into their hand,
 Or e'ir they sae Sir Patrick Spence
 Cum sailing to the land.
10. O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
 Wi' their gold kems in their hair,
 Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
 For they'll se them na mair.
11. Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
 It's fiftie fadom deip,
 And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence
 W'i the Scots lords at his feit.

The Arrow and the Song (Longfellow)

INTRODUCTORY:

On November 16, 1845, Longfellow made this note in his *Journal*: "Before church, wrote 'The Arrow and the Song,' which came into my mind as I stood with my back to the fire, and glanced on to the paper with arrowy speed. Literally an improvisation." It was included in *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems*, which was published about a month later.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) How is unity of effect obtained in this brief but almost perfect lyric? (2) Give the sequence of the thought by stanzas. (3) Work out the parallelism of expression in the first and second stanzas. What is the purpose of this? (4) How do Longfellow's own songs fulfill the condition set forth in the last two lines? (5) How do you like this simple stanzaic form? (6) Point out one break in the regularity of the rhythm. Is this a blemish? Why? (7) Is *unbroke* in the last stanza correct? Why is it permissible to use such a form here?

Divina Commedia (Longfellow)

INTRODUCTORY:

This is the first of the six sonnets, two to each of the three parts, which Longfellow attached to his monumental translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. It is in this sonnet that the poet refers most touchingly to the burden of the loss of his wife and to the additional distress which he felt as the terrible Civil War drew to a close. The sonnet was written in April, 1864.

EXPLANATORY:

- 265 : 5. *paternoster*. The Lord's prayer.
- 265 : 9. *here*. That is, he enters upon the work of his translation of Dante.
- 265 : 10. *leave my burden at the minster gate*. His burden was the grief over the loss of his wife. *Minster* is an old word for monastery or cathedral.
- 265 : 12. *tumult of the time*. The Civil War (1861-1865).

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Note how the thought of the ordinary worshiper is developed in the octave, or first eight lines, and how the application to his own life's burden is made in the sextet, or last six lines. Summarize each of these divisions in your own words. (2) Read the poem aloud for its melody and sonorousness. Select the most musical lines.

Snow-Bound (Whittier)

INTRODUCTORY:

"Snow-Bound," one of the most perfect rural idyls in the language, was first conceived by Whittier about August, 1865, just after the final settling of that terrible question of slavery, in which he had taken such an active part through his writings. Whittier was then fifty-nine years old, and had reached that period in life when the instinct for reminiscence is strongest. A few years before, his mother and elder sister had died, and just a year before, his younger sister, Elizabeth, had passed away, and the poem is a sort of memorial to them and to the household of which they were a part, and of which now only the poet and his brother Matthew survived. The poem first appeared in a separate volume in 1866, under the management of James T. Field, the poet's literary adviser and publisher. Whittier explained in a note preceding the poem who the various members of the household were, and added this account of his resources: "In my boyhood, in our lonely farm house, we had scanty sources of information; few books and only a small weekly paper. Our only annual was the Almanac. Under such circumstances story-telling was a necessary resource in the long winter evenings. My father when a young man had traversed the wilderness to Canada, and could tell of his adventures with Indians and wild beasts, and of his sojourn in the French villages. My uncle was ready with his record of hunting and fishing and, it must be confessed, with stories, which he at least half believed, of witchcraft and apparitions. My mother, who was born in the Indian-haunted region of Somersworth, New Hampshire, between Dover and Portsmouth, told us of the inroads of the savages, and the narrow escape of her ancestors. She described strange people who lived on the Piscataqua and Cochecho, among whom was Bantam the sorcerer. I have in my possession the wizard's 'conjuring book,' which he solemnly opened when consulted. It is a copy of Cornelius Agrippa's *Magic*, printed in 1651." Prof. George R. Carpenter in his life of Whittier says, "He, this old man who had been an East Haverhill boy, describes *his* homestead, *his* well curbed, *his* brook, *his* family circle, *his* schoolmaster, apparently intent on naught but the complete accuracy of his narrative, and lo! such is his art that he has drawn the one perfect, imperishable picture of that bright old winter life in that strange clime. Diaries, journals, histories, biographies, and autobiographies, with the same aim in view, are not all together so typical as this unique poem of less than a thousand lines."

EXPLANATORY:

272. Whittier dedicated the poem "To the memory of the household it describes."

272. *Cor. Agrippa, Occult Philosophy.* See Whittier's reference to this old book in the introductory note.

272 : 1. *brief.* The shortest day in the year occurs when?

272 : 7. *portent.* A sign or omen. It is still superstitiously believed that if the sun sinks behind a cloud, a storm will follow.

272 : 13. *sharpened.* What effect would the cold have on the face? Is the adjective suggestive?

272 : 15. *east.* That is, from the east.

273 : 17. *felt the strong pulse*. The Whittier home was only about fifteen miles from the shore. Note the metaphor and personification in the line.

273 : 22. *herd's-grass*. Timothy hay.

273 : 25. *stanchion*. Upright poles with hickory or walnut bows attached so as to hold the cattle in the stalls.

273 : 44. *Nature's geometric signs*. That is, in regular crystals like geometric figures. Look up illustrations of snow crystals and see how aptly *starry flake*, *pellicle*, etc., apply.

274 : 62. *well-curb*. When some western school girls who could not understand how a well with a sweep could have a roof wrote to Whittier for an explanation, he replied that there was a board laid across the curb as a shelf to hold the pail, and the snow made this look like a Chinese roof.

274 : 65. *Pisa's leaning miracle*. A tower made of pure white marble in Pisa, Italy. Its base is 51 feet, and the tower is said to lean about 16 feet from its vertical line of 181 feet. It is called a miracle because it does not fall, but from a scientific point of view it is perfectly safe. Why?

274 : 70. *buskins*. Formerly high-heeled boots worn by tragic actors, but here simply heavy, high-topped shoes.

274 : 77. *Aladdin's wondrous cave*. Let some one briefly tell the story of Aladdin.

274 : 80. *supernal*. Heavenly, from above; compare *infernal*.

275 : 90. *Egypt's Amun*. An Egyptian god, frequently represented with a ram's head. Also spelled Ammon.

275 : 97. *No church-bell*. This seems to indicate that the third day of the storm was Sunday. There could be no meeting on such a day.

276 : 136. *crane and pendent trammels*. The crane was a swinging bar of iron put on the side of the fireplace, and the trammels were hooks on which cooking utensils were hung. What does *pendent* mean?

276 : 137. *Turks' heads*. The smooth tops of the andirons were imitations of the Turkish fez.

276 : 142. *witches . . . tea*. "When you see the fire on the hearth reflected outside, the witches are making their tea. It is dangerous to go out of doors then, and to stand in the reflection of the fire will bewitch you." Daniels and Stephens, *Encyclopedia of Superstitions*.

277 : 156. *clean-winged*. Swept clean, as with a turkey-wing duster.

277 : 183. *brother*. His younger brother, Matthew, died 1883, nine years before the poet's death.

278 : 204. *The stars shine through his cypress-trees*. The star is the emblem of hope; the cypress, of death and mourning. Explain the metaphor.

278 : 206. *breaking day . . . mournful marbles*. The resurrection day breaking over the marble gravestones.

278 : 211. *And Love can never lose its own*. Compare Tennyson's
 " 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all."

278 : 215. *"The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."* The third stanza of Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton's poem "The African Chief" begins "A chief of Gambia's golden shore." Gambia is a district in West

Africa from which slaves were taken. The lines quoted by Whittier below (lines 220-223) form the fourth stanza of Mrs. Morton's poem. The poet may have learned the piece from Bingham's *American Preceptor* (1813) where it appeared among other selections for declamation. In later editions of "Snow-Bound" Whittier substituted for the lines referring to Dame Mercy Warren the following:

As if a far-blow trumpet stirred
The languorous sin-sick air, I heard:

279 : 225. *Memphremagog*. A lake on the border between Vermont and Canada. St. François (line 229) is a river in Quebec; Salisbury (line 237) is in northeastern Massachusetts; Boar's Head (line 242) and the Isles of Shoals (line 243) are along the New Hampshire coast just north of Salisbury.

279 : 226. *moose and samp*. Moose meat and a sort of porridge made of Indian corn.

279 : 231. *Norman cap and bodiced zone*. The dress of the Canadian settlers who came from Normandy, France. See *Evangeline*, lines 39-40.

279 : 244. *hake-broil*. Hake is a kind of salt-water fish.

280 : 259. *Cochecho*. Indian name for Dover, New Hampshire. It is near the Piscataqua River.

280 : 270. *gray wizard's conjuring-book*. See the introductory note with quotation from Whittier.

280 : 272. *Piscataqua*. A river in Maine. Pronounced pîs-căt'ä-kwä here. Why?

280 : 286. *painful Sewell's ancient tome*. The ancient volume of painstaking Sewell, the author of a history of the Quakers.

280 : 289. *Chalkley's Journal*. Thomas Chalkley was a traveling Quaker preacher. The story repeated in the text is substantially the same as related in the *Journal*.

281 : 305. *tangled ram*, etc. Relate the story as told in Genesis 22.

281 : 307. *innocent*. Lacking in knowledge. The uncle was Moses Whittier, an old bachelor.

281 : 310. *lyceum*. Originally a grove in which Aristotle taught; hence any school or instructive course of lectures. Properly accented on the second syllable, but here on the first to meet the requirements of the rhythm. Scan the line.

281 : 313. *divine*. Find out, predict.

281 : 315. *cunning-warded*. A ward is a notch on a key to allow it to pass an obstruction in the lock; hence *cunning-warded* here means cunningly or nicely adjusted or fitted to unlock the mysteries of nature.

281 : 320. *Apollonius*. A Greek philosopher of the first century who was said to know all languages by instinct, even those of animals and birds.

281 : 322. *Hermes*. The Egyptian god Thoth, whom the Greeks called *Hermes Trismegistus*, the god of all wisdom. He is usually represented in figures as having the bill of an ibis, the sacred bird of the Egyptians, "the sage cranes of Nilus" referred to in the text.

282 : 332. *White of Selborne*. Gilbert White, an Englishman who recorded so faithfully "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne" that his book has become a classic in English literature.

282 : 350. *the dear aunt*. Mercy Hussey, sister of Mrs. Whittier.

283 : 361. *huskings*. Read Whittier's "The Huskers" with the "Corn Song" which follows.

283 : 369. *mirage*. An illusion; pronounced mir'āzh', though Whittier probably called it mir'age to fit the rhythm. In Pickard's life of Whittier the story is told that late one night the young girl saw an image of her lover on horseback approaching the home. When she opened the door, nothing was there. Shortly afterwards she heard that her lover had died in New York at exactly the same hour as that in which she had seen the apparition. This is evidently the "mirage that loomed across her way."

283 : 378. *elder sister*. Mary, who afterwards married Jacob Caldwell of Haverhill. She died in 1860.

284 : 396. *Our youngest*. Elizabeth; she never married, but lived with her brother and devoted herself to his interests until her death in 1864. Like him she had a poetical gift and several of her poems have been preserved. The tribute the poet makes to her is perhaps the finest piece of poetry he ever composed.

285 : 438. *Brisk wielder of the birch and rule*. The teacher's name was George Haskell.

285 : 444. *mitten-blinded*. That is, he blinded the cat by drawing a mitten over its head.

285 : 447. *Dartmouth's college halls*. Located at Hanover, New Hampshire.

286 : 476. *Pindus-born Araxes*. The Arachthus (Araxes) River rises in the Pindus Mountains in Greece.

286 : 483. *hostage . . . took*. That is, his knowledge of the past gave him an advantage in discerning the trend of future events.

287 : 510. *Another guest*. Harriet Livermore, of New Hampshire. She was a brilliant woman, but eccentric and quick tempered. She believed that the time of the second coming of Christ to the earth was at hand, and so she went to Asia and lived for a while on Mount Lebanon with another religious enthusiast, Lady Hester Stanhope, referred to in line 555 as the crazy Queen of Lebanon.

287 : 523. *pard-like*. Leopard-like; *pard* is used only in poetry.

288 : 536. *Petruchio's Kate*. Petruchio was the man who tamed Katherine, the high-tempered heroine of Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*.

288 : 537. *Siena's saint*. Saint Catherine of Siena, Italy, noted for her mildness and charity. She made a vow of silence for three years. Note how the two contrasted Catherines are combined in Miss Livermore.

288 : 555. *crazy Queen of Lebanon*. See note on line 510.

288 : 568. *fatal sisters*. The three fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

291 : 656. *Eden*. Consult Genesis 2 and 3.

291 : 659. *wise old Doctor*. Dr. Elias Weld of Rocks Village near East Haverhill.

291 : 668. *inward light*. The conscience. The Quaker matron, Mrs. Abigail Whittier, professed to follow the inward light, while Dr. Weld, a Presbyterian or Calvinist, subscribed to a stricter creed. Note the metaphor in *mail*.

292 : 683. *Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse*. Thomas Ellwood, a Quaker poet, wrote a long epic on King David. Ellwood's muse Whittier humorously calls a stranger to the nine Greek or classic Muses, and he dubs it "drab-skirted" in humorous allusion to the plain gray garb of the Quakers.

292 : 693. *painted Creeks*. The Creek Indians later were removed from Georgia to the Indian Territory.

292 : 694. *daft McGregor*. Sir George McGregor, a Scotchman, attempted to form a colony in Porto Rico in 1822. This allusion and the one preceding give us a hint of the exact time Whittier had in mind for his reminiscent picture. He would himself have been about fifteen at this time.

292 : 696. *Taygetos*, etc. A mountain range in Greece; the Greek patriot Ypsilanti led his soldiers, who came from the district of Maina, against the Turks in the struggle for Greek independence.

292 : 700. *Its corner for the rustic Muse*. Whittier's first published poem appeared in just such a poets' corner.

293 : 715. *Angel of the backward look*. Memory.

293 : 719. *weird palimpsest*. Strange parchment, which could be written on after the previous writing had been erased. How does the figure apply?

293 : 727. *mournful cypresses*. Why mournful? See line 204 and the note on it.

293 : 728. *amaranths*. A flower supposed never to fade; symbolic of immortality.

293 : 730. *restless sands*. In the hour-glass of time.

293 : 739. *century's aloe*. The American aloe, or century plant, a large spear-leaved shrub of the southwestern United States and Mexico. It was formerly supposed to flower only once in a century. Whittier here refers to the close of the Civil War and the abolition of slavery, the last being the finest achievement of the first century of American history.

293 : 741. *Truce of God*. An agreement of the eleventh century forbidding all fighting for a time so that the laborers could till the fields.

294 : 747. *Flemish pictures*. The Flemish school of painters were noted for brilliant coloring and sympathetic treatment of humble interiors.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

General. (1) Why is this poem called an idyl? What is the general nature of the theme and material introduced? (2) In what mood and from what point of view is the material treated? Notice how the poet indicates the change of point of view in the reflective passages (lines 179, 386, 400, 485) and in the conclusion (line 715). Note also how at the end of these reflective passages the reader is distinctly brought back to the original point of view. (3) Is the poem narrative or lyric in its general effect? Explain. (4) Divide the poem into four large sections showing the general structure of the whole composition, and give an appropriate title for each division. (Hint: Keep the central idea, namely, *snow-bound*, in mind, and note how we have before, during, and after sections, with a conclusion. Lines 116, 629, 715 are good dividing points.) (5) Now take these larger divisions and fill in the details so as to make a complete outline of about one full page. You will notice that at various points the poet interjects his own reflections on suggested topics, such as his thoughts on time and immortality (lines 179-211), vision of a lost loved one and thoughts on death (lines 400-437), education (lines 485-509), judging others (lines 565-589). These grow naturally out of the

subject-matter and should be duly recorded in the outline. (6) Work out a complete time scheme for the poem, beginning on a Friday morning late in December and running over to the next Friday. Consult lines 1, 32, 42, 47, 116, 629, 674. Be careful to determine whether lines 42 and 47 indicate the same or separate mornings. (7) In which is the poet more interested, the incidents or the characters? (8) How does he blend the setting, the characters, and the movement or action of the piece so as to give unity of effect? (9) What is the prevailing or dominant tone of the composition? (10) Why do you think the poet was able to draw such accurate portraits of the characters? Compare these with purely imaginary characters, like those in Longfellow's *Evangeline*, for example. (11) In what meter is the poem written? Scan lines 19 to 30, noting inversions, hovering or divided stresses, slurred or extra syllables, and the like. (12) The usual couplet rime is sometimes varied into alternate or inclosed rimes. Point out some of these. (13) Do you note many wrenched or slightly untrue rimes, such as *pellicle*—*fell*, lines 45-46; *dumb*—*lyceum*, lines 309-310; *on*—*sun*, lines 41-42; *intense*—*elements*, lines 100-101? How would *hearth*, line 106, be pronounced? *Piscataqua*, line 272? *memories*, line 360? Are these blemishes, or merely licenses? (14) Suggested memory passages: lines 155-174; 203-211; 394-437; 485-509; 647-656; 715-728. (15) Suggested subjects for compositions: The Inmates of Whittier's Early Home; A Contrast of "Snow-Bound" with Burns's "The Cotter's Saturday Night," or Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village"; Figures of Speech in "Snow-Bound"; Whittier's Power as a Portrayer of Characters; The Chief Values Derived from Studying "Snow-Bound"; A Winter Day in My Own Home.

Specific. (1) What peculiar weather signs are given as presaging a storm? Can you give similar local weather signs? (2) Summarize the "nightly chores," and compare them with your own. (3) Explain the implied metaphor in lines 29-30. Is it humorous in effect? (4) Compare lines 33-40 with the stanza from Emerson's "The Snow-Storm," which Whittier quotes at the head of "Snow-Bound." (5) Describe some of the transformed objects around the home (lines 54-65), explaining some of the allusions. (6) To what place and why was it necessary to dig a path? (7) Describe the appearance and action of the animals after the storm. (8) Compare Whittier's brief description of the frozen brook (lines 110-115) with Lowell's extended description in the first Prelude of "The Vision of Sir Launfal." (9) What effect has the evening fire on the scene? (10) Describe the picture around the hearth (lines 155-174). (11) Enumerate the evening entertainments (lines 211-215). (12) Do you suppose the father and mother told all of their experiences in one evening, or is the poet here condensing the narratives of many days into one? This is called the poet's power of universal compression or condensation: Compare Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* for similar condensation. (13) Refer to the notes and explain the allusions in the father's and the mother's recital. (14) Give an oral sketch of Uncle Moses Whittier. Do you think he was a good story-teller? (15) What aunt is referred to? Explain the reference in line 369. (16) Compare the metaphor in lines 390-391 with Shakespeare's "That undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." (17) Explain just what the poet meant in lines 392-394. Why does the memory of the younger sister call forth such tender reveries from the

poet? (18) Why are the birch and rule mentioned in line 438? (19) Compare this schoolmaster with the one in Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village." Which portrait do you prefer? (20) Tell the story of the other guest (lines 510 ff). (21) What does the poet describe after he finishes with the portraits? (22) Read aloud the description of sleep (lines 622-628) and comment on the happy way in which the poet suggests by his language the very thing he is describing. (23) On the morning of the fourth day (line 629) what distinct change takes place in the situation of the snow-bound household? (24) Visualize the picture described in lines 650-656, and explain just what is meant by "the charm which Eden never lost." (25) What is meant by the "Quaker matron's inward light" and the Doctor's "mail of Calvin's creed"? (26) Explain the metaphor in lines 672-673. (27) How did the family spend the later days of their enforced imprisonment? (28) What do the allusions in the village paper help us to determine? See the notes above. (29) Read and expound the magnificent apostrophe to memory beginning with line 715 and forming the conclusion to this reminiscent idyl. (30) What event is referred to in line 739? (31) How does the poet appeal to his old friends (line 745) and how does he express his gratitude to his new friends, the readers whom he has never seen? Is this a happy concluding thought?

Ichabod (Whittier)

INTRODUCTORY:

This famous poem was first published at Washington City on May 2, 1850, in the *National Era*, an anti-slavery organ of which Whittier was an assistant or corresponding editor. Daniel Webster, the distinguished Massachusetts senator, had been regarded as the leader of the doctrine of unionism as opposed to states' rights; but when the Fugitive Slave Law was proposed, Webster took a conservative and conciliatory attitude and supported the measure, thus drawing upon himself a storm of protest from the anti-slavery party of the North. Whittier voiced his own and his party's feelings in this remarkable poem. In an introductory note written later, he declared that when he read the speech in which Webster supported Clay's compromise measure and saw clearly the sure results which would follow, he uttered his rebuke more in sorrow than in anger. Later in his life, feeling that he owed some reparation to the great statesman whose action he had so signally rebuked, and feeling also, as Professor Carpenter suggests, that perhaps Webster was right after all, Whittier wrote "The Lost Occasion," in which he gave a fine portrait of Webster and expressed a profound regret that the great man had not lived to become a leader for liberty and union in the final struggle between the states. Professor Carpenter remarks that the verses are, in their awful scorn, the most powerful that Whittier ever wrote, and Francis H. Underwood in speaking of "Ichabod" in his *Life of Whittier*, says, "It contains more storage of electric energy than anything we remember in our time."

EXPLANATORY:

294. *Ichabod*. The meaning of the Hebrew name is "the glory has departed." See I Samuel 4:21.

294 : 3. *gray hairs*. Webster was then sixty-eight years old, and two years later he died, October 24, 1852.

295 : 35. *Walk backward*, etc. This is a veiled allusion to the incident recorded in Genesis 9:21-27, a part of which reads: "Shem and Japheth took a garment, and laid it upon both their shoulders, and went backward, and covered the nakedness of their father; and their faces were backward, and they saw not their father's nakedness."

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Recall the historical occasion which produced this poem. (Look up Clay's Compromise Bill of 1850 and ascertain Webster's part in it.) (2) Explain the meaning of the title of the poem. (3) Whittier says that scorn and wrath with attendant revilings and insults are out of place in contemplating Webster's action. What emotion is it, then, that he feels and expresses in the poem? (4) Do you think there is after all a sort of suppressed and dignified scorn beneath the feeling of regret and sorrow which the poet voices? (5) Point out the single stanza which you think is most powerful and stinging in its rebuke. (6) Do you think that this is a mere occasional poem, that is, the expression of a mere passing emotion due to the incident described? What gives the poem its real, lasting quality? (7) In what meter is the poem written? Do you like the peculiar effect of the short lines alternating with the longer ones? (8) Compare "Ich-abod" with Browning's "The Lost Leader."

Skipper Ireson's Ride (Whittier)

INTRODUCTORY:

This ballad first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1857. James Russell Lowell, who was editor of the *Atlantic* at the time, suggested the dialect refrain for the sake of local color, an evident improvement. Whittier accepted the change for all the stanzas in which the women are supposed to speak. The incident on which the ballad is based came to Whittier through the refrain of an old song which he learned from a Haverhill Academy schoolmate who came from Marblehead. It is said that the skipper was really not so much to be blamed as his crew for deserting the sinking ship; but Whittier said that he drew the material of his ballad wholly from fancy, and we may add that whatever the facts in the case may be, the underlying truth of the ballad—namely, righteous indignation against cowardly action for selfish motives—remains universal in its appeal.

EXPLANATORY:

296 : 3. *Apuleius's Golden Ass*. Apuleius was a Platonic philosopher of the second century who wrote a romance in which the principal character is turned by magic into an ass. The allusion is not quite apropos.

296 : 4. *one-eyed Calender's horse of brass*. This is a reference to the third royal mendicant, or calender, one of three traveling der-vishes who related their adventures in the *Arabian Nights*. Each of the three told of the strange manner in which he had lost his left eye.

The third one tells of a horse of brass on the top of a lodestone mountain, but he did not ride this horse. He merely shot it from its pedestal and caused it to sink into the sea. Later on in his adventures he mounted a wonderful black horse which presently spread a pair of wings and bore him swiftly through the air. As it deposited him on the top of a castle, it switched out the mendicant's left eye with a violent blow of its tail. Whittier probably had another *Arabian Nights* story, that of the wonderful magic horse of ivory and ebony, confused with the reference to the brass horse in the third calender's tale.

296: 6. *Islam's prophet*. Mohammed, the founder of Islamism.

296: 6. *Al-Borák*. This was the name of the white mule with a man's face, a horse's cheeks, and an eagle's wings, on which Mohammed rode through the air to the Holy City.

296: 8. *Marblehead*. A rough seaport town near Salem, Massachusetts.

297: 26. *Bacchus*. The god of wine. Note the appropriateness of the allusion.

297: 30. *Mænads*. These were the frenzied female worshipers of Bacchus; also called Bacchantes.

297: 35. *Chaleur Bay*. A part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence between Quebec and New Brunswick.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Why is the poem called a ballad? (2) Tell the story in your own words. (3) Construct an outline showing by stanzas the introduction, description of the skipper in the hands of the mob of women, the cause of their vengeance, the ride through Marblehead and the surrounding country, the repentance, and the dismissal of the culprit. (4) Is the narrative naturally told, logical, effective? (5) In what time of the year was the ride made? (6) How does the poet manage to make the scene comical and at the same time tragic and pathetic? (7) Can you see the skipper and his tormentors clearly? How does the poet manage this? (8) What motive for the skipper's desertion of the distressed ship is hinted at in line 40? (9) Why is the metaphor in line 61 appropriate? (10) Why is the skipper described as looking like an Indian idol (line 72)? Does Indian refer to American Indians or to East India? (11) How is the note of pathos touched in the last stanza? (12) Study the refrain throughout the poem. What is the effect of its repetition in dialect?

In School-Days (Whittier)

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem was first published in *Our Young People*, January, 1870, under the editorship of Lucy Larcom. She had asked Whittier to write some verses to print under certain pictures; he replied that he could not do that but she might print "In School-Days" if she did not think it "too spooney for a grave Quaker like myself." S. T. Pickard, Whittier's biographer, says that the little girl referred to was Lydia Ayer, daughter of the poet's nearest neighbor, who died when she was fourteen. Oliver Wendell Holmes in writing to Whittier in 1878 said of this poem, "Let me say to you unhesitatingly that you have written

the most beautiful school-boy poem in the English language." We can readily agree with Holmes that the naturalness, simplicity, sweetness, and sincerity of school-boy and school-girl life were never more satisfactorily presented.

EXPLANATORY:

299 : 11. *creeping slow to school*. Suggested by Shakespeare's

"And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwilling to school." *As You Like It*, II: vii.

299 : 16. *icy fretting*. That is, the sun lit up the icy fretwork, or icicles, on the eaves.

300 : 37. *Still*. Is this an adjective or an adverb?

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) This little poem tells a story, but it is a reminiscent lyric rather than a ballad or narrative poem. Its purpose is to re-create an emotional moment in the boy's life—one of the sweetest moments that ever come to youth, the moment in which love first blossoms in all its glory. Show just how the poet manages to catch and preserve this emotional moment. (2) In what stanzas is the background or setting presented? Is it a lifelike picture of the old country schoolhouse? Can you create a similar one out of your own experiences? (3) How is the evening sunlight used to beautify the scene? (4) Does the poet successfully express the bashfulness of the two in the seventh stanza? (5) In what stanza is the emotional climax reached? (6) How is the tone chastened and subdued in the last two stanzas? (7) What figure of speech is effectively used in the first stanza? (8) Determine the meter and rhythm of the poem. (9) Is the feminine rime organic, that is, is it preserved without variation throughout the poem? What effect has the use of the feminine rimes on the musical quality of the lyric? (10) By what rime repetition is the main thought or point of the poem emphasized?

The Last Leaf (Holmes)

INTRODUCTORY:

"The Last Leaf" was written some time in 1831 or 1832, and first printed in *The Harbinger*, 1833. In a later prefatory note Holmes said: "This poem was suggested by the appearance in one of our streets of a venerable relic of the Revolution (Major Thomas Melville), said to be one of the party who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. He was a fine monumental specimen in his cocked hat and knee breeches, with his buckled shoes and his sturdy cane. The smile with which I, as a young man, greeted him, meant no disrespect to an honored fellow-citizen whose costume was out of date, but whose patriotism never changed with years. I do not recall any earlier example of this form of verse, which was commended by the fastidious Edgar Allan Poe, who made a copy of the whole poem which I have in his own handwriting. Good Abraham Lincoln had a great liking for the poem, and repeated it from memory to Governor Andrew, as the governor himself told me."

John T. Morse, Jr., the biographer of Holmes, believed that "The Last Leaf" would outlive "The Chambered Nautilus." "Is there

in all literature a lyric in which drollery, passing nigh into ridicule yet stopping short of it, and sentiment becoming pathos yet not too profound, are so exquisitely intermingled as in 'The Last Leaf'? To spill into the mixture the tiniest fraction of a drop too much of either ingredient was to ruin all. How skillfully, how daintily, how unerringly, Dr. Holmes compounded it, all readers of English know well. It was a light and trifling bit, if you will; but how often has it made the smile and the tear dispute for mastery in a rivalry which is never quite decided!"

EXPLANATORY:

307: 11. *Crier.* The town crier was an officer whose duty it was to make public proclamations of sales, orders of court, and the like.

307: 15. *Sad and wan.* Holmes first wrote this "So forlorn," but being criticized for the bad rime, he adopted the change suggested by Mrs. Charles Folsom.

308: 43. *if I should live to be the last leaf.* Holmes did actually outlive practically all of his early contemporaries.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Visualize the picture of the old man as he was and as he is. (2) What is the effect of the memories of buried loved ones in the fourth stanza? Do you see the appropriateness of the adjective *mossy*? (3) Why does the poet mention his grandmother only to announce that she died long ago? (4) What ludicrous images are developed in stanzas 6 and 7? (5) How does the poet make the application of the thought of the poem in the last stanza? (6) Read the introductory note and point out specific instances of the blending of pathos and humor, which is the chief charm of the poem. (7) Would you class this as a serious or a humorous lyric, or both? (8) Study the structure of the stanza. Notice the frequent occurrence of anapestic feet in the iambic rhythm of the longer lines. The short lines are uniformly one anapestic foot, and the trimeter, or three-stressed lines, usually open with an anapest. The two short lines with answering rime make what is called "tail-rime." Scan the second and last stanzas.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table (Holmes)

Section IV

INTRODUCTORY:

The first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1857, contained the first instalment of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table: Or Every Man His Own Boswell*. The opening words were, "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted." This interruption Holmes explains by reminding his readers that just twenty-five years before in the *New England Magazine* he had written two chatty papers under the title he now resumed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The papers continued through twelve numbers, and were the life of the new magazine. When the work was published in book form, it was recognized as an original and permanent contribution to our literature.

In the February (1858) number of the *Atlantic* the fourth paper, containing "The Chambered Nautilus," appeared. The poem was everywhere greeted with applause. Whittier said upon reading it

that it was booked for immortality. Holmes preferred it above all his other productions, and it has undoubtedly been more frequently quoted than anything else the genial "Autocrat" wrote.

EXPLANATORY:

309 : 36. *Lochiel*. Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, a Scotch clan leader, called "The Black," and noted for his unrelenting treatment of his enemies in the war of the Highlands.

309 : 40. *Wellington*. Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, defeated Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815. He was called "the iron Duke."

310 : 47-60. *Jargonelles . . . Winter-Nelis . . . Saint-Germain . . . Early-Catherine . . . Easter-Beurrè*. Varieties of pears.

310 : 78. *polyphlæsbaean*. Loud-roaring; a Homeric epithet for the ocean.

311 : 86. *Sir Isaac*. Sir Isaac Newton, the great English scientist, discoverer of the law of gravity, etc. The quotation referred to is, "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself, I seem to have been only a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

312 : 121. *harlequin*. A fantastically dressed person whose business is to afford amusement. In the space indicated by the dots above, the correspondent is supposed to compliment the poet and ask for his autograph.

312 : 136. *Mr. Blake play Jesse Rural*. William R. Blake was an excellent actor, especially of old men's parts. His best character was Jesse Rural, the simple-hearted old clergyman in Dion Boucicault's *Old Heads and Young Hearts*.

313 : 154. *Sidney Smith*. An English clergyman and humorist, one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*.

313 : 157. *The "Quarterly . . . tartarly."* An allusion to the *bon mot* attributed to Byron anent the report that the poet John Keats died from grief over the severe criticism of his works in the *Quarterly Review*.

"Who killed Johny Keats?"

"I," said the *Quarterly*,

So savage and tartarly,

"I killed Johny Keats."

313 : 168. *Bob Logie*. The Oxonian, a light-headed dandy and wit in Pierce Egan's "Life in London," an extravaganza with elaborate drawings by Cruikshank.

313 : 172. *Paul Pry's umbrella*. Paul Pry, the title character in an English comedy by John Poole, is represented as a meddlesome busybody, always prying into other people's business. He usually carried a big umbrella.

314 : 187. *Aristophanes*. A Greek comedy writer of the fourth century B.C.

314 : 211. *Sir Thomas Browne*. An English physician and noted prose writer, author of *Urn Burial*, *Religio Medici*, etc. The passage quoted is from the last-named work.

316 : 265. *Derby*. The famous English horse race held at Epsom, in Surrey; named from its founder the Twelfth Earl of Derby (pronounced dār'bl).

316 : 272. "*Hunc lapidem*," etc. "This stone placed here by his sorrowing companions."

316 : 275. *eau lustrale*. Lustral water; used in the ceremony of purification.

316 : 285. *arcus senilis*. Arc of old age; a disease of the eye in old age, by which the edge of the cornea becomes opaque. Note Holmes's use of medical terms and illustrations here and there.

317 : 324. *a flower or a leaf*. Wordsworth wrote several poems on the daisy, one of them in particular being full of similitudes. Compare also Burns's "To a Mountain Daisy."

318 : 333. *Roget's Bridgewater Treatise*. Peter Mark Roget, an English physician and writer, was awarded one of the prizes in the Earl of Bridgewater's foundation for research in the physical sciences.

318 : 339. *unshadowed main*. The ocean without a shadow either of a cloud or of a sail.

318 : 341. *purpled wings*. The nautilus was popularly supposed to have a sort of gauze-like pair of projections to act as sails.

318 : 342. *Siren*. One of the three sea-nymphs, half women and half birds, who by their singing enticed sailors to destruction on their island. See the story in Homer's *Odyssey*.

318 : 351. *irised ceiling*. The inside of the shell is rainbow-colored. Iris was the goddess of the rainbow.

318 : 355. *left the past year's dwelling*. See Holmes's explanation above, lines 349-353.

319 : 363. *Triton*. Son of Neptune; herald of the sea. He is represented as blowing a spiral conch-shell as a trumpet.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Imagine the breakfast table of a boarding-house, with various types of characters, such as the widowed landlady and her son Benjamin Franklin, the divinity student, the timid school-mistress, the angular female dressed in bombazine, and the incorrigible young man, John. Note the frequent use of the dash, especially at the beginning of paragraphs. This indicates some interruption in the Autocrat's talk. Sometimes it is a remark by some one of the boarders, not recorded but clearly implied, and sometimes it is a parenthetical or bracketed side remark of the Autocrat's for the reader's benefit. Note other evidences of the conversational or monologue style. (2) What is the first analogy suggested, and how is it developed through the first three paragraphs? (3) What compliment is implied in the speech of the divinity student, and how does the Autocrat show his gratitude? (4) What is the effect of the Autocrat's comparison of the student's head to an egg? (5) How does the Autocrat turn the student's remark so as to lead up to another analogy? (6) Explain the remarks of the Autocrat on the pebble, and comment on the figure in the last one, beginning "throne," etc. (7) What effect was produced upon the divinity student by the statement concerning the number of analogies in the universe? (Note that the effect is stated in another amusing figure or analogy.) (8) What is the purpose of all these analogies? (9) What new topic does the Autocrat advance in the section beginning "I know well enough"? Has he forgotten his general topic of analogies, or will he come back to it? (10) Are the Autocrat's remarks about the humorous literary man true? Can you give an example in your own community of a joker who finds it

hard to get himself taken seriously? (11) What remark do you imagine provoked the Autocrat's reply "Oh, indeed no!"? Do you find in this paragraph evidences of Holmes's dislike of Puritanism in its extreme forms? (12) How does the Autocrat manage to get back to his original topic of analogies? (See the quotation from Sir Thomas Browne.) (13) What does Holmes mean by "every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with a string tied to him"? By "the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamonds stuck in it"? By "grow we must, if we outgrow all that we love"? (14) The comparisons of life to a sea voyage and a race are almost as old as literature itself; how does Holmes manage to make these old figures fresh and suggestive? (15) Notice the skill with which the Autocrat introduces his last figure—the one for which he has all along been preparing. In what form does it appear? Show how he really explains the poem before he reads it.

SPECIAL QUESTIONS ON "THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS"

(1) Point out the topic of each stanza and thus make an outline of the poem. (Remember that the "wrecked" shell before the poet is the lyrical stimulus, and hence the poem is built entirely around this object.) (2) Compare the analogy developed in the poem with some of those previously presented. Is this one so old or trite as those previously introduced? (3) What are some of the effects on the imagination and emotional nature as you read? (4) Holmes said of "The Chambered Nautilus": "In writing the poem I was filled with a better feeling—the highest state of mental exaltation and the most crystalline clairvoyance, as it seemed to me, that had ever been granted me—I mean that lucid vision of one's thought, and of all forms of expression which will be at once precise and musical, which is the poet's special gift, however large or small in amount or value." Can you see evidences of this exalted state of mind and this absolute command of language in the poem? (5) The stanza is an original one in its form. It is composed in iambic rhythm with lines of varying length, ranging from three (lines 2, 3, 6) to five (lines 1, 4, 5) and six (line 7) stresses or feet to the line. Show what lines rime and see if the model is consistently followed in all of the five stanzas. (6) Memorize the poem—if not the whole of it, by all means the last stanza.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table (Holmes)

Section XI

INTRODUCTORY:

"The Deacon's Masterpiece: or The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay" has usually been accepted simply as an example of Holmes's excellent Yankee humor, and there is nothing in the text or its setting to show that he intended it as anything else. Some have even gone so far as to point out Deacon David Holmes, one of the poet's ancestors, as the original "Deacon" who built the wonderful chaise. But Professor Barrett Wendell in his chapter on Jonathan Edwards in *A Literary History of America* says, "Often misunderstood, generally thought no more than a piece of comic extravagance, Dr. Holmes's 'One-Hoss Shay' is really among the most pitiless satires in our language. Born and bred a Calvinist, Holmes, who lived in the full tide of Unitarian hopefulness, recoiled from the appalling doctrines

which darkened his youth. He could find no flaw in their reasoning, but would not accept their conclusions." According to this interpretation, "The Deacon's Masterpiece," written in 1858, just a hundred years after the death of Jonathan Edwards, signalizes the complete collapse of the extreme Calvinistic doctrines advocated with so much force and logic by the great preacher. This interpretation becomes all the more convincing when we recall that the deacon's chaise was, according to the poem, completed in 1755, just about the time of the publication of Edwards's masterpiece, *The Freedom of the Will*.

EXPLANATORY:

320: 17. *tertian and quartan*. A tertian fever appears every first and third day, skipping one day; a quartan fever appears every first and fourth day, skipping two days.

320: 31. *quasi*. As if.

320: 43. *Thomas Sanchez*. A Jesuit priest (died 1610), who wrote many tracts, one of which is mentioned in the text.

321: 58. *Georgius Secundus*. George II, King of England from 1727 to 1760, was the son of George I of Hanover, Germany.

321: 60. *Lisbon-town*. Lisbon, Portugal, was shaken by a disastrous earthquake on November 1, 1755.

321: 62. *Braddock's army*. The English General Braddock was severely defeated at Fort Duquesne in western Pennsylvania by the French and Indians, July 9, 1755.

321: 68. *felloe*. A segment of the rim of a wheel.

321: 68. *thill*. One of the shafts.

321: 70. *thoroughbrace*. The strong leather strap between the two parts of the C-spring supporting the body of an old-fashioned carriage.

323: 138. *whippletree*. Singletree.

323: 140. *encore*. The same.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

- (1) How does Holmes introduce "The Deacon's Masterpiece"?
- (2) Is there any hint that the poem is a satire on Jonathan Edwards and his Calvinistic doctrines? Why do you suppose Holmes kept this in the background? (Remember how and where the piece was first published.)
- (3) Why does the poet break off line 51 so suddenly?
- (4) What three misfortunes or disasters are mentioned in the second stanza, and why?
- (5) Can you pick any flaw in the deacon's reasoning?
- (6) What is the effect of putting his remarks in dialect?
- (7) How does the poet gradually lead up to his climax date, November 1, 1855?
- (8) Read the final passage, beginning "The parson was working his Sunday's text," and comment on the skill of the conclusion.
- (9) What is the meter of the poem?
- (10) What is the effect of frequent repetition of the same rime sound as *shay—way—day—stay—delay* in the first stanza?

Brute Neighbors (Thoreau)

INTRODUCTORY:

Walden, or Life in the Woods, the most significant of all Thoreau's productions, was issued in 1854. Thoreau kept elaborate notebooks or journals during his residence at Walden from July, 1845, to September, 1847, and the book was made up largely from extracts from

these journals, though the material was thoroughly revised and fused into a more or less connected series of chapters before publication. For a fuller account of the purpose of the volume see the biographical sketch of Thoreau. Chapter XII, which we have chosen for reprinting, is complete in itself, though marked by some evidences of the lack of apparent sequence which is characteristic of practically all of Thoreau's writings. The introductory dialogue seems to divide its interest between a meditation on the uselessness of the stir and worry of life and the preparations for a fishing excursion. The preceding chapters have a good deal to do with other fishing excursions, and so this introduction may be considered as a sort of transition from what has gone before. Thoreau seems here to be consciously imitating the style of Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*, a book full of delightful meditation and philosophizing as well as instructions in the art of fishing. The connection between this introduction and the body of the chapter is not apparent, but we may assume that while the two friends are tramping toward their fishing-ground, Thoreau discourses on his experiences with the birds and animals around his hut in the woods. In other words, like Izaak Walton, he takes his fishing excursions not merely as opportunities for recreation and sustenance, but for meditation and for summarizing his observations on nature and life.

EXPLANATORY:

331: 1. *a companion*. The poet, William Ellery Channing, was one of Thoreau's most intimate friends.

331: 14. *Bose*. A common designation for a farm dog. Note the satire and humorous treatment.

332: 62. *Con-fut-see*. The more accurate foreign spelling of Confucius, the Chinese religious teacher.

332: 64. *Mem*. Memorandum. The hermit, unable to recall his original train of thought, makes a memorandum of at least one deduction from the experience—namely, "There is never but one opportunity of a kind."

333: 77. *Pilpay & Co*. That is, the maker of animal fables like those of Aesop or La Fontaine. Pilpay, or Bidpai, is the ancient Sanscrit title of a Hindu wise man or collector of apothegms, fables, and the like.

333: 83. *distinguished naturalist*. Probably Professor Louis Agassiz of Harvard College, for whom Thoreau collected many specimens.

335: 173. *red squirrel . . . particularly familiar*. The following paragraph from H. S. Salt's *Life of Thoreau* relates the anecdote referred to: "A story is told how a squirrel which he had taken home for a few days in order to observe its habits, refused to be set at liberty, returning again and again to its new friend with embarrassing persistence, climbing up on his knee, sitting on his hand, and at last gaining the day by hiding its head in the folds of his waistcoat—an appeal which Thoreau was not able to withstand."

336: 187. *Myrmidons*. The fierce soldiers of Thessaly, followers of Achilles in the Trojan War.

337: 213. *return with his shield or upon it*. Plutarch relates how a Spartan mother gave her son a shield and sent him to battle saying, "My son, either this or upon this"; that is, either return with your shield and victory, or be borne back as a corpse upon it.

337 : 214. *Achilles . . . Patroclus*. When Agamemnon, the leader of the Greek forces in the siege of Troy, took from Achilles a maiden he had won in battle, the great warrior sulked in his tent, refusing longer to aid the Greeks in the battle. But at last, angered by the report that Hector had slain Patroclus, he came forth and avenged the death of his dearest friend by killing Hector and dragging his body around the walls of Troy. Read the account in the *Iliad*.

337 : 235. *Austerlitz or Dresden*. Two of Napoleon's great victories on Austrian soil; the battle of Austerlitz was fought December 2, 1805, and that of Dresden on August 26, 1813.

337 : 236. *two killed*. Captain Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, named below, were the only two Americans killed in the battle of Concord. Luther Blanchard was a member of Major Buttrick's command and was wounded in the fight. See the notes on Emerson's "Concord Hymn," p. 553.

338 : 267. *Hotel des Invalides*. The French retreat for aged and maimed soldiers, founded at Paris in 1670.

338 : 273. *Kirby and Spence*. Joint authors of an *Introduction to Entomology*, a book on insects.

338 : 275. *Huber*. A Swiss naturalist; died 1831.

338 : 276. *Aeneas Sylvius*. Pope Pius II; died 1464.

338 : 280. *Eugenius the Fourth*. Pope of Rome; died 1447.

339 : 284. *Olaus Magnus*. A Swedish ecclesiastic of the sixteenth century.

339 : 290. *Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill*. Passed in 1850. Webster was not the author of the bill, but his support of it attracted upon him the severe attacks of the abolitionists. See Whittier's poem "Ichabod" (p. 294) in this connection. Thoreau, though never very active nor conspicuous in public life, was an ardent abolitionist, and once in a public address he fearlessly defended John Brown.

339 : 300. *gerbilla*. Another form, and apparently found only in Thoreau's writings, of *gerbillus*, a genus of jumping mice. Compare the jerboa of the Old World.

340 : 331. *winged . . . as his horse*. An allusion to Pegasus, the winged horse of Greek mythology. Why are poets supposed to ride on Pegasus? (See a classic mythology.)

340 : 336. *Mill-dam*. The business section of Concord, near which once stood an old mill-dam.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What purpose is served by the introductory dialogue? In what style is it written? (2) At what point does the poet come in? In what bit of humor does the hermit indulge on the approach of the poet? (3) What is the hermit thinking about in his opening meditation? Does he revert to this again? Why is he unable to re-create the exact state of mind and train of thought after the interruption? (4) Do you see any connection between this introduction and the body of this chapter? (5) How did Thoreau treat the mice in his hut? Is this the ordinary method of dealing with mice? (6) What do you learn about the habits of the partridge, or ruffed grouse, in the next paragraph? (7) How does the author add a human and humorous tone to the battle of the ants? Do you think he was serious in comparing this battle with some of the greatest battles of history? (8) Explain the humorous allusions to the Greek heroes in the siege of

Troy. (See the explanatory notes above.) (9) Would your feelings and interests be similar to Thoreau's in observing such a battle? (10) Give an account of some similar conflict between insects or animals that you may have observed. (This may be made into a composition.) (11) In the concluding paragraph of this section is there a touch of satire in the reference to the political situation of the times? Explain. (12) What humorous effects are aimed at in the paragraph on domestic animals in the woods, such as the farm dog and the winged cat? (13) Describe fully the hermit's experience in chasing the loon. Do you not think this sort of hunting is much better than shooting the wild things? (14) Write a brief composition on the literary excellences of Thoreau's style as illustrated in this section on chasing the loon. Ask yourself the following questions in preparing this composition: Is the passage unified, effective in sequence, climactic? Is the treatment sympathetic, poetic, well sustained in dominant tone? Is the diction precise and suggestive? Is the material interesting and clearly and logically presented? What is the effect of the constant recurrence to the wild, weird laughter of the loon? Can you imagine that you have yourself seen and heard this strange bird? Note that the first paragraph on the loon ends with the sentence, "He commonly went off in the rain"; how is this worked out at the end of the next long paragraph? Is it a pretty fancy to say that the god of loons had sent the rain as an answer to the bird's prayer?

The Vision of Sir Launfal (Lowell)

INTRODUCTORY:

In February, 1848, Lowell said in a letter to his friend Mr. Briggs that he had composed "a sort of story . . . more likely to be popular than what I write generally. Maria [his wife] thinks well of it. I shall probably publish it myself next summer." It was not until December that "The Vision of Sir Launfal" appeared in a thin volume by itself. The poem was written rapidly, being completed within two days, so declared Mr. Underwood, during which time the poet worked at a white heat, scarcely taking time to eat or sleep. But it is the result of a lifelong tendency toward mysticism or the realization of God in the poet's nature, as is indicated in several early minor poems on similar themes, such as "The Search" and "The Parable," both of which introduce the idea that Christ is found only in service to the outcast, the poor, and the weak.

Lowell's final note in the first edition gives the best introductory explanation of the meaning of the poem. "According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the Knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of his most exquisite poems.

"The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the following poem is my own, and, to serve its purpose, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include, not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the supposed date of King Arthur's reign."

The poem contains several verbal infelicities and is faulty in structure as a whole, but as Mr. Ferris Greenslet says, "for all that, it has stood the searching test of time; it is beloved now by thousands of young American readers, for whom it has been the first initiation into the beauty of poetical idealism."

EXPLANATORY:

349. *Sir Launfal*. Lowell borrowed the name but nothing more from an old metrical romance called *Sir Launfal* by Sir Thomas Chestre. Another more familiar form of the name is Sir Launcelot.

349: 3. *list*. Pleased, wished.

349: 9-10. *Not only around our infancy*, etc. Alluding to Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality," lines 66 ff., "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," etc. Note how Lowell takes an enlarged view, especially in lines 13 and 19.

349: 12. *Sinai*. Sinai was the mountain between the Red Sea and Canaan, where Moses saw and talked with God, and received the tablets of stone with the ten commandments on them. See Exodus 19 and 20.

349: 17. *druid wood*. The oak groves in which the old Celtic priests performed their religious rites. Compare "Druids of eld," *Evangeline*, line 3.

349: 18. *benedicite*. Blessing; from the Latin canticle beginning "Benedicite omnia opera Domini," "O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord" (Psalms 145:10).

349: 21. *Earth gets its price*, etc. Earth is used in the sense of "the world," or evil. Note the contrast with *heaven* in line 29. Another echo of Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality," line 77, "Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own."

349: 27. *cap and bells*. The medieval court fool, or jester, wore a cap with several spangles to which bells were attached; hence "cap and bells" has come to be the symbol of folly. How do we pay our lives for a cap and bells?

350: 29-30. *'Tis heaven alone that is given away*, etc. Compare Isaiah 55:1, "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat." Note the contrast in line 21.

350: 33. *And what is so rare as a day in June?* This is perhaps the most frequently quoted passage in all Lowell's poetry. June has been called Lowell's month. It is significant that he was the first of the New England poets to break away from the conventional laudation of May after the manner of the British poets, and substitute the more suitable month of June as the "high-tide of the year" in the New England climate. For Lowell's other notable poems on June, see "Under the Willows," "Al Fresco," "Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line" in the *Biglow Papers*, etc.

350: 47. *mean*. Small, insignificant. Similarly in line 344, "The meanest serf in Sir Launfal's land." Compare also Wordsworth's

"Ode on Immortality," lines 202-203, "To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

350 : 56. *nice*. Exact, finely discriminating.

351 : 81. *Everything is happy now*. Compare Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality," line 29, "And all the earth is gay," etc.

352 : 99. *Holy Grail*. See Lowell's explanation, introductory note.

352 : 103. *rushes*. The medieval floor covering before the days of carpets.

352 : 116. *North Countree*. An indefinite region to the north of central England, the land of the medieval ballads.

354 : 166. *a slender mite*. Alluding to the widow's two mites (Luke 21:2).

354 : 168. *all-sustaining Beauty*, etc. The spirit of God which runs through all things. Compare Emerson's idea of the Earth-soul and the Over-soul.

354 : 172. *a god . . . store*. That is, a godlike power makes it an abundant store to feed the soul.

354 : 175. *summers*. Why five thousand summers?

354 : 181. *The little brook*. Lowell said he drew this picture from the brook at Watertown near Cambridge. "As I stood on the hill just before you enter the village, the stillness of the fields around me was delicious, broken only by the tinkle of the little brook, which runs too swiftly for Frost to catch it."

354 : 184. *groined*. Fitted or matched at the angles of the curved or arched roof.

354 : 190. *forest-crypt*. A crypt is a recess, as in the basement of a cathedral where the pillars rest. Note how many architectural terms are used, and explain the meaning of each as clearly as you can.

355 : 196. *arabesques*. Fantastic ornaments of leaves, etc., used in the Arabian or Mohammedan style of architecture.

355 : 212. *cheeks of Christmas*. Visualize the picture in this personification.

355 : 213. *corbel*. A carved projection or bracket of wood or stone. Why does the poet say every corbel and rafter is *sprouting*?

355 : 216. *Yule-log*. Yule is borrowed from the Scandinavian festival of Juul, held in honor of the god Thor. It was held about the same time as, and is now identified with, our Christmas festival.

356 : 231. *still*. Is this an adjective or an adverb?

356 : 233. *seneschal*. The officer of a medieval castle who had charge of the festivals.

356 : 244. *A single crow*. Note the effectiveness of this image. Crows rarely go alone. Compare "The crows flapped over by twos and threes" (line 109).

356 : 254. *recked of*. Minded, cared for.

356 : 255. *surcoat*. The loose garment worn over the armor.

357 : 259. *idle*. Ineffective, useless. See also line 330.

357 : 281. *Him who died on the tree*. This whole passage is based on Christ's crucifixion as described in the Gospels.

358 : 294. *ashes and dust*. Compare Job 42:6, "Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."

358 : 307. *Beautiful Gate*. "The gate of the temple which is called Beautiful," Acts 3:2. Line 308 echoes John 10:7, "I am the door," and line 309 alludes to I Corinthians 3:16, "Ye are the temple of God," etc.

358 : 315. "Lo, it is I, be not afraid." An exact quotation of John 6:20.

359 : 320. *my body broken for thee*. See accounts of the Last Supper, Matthew 26:26-28, Mark 14:22-24, Luke 22:19-20.

359 : 328. *swoond*. Why is this archaic form of *swoon* used?

359 : 336. *hangbird*. The oriole, so called from its swinging nest.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

General. (1) Why is this poem called "The Vision of Sir Launfal"? Just where does the vision begin and end? (This is the most important point in the analysis of the structure of the poem. Mr. Greenslet thinks nine out of ten readers of the poem have missed the real point of its structure.) (2) The Prelude to Part First opens with the introductory figure of the musing organist (lines 1-8), and then in a general way states the theme of the poem,—namely, the key to the truly happy or Christlike life is the seizing of daily opportunities for service (implied specifically in lines 11-12),—showing that all through our lives come these opportunities for service as well as temptations to spend our days foolishly (lines 9-32). The theme is then elaborated by a full description of June, typifying happiness in human life (lines 33-93) and suggesting the keeping of Sir Launfal's vow (lines 94-95). Part First opens with Sir Launfal's decision to go on his quest for the Holy Grail, typifying again the virtuous and happy life by a specific example in Sir Launfal himself (lines 96-105), concluding with his sleep and the announcement of the vision (lines 106-108). In line 109 we have the beginning of the vision in which Sir Launfal sees his own imaginary adventures. There is an introductory description of summer and its siege of the castle and then the young knight rides forth on his quest. There is just the one simple incident in Part First of how Sir Launfal in his pride and youth tossed a golden coin to the leper by his gate, only to have it rejected because it came not from the heart (lines 109-173). All goes well until we come to the Prelude to Part Second, in which the poet practically takes the readers out of the dream, or vision (though he does not say so), to show them a picture of winter as a contrast to the picture of June in the first Prelude. The contrast is most successful, but the unity and sequence of the composition as a whole are seriously disrupted. The last part of the second Prelude, beginning at line 211, is distinctly a part of the vision, in which Sir Launfal sees his castle at Christmas, warm and brilliantly lighted, but himself an outcast cold and shelterless. Part Second begins with a recurrence to the winter scene just described, and goes on to relate the simple incident of how Sir Launfal came back as an old man and an outcast from his own hard gate, and found the Holy Grail in his whole-souled service to the leper who was still conveniently sitting by the castle gate. In this section there are two subordinate visions within the main vision—namely, lines 261-272 and 302-327. The conclusion (lines 334-347) follows Sir Launfal's awakening and transformation (lines 328-333). Work all this out in an outline of about one full page. (3) Give orally some of the striking contrasts brought out in the two Preludes and in the two Parts. (You may be asked later to write a composition on the contrasts of the poem.) (4) Explain the nature and fitness of the medieval legend which Lowell used as the vehicle for his moral conceptions. How has he enlarged the bounds of this legend? (5) What kind of emotion seems to have animated the poet

in this composition? (6) In which does the poet seem to be most interested, the nature pictures, the story, or the underlying moral teachings? (7) State in your own language at least two large moral lessons developed in the poem. (8) How would you classify the poem? (There is a large narrative element in "The Vision," but the poem is cast in the form of the English or irregular ode. Note the irregular stanzas, the varied meters and rime schemes, the exalted subject-matter and dignified manner of treatment, and the steady progression toward a climax. All these are characteristics of the ode.) (9) The meter of the first eight lines is iambic pentameter, as in

Begin | ning doubt | fully | and far | away (2);

but the body of the poem is in a sort of combination of iambic and anapestic tetrameter. Some lines are entirely iambic, as

Its arms | outstretched | the dru | id wood (17);

and some are almost wholly anapestic, as

Now the heart | is so full | that a drop | over fills it (61);

and anapestic feet are so commonly used throughout that we may say that the rhythm is characteristically anapestic. There are some shorter lines, as

And rat | tles and wrings

The ic | y strings (227-228)

each of two feet, and

And gloomed | by itself | apart (144)

of three feet. The rimes range from the usual couplet to alternate and inclosed rimes, and in some cases the rime sound is repeated three times. Scan lines 225-239. Note that the last *-less* in line 232 is accented for the sake of the rime, while the other two examples of the same syllable are unaccented. (10) Suggested memory passages: Lines 9-12; 21-32; 33-56; 174-210; 324-327. (11) Suggested subjects for compositions: Contrasts in "The Vision of Sir Launfal"; The Imagery of the Poem; Lessons from "Sir Launfal"; Medieval Life as Suggested in the Poem; Lowell's Use of Bible Thought and Phraseology in This Poem; Some Faults of Language and Structure in "The Vision of Sir Launfal"; Lowell's and Whittier's Nature Pictures Compared; a Comparison of "The Vision of Sir Launfal" with Thomas Chatterton's "A Ballad of Charitie"; Lowell's Indebtedness to Wordsworth in "The Vision of Sir Launfal"; A Summer and a Winter Day in Our Town.

Specific. (1) Does the musical figure of the introductory lines fit the mystical nature of the theme and Lowell's own practice in the construction of the poem? (2) Visualize and comment on the beautiful imagery in lines 7 and 8. (3) Work out the contrast between Lowell's ideas in lines 9-20 and 21-32 and Wordsworth's in the fifth and sixth strophes of the "Ode on Immortality." (4) Just why do we not know when "We Sinai's climb"? (See line 11 for a hint.) (5) Give some examples from your own observation and experience of the thought "Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us." (6) What is the figure in lines 35-36? What instrument did the poet have in mind?

(7) Explain the force of the italicized words in the following expressions: "the cowslip *startles*" (line 45); "the buttercup *catches the sun* in its *chalice*" (line 46); "a blade too *mean*" (line 47); "*atilt* like a blossom" (line 50); "the heart in her *dumb* breast *flutters and sings*" (line 54); "In the *nice* ear of Nature" (line 56); "how *clear* bold chanticleer" (line 77). (Is the accidental rime in this last phrase a blemish? Why?) (8) Do you catch the poet's enthusiasm for the beautiful June day? Why is June called Lowell's month? (See note on line 33.) (9) What is the effect of all this beauty on men? (See lines 80 ff.) (10) Why is it inappropriate to speak of "unscarred heaven" (line 87)? (11) Explain the simile in lines 91-93. Is the figure imaginative? (12) How is the Prelude distinctly linked to Part First? (13) Why is Sir Launfal made to say that he may have a vision (line 104)? Did the people of medieval times believe in visions? (14) Is the picture in lines 109-127 intended as a direct continuation of the June scene in the first Prelude, or is it a later summer picture seen in Sir Launfal's dream? (15) Work out carefully the military figure beginning in line 115 and continuing to line 127, and reverted to again below in line 134. What were "her pavilions tall" and "every green tent"? (16) How do the words suggest the idea in "The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang"? Note other examples of similar effect, as in line 156. (17) Why is Sir Launfal called a "maiden Knight" (line 130)? (18) How is the castle used as a foil to the knight? (19) Explain "made morn" in line 147. (20) What unpoetical expression is found in line 148? Does the exigency of rime justify a poet in using a prosaic expression? (21) Is it natural for a leper or a beggar to refuse a piece of gold? What mysterious spirit seems to be incarnated in this leper? (22) What sort of language and philosophy does the leper use? (23) It is said that Lowell has put a medieval European legend in the setting of a New England landscape. Is this true? Would the description of the New England summer and winter be quite applicable to the vague "North Countree"? Remember that the artist is merely required to create the correct general impression. (24) What do you think of the poetical quality of the description of the frozen brook (lines 181-210)? Select five of the most striking or picturesque phrases. (25) Compare Lowell's picture of the fire (lines 215-224) with Whittier's in "Snow-Bound," lines 120-132 and 155-174. Which is the more accurate? Which is the more imaginative? (26) Contrast the two pictures of Sir Launfal, lines 129-139 and 225-232. (27) Comment on the simile in line 233. Is it imaginative? (28) Why is the castle made so warm and comfortable in lines 211-239? (29) "Again it was morning" (line 246); find the exact line that this is intended to parallel, and contrast the two passages introduced by these lines. (30) Why does the poet bring the knight to the exact spot where the leper first stood? (31) What is the purpose of Sir Launfal's musing, or the vision within "The Vision" (lines 261-272)? Does this give you some idea of how the knight had spent the intervening years? (32) What breaks in on this vision? Is the contrast effective? (33) By what means is the repulsiveness of the leper expressed in lines 275-279? Select the special words that strengthen the impression of loathsomeness. Why is the leper made more repulsive here than in lines 148-157? (34) How has Sir Launfal's attitude toward the leper changed as indicated in his speech, lines 280-287? (35) Does line 294 mean that "the heart within him was ashes and

dust" now or when he was a young knight? (36) Into what personality is the leper transfigured now that Sir Launfal shows Christian charity and service to him (lines 303 ff.)? Note whose words the poet puts into the leper's mouth (lines 315 ff.). (37) What is the meaning of *brine* (line 311)? Why is "shaggy unrest" (line 313) an effective image? (38) Why did Sir Launfal not go on his quest for the Holy Grail when awake? (39) How do you picture Sir Launfal after you have read through the poem? Does the poet make it perfectly clear to you that Sir Launfal had never grown old? (40) What previous figure does line 338 recall? Is it artistic thus to revert to the opening passage at the close of the piece? Why? (41) Later in his life Lowell made a fine address on "Democracy." Is there any hint in his belief in this doctrine in the conclusion to "The Vision of Sir Launfal"?)

The Courtin' (Lowell)

INTRODUCTORY:

While the *Biglow Papers*, First Series, was going through the press in 1848, the printer reported to Lowell that there was a blank page that needed to be filled. Lowell immediately sat down and wrote a review of the work, pretending that it was taken from *The Jalaam Independent Blunderbuss*; in this review the supposititious editor compliments highly the work of his fellow-townsmen, Hosea Biglow, and then adds that he would append a fragment of a pastoral from a manuscript copy loaned him by a friend, the title of which was "The Courtin'." The printer put in six stanzas, now numbers 2, 4, 5, 6, and 15 of the enlarged and completed poem, and then cut it off short because the page was full. The piece was interrupted just at that interesting stage where "His heart went pity-pat, But hern went pity Zekle." Naturally there were scores of requests from readers of the book for the remainder of the story. But Lowell had kept no copy and the printer had destroyed the original. So he patched up a conclusion, and in 1864 he enlarged the poem to its present form, saying, "I added other verses, into some of which I infused a little more sentiment in a homely way, and after a fashion completed it by sketching in the characters and making a connected story." The *Biglow Papers* as a whole has been called Lowell's most original and permanent contribution to American literature, and Mr. Greenslet, the latest biographer of Lowell, says that "The Courtin'" is "perhaps the most nearly perfect of his poems."

EXPLANATORY:

360: 16. *dresser*. A sideboard or cupboard. Compare *Evangeline*, line 205.

360: 17. *crook-necks*. Crooked-necked gourds or squashes.

360: 19. *queen's-arm*. An old-fashioned musket which Grandfather Young had brought back "busted" from the battle of Concord. See Emerson's "Concord Hymn," p. 138.

360: 21. *coz*. Because.

360: 25. *kingdom-come*. A homely dialect phrase meaning "like heaven."

360: 27. *dogrose*. The wild or brier rose.

361: 34. *squired 'em*. Attended or waited upon them.

361: 36. *All is*. The fact, or whole truth, is.

361 : 43. *Ole Hunderd*. The tune usually sung to the long-meter doxology.

361 : 58. *sekle*. Sequel or outcome.

362 : 88. *Snowhid*. Hidden under the snow.

363 : 95. *was cried*. The formal engagement, or "bans," of a couple was formerly announced or "cried" at church.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

- (1) Point out some of the best humorous passages in this poem.
- (2) What effect has the homely New England dialect? Would the poem have been as good written in correct or literary English?
- (3) What evidences of real poetic truth and sentiment lie underneath the homely dialect?
- (4) Are the characters drawn true to life?
- (5) Memorize the selection and recite it for the class. (This may be assigned to one or two members of the class. If desirable, stanzas 8 to 13 inclusive may be omitted from the recitation.)

A Fable for Critics (Lowell)

INTRODUCTORY:

This *jeu d'esprit* was thrown off at intervals during 1847 and 1848, largely for Lowell's own amusement. He was advised by some of those to whom he read parts of it to publish it, and he finally gave his rights in the piece to his friend C. F. Briggs, and it appeared anonymously toward the close of 1848. It is a mock-heroic or satiric poem of a humorous character, though Lowell himself said that the criticism in it was meant to be serious. It is by no means a great poem, but it is by far the cleverest and most original production of its kind in American literature, rivaling Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" in English literature, though written in a mood by no means so vengeful and caustic. The criticism is remarkably acute, and according to the verdict of time it has proved to be almost entirely correct. The poem has in it nearly two thousand lines, but since it suffers little by being excerpted, we have included here only such portions as are of interest to young readers in their study of our more prominent writers.

EXPLANATORY:

364 : 24. *Olympus . . . Exchange*. A hit at the combination of the philosopher and shrewd business sense in Emerson.

364 : 27. *Plotinus-Montaigne*. Plotinus was a Greek philosopher born in Egypt in the third century; Montaigne was a French essayist, born in Gascony in 1533. Emerson was a close student of both these writers.

364 : 46. *lecturer*. This means that the earth, not Emerson, though like him, was ninety-nine parts lecturer.

364 : 50. *post mortem*. After death; this means that Emerson merely serves up his material in a lifeless sort of style. Is the criticism just?

364 : 55. *Griswold*. Rufus W. Griswold was a conspicuous critic and editor of the time.

365 : 73. *Berkshire's hills*. In western Massachusetts where Bryant was born and reared.

365 : 74. *in loco*, etc. "At a given place (add 'by a given fireside' here) you may play the fool." In a previous passage *in loco desipere* was used; this explains the parenthetical "add *foco* here."

365 : 79. *Mr. Quivis*. Mr. Who-ever-you-please.

366 : 96. *Hesiod's staff*. In Thomas Cooke's translation of the Greek poet Hesiod's *Words and Days*, we read,

"Fools, blind to truth! Nor knows their erring soul
How much the half is better than the whole."

366 : 108. *my Pythoness*. According to the plan of the whole poem it is Apollo speaking, and he refers to the Pythoness, or Pythia, the priestess who delivered the message from Apollo at his Oracle in Delphi.

366 : 121. *old what's-his-name*. Referring to Taillefer, a Norman bard and soldier who marched before William's army at the battle of Hastings, 1066, singing the song of Roland and tossing his sword in the air.

367 : 126. *Thor*. The Scandinavian god of war, etc., usually represented with a hammer.

367 : 127. *Anne haec*, etc. "Is this the coat of thy son?" George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, died in 1691. He made for himself a suit of leather. See Carlyle's interesting chapter on him in *Sartor Resartus*.

367 : 131. *Goliath*. See in I Samuel 17 the story of David and Goliath.

367 : 132. *Castaly's spring*. A spring on Mount Parnassus in Greece, sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

367 : 135. *The Voice*. Whittier attached himself to the cause of abolition long before it became popular. There is a playful double meaning here, "The Voice" referring to the Quaker inward voice, or conscience, and the *Voices of Freedom*, Whittier's first volume of poems.

367 : 148. *rathe*. Early.

367 : 151. *a John Bunyan Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck*. Referring to the combination of moralist and romancer in Hawthorne. The English Baptist preacher John Bunyan is the author of *The Pilgrim's Progress*; De la Motte Fouqué was a German poet and romance writer; Tieck was a German dramatist, poet, and writer of gloomy romances.

368 : 159. *good as a lord*. That is, he had earned the right to a lordship as well as had Scott.

368 : 163. *American Scott*. Cooper is still called the American Scott, but Lowell is right in implying that it is much to the American author's disadvantage.

368 : 167. *acquitting*. That is, acquitting Cooper of being the American Scott.

368 : 173. *Natty Bumppo*. Nathaniel Bumppo, or Bumpo, otherwise known as Hawk-eye, Deerslayer, Leatherstocking, the famous scout and woodsman in *The Pioneers* and the four other Leatherstocking romances by Cooper.

368 : 176. *Coffin*. Long Tom Coffin, the famous old sailor in *The Pilot*.

369 : 197. *Adams . . . Primrose*. Parson Abraham Adams, the simple, innocent, and yet courageous preacher in Henry Fielding's novel, *Joseph Andrews*; Dr. Charles Primrose, the title character in Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

369 : 198. *Barnaby Rudge*. The title character in one of Charles Dickens's novels. He was a shrewd, half-witted youth with a love for the wild life of London. He possessed a pet raven, and it was doubtless this fact that caused Lowell to associate Poe, the author of "The Raven," with him.

369 : 204. *Mathews*. Cornelius Mathews, a lawyer and voluminous contributor to the magazines about the middle of the nineteenth century.

369 : 217. *Collins and Gray*. William Collins and Thomas Gray, two eighteenth-century English poets.

369 : 223. *Melesigenes*. One of the names applied to Homer; he was so called because said by some to be the son of the river-god Meles, near Smyrna, Asia Minor.

369 : 225. *I've heard the old blind man*, etc. Remember that it is Apollo speaking; hence he may claim to have heard Homer recite his own poems.

370 : 228. *Strauss*. An Austrian composer of light waltz music.

370 : 229. *Beethoven*. Ludwig von Beethoven is the greatest of the German musical composers.

370 : 231. *Theocritus*. A Greek pastoral poet of the third century before Christ.

370 : 241. *Cervantes*. Spanish poet and novelist, author of *Don Quixote*.

370 : 244. *having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes*. It happens that the lines containing the laugh at the American Raphaels and Dantes occur some ninety-odd lines further down in the poem. Lowell doubtless rearranged the sequences later and forgot to correct this line.

370 : 247. *Dick Steele*. Richard Steele, who, with Joseph Addison, wrote many of the *Spectator* papers, including those on Sir Roger de Coverley.

370 : 251. *fine old English Gentleman*. Referring to Irving's portrait of the master of Bracebridge Hall in the *Sketch Book*.

371 : 262. *new Telegraph*. The first telegraph line was set up between Washington City and Baltimore in 1844.

371 : 263. *pricks down*. In the early Morse method of telegraphing, the messages were pricked in dots and dashes on paper.

371 : 269. *Campbell*. The English poet Thomas Campbell, author of "Ye Mariners of England" and other famous sea pieces. "The Tribute of Holmes to the grand Marseillaise" probably refers to his famous little poem "Old Ironsides."

371 : 273. *Bulwer's New Timon*. Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, author of many novels and several plays, published a satiric poem, "The New Timon," in 1846.

371 : 290. *last New Jerusalem*. That is, the latest moral or political reform.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Read the criticism of each of these authors in connection with your study of their works. (2) Which of the satiric sketches do you think is the best? (3) Do you agree with all of the criticism? Give some examples of what you think is unjust criticism. (4) The meter is anapestic tetrameter instead of the ordinary iambic pentameter used in heroic or satiric verse. This meter helps to give the whimsical and humorous tone so characteristic of the poem. For example take lines 49-50:

"With the qui|et preci|sion of sci|ence he'll sort 'em,
But you can't |help suspect|ing the whole |a post mortem."

The peculiar rimes, many of them feminine and even three-syllabled, like *cabinet—dab in it, conjecture her—lecturer*, also add distinctly to this whimsical and playful tone. Point out some of the best (or worst) of these rimes.

Our Literature (Lowell)

INTRODUCTORY:

When Lowell was asked to respond to the toast "Our Literature" at the commemoration, on April 30, 1889, of the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's inauguration as President, he twice refused; but when Oliver Wendell Holmes and President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard importuned him to accept the invitation, he consented to break the silence to which he thought his advanced years entitled him. He was not satisfied with his effort, for the audience was so large that he could not make himself heard; but this short speech will illustrate the more serious style of Lowell's prose, and it is of special interest to students of American literature as the final word of our "Representative Man of Letters."

EXPLANATORY:

223 : 5. *the Psalmist's measure*. "The days of our years are three score years and ten" (Psalms 90: 10).

224 : 58. *where was our literature*. For many years English critics taunted American writers with the query "Who reads an American book?" Irving's *Sketch Book* was the first serious answer to this query.

224 : 63. *vates sacer*. A sacred prophet, or poet.

225 : 86. *one precious book*. St. Augustine's *Confessions*.

225 : 89. *find swans in birds of quile another species*. An inverted or veiled allusion to Hans Christian Andersen's "The Ugly Duckling."

226 : 114. *low on the list of toasts*. Lowell came twelfth on the program and was followed only by Benjamin Harrison in the final toast on "America."

227 : 130. *old wives' tale*. An oral tradition or legend. *Wife* in this sense means simply an adult woman of the lower classes. Compare George Peele's drama, "An Old Wives' Tale."

227 : 141. "*Rejoice, O young man,*" etc. Ecclesiastes 11: 9.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What introductory thoughts are expressed in paragraphs 1 and 2? (2) What three reasons are given why literature should be recognized on this anniversary? (3) What consolation does Lowell find in the foreign query as to where our literature was? (4) What reasons does he give as to why we could not suddenly develop a literature, and by what standards does he insist that we must judge our literature? (5) Why is literature the most powerful form of human expression? (6) What warning does the speaker utter in paragraphs 7 and 8? (7) What is Lowell's definition of literature? Memorize it. (8) Study the precision and clearness of the diction, the smoothness and easy rhythm of the well-rounded sentences, the distinct and well-articulated paragraph structure, and the general stylistic qualities of the whole speech.

Review of Hawthorne's Twice-told Tales (Poe)

INTRODUCTORY:

This review appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, May, 1842. In the previous month Poe had written a hasty notice of half a page, promising to review Hawthorne's stories in detail in the next number. Poe again reverted to Hawthorne's tales, quoting in an extended review published in *Godey's Lady's Book*, November, 1847, several of the salient paragraphs of this earlier review. The paragraph beginning "A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale" has become a sort of *locus classicus* for all short-story criticism. It was Irving and Hawthorne who wrote our first artistic short stories, but it was Poe who best understood the technique of this form, and the public now gives him credit for foreseeing the importance and greatly furthering the development of this modern art form. We reprint this characteristic book review as a type of a very familiar form of literary criticism, and one in which the student may exercise his own talent.

EXPLANATORY:

383 : 63. *a rhymed poem . . . perused in an hour.* Poe continued to stress this note in his address "On the Poetic Principle," published in *Sartain's Union Magazine*, October, 1850, saying, "I hold that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase 'a long poem' is a flat contradiction in terms." This address repeats some parts of the present review almost verbatim.

384 : 84. *De Béranger.* Pierre Jean de Béranger, a French lyric poet; died 1857.

384 : 85. *immassive.* Lacking in mass; one of Poe's coinages.

384 : 90. *In medio tutissimus ibis.* "You will go most safely in the middle way."

385 : 132. *idea of the Beautiful.* In the address "On the Poetic Principle" Poe defined poetry as "the rhythmical creation of Beauty."

385 : 136. *tales of ratiocination.* That is, tales based on the principle of deductive reasoning. Poe's own tales, "The Gold Bug," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Purloined Letter," are the best examples of this type.

386 : 148. *par parenthèse.* By way of parenthesis. Poe was fond of the use of French and Latin phrases.

386 : 155. *Blackwood.* A literary magazine published at Edinburgh, Scotland.

386 : 167. *Mr. John Neal.* A minor American author; died 1876.

388 : 212. *caviare.* A Russian relish which is appreciated only by a cultivated taste; hence anything fine that is unappreciated by the vulgar crowd. See Shakespeare's use of the word in *Hamlet*, II: ii.

389 : 248. *resembles a plagiarism.* The joke is on Poe, for "Howe's Masquerade" first appeared in the *Democratic Review*, May, 1838; Poe's "William Wilson" first appeared in Burton's *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1839.

390 : 292. *a passage . . . of "William Wilson."* The parallel passage referred to is as follows: "'Scoundrel!' I said, in a voice husky with rage, while every syllable I uttered seemed as new fuel to my fury; 'scoundrel! imposter! accursed villain! You shall not—you shall not dog me unto death! Follow me, or I stab you where you stand!'" Do you think there is much resemblance between the passages quoted?

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) A good book review may contain a survey of the content and division and analysis of it, some general estimate of the form in which the work is cast, specific criticism of what is good and bad, and a summary of the author's merits and defects. Has Poe followed this plan? Point out the divisions of his review. (2) What paragraphs would you select as the most valuable in this essay? Give your reasons. (3) In this review Poe lays down more fully than elsewhere the principles of short-story writing. Work these out into a definite usable plan, giving specific quotations to support your points. [Suggestion: (a) The author of a short story must definitely plan his story to produce a preconceived effect; (b) this must be a unique or single effect, so as to produce perfect unity or totality of impression; (c) the story must not be too long nor too short, or else it will defeat its own end of creating a pleasurable sensation; (d) it must show originality, invention, imagination.] (4) Read a story by Hawthorne, preferably one mentioned in this review, and apply these principles to its construction, in order to determine how far Hawthorne fulfills the requirements laid down by Poe. (5) Suggested composition assignment: Write a review of some modern novel or some collection of short stories.

The Cask of Amontillado (Poe)

INTRODUCTORY:

This story was first published in *Godey's Lady's Book*, November, 1846. It is one of Poe's latest and most perfect horror stories. In a very brief space it presents to us an unforgettable picture of Italian family pride with its implacable spirit of revenge.

EXPLANATORY:

- 391: 37. *pipe*. A large cask; in modern liquid measure, 126 gallons.
 391: 37. *Amontillado*. A fine, light-colored Spanish sherry.
 392: 68. *roquelaure*. A short cloak; so called from the Duc de Roquelaure; pronounced rök-lôr'.
 392: 70. *palazzo*. Italian for "palace"; pronounced pā-lā'-tzō.
 393: 109. *Medoc*. A kind of French wine.
 394: 123. *foot d'or . . . serpent rampant*. A golden foot on a blue background, crushing a springing serpent.
 394: 126. *Nemo me impune lacessit*. "No one wounds me with impunity."
 394: 130. *puncheons*. Large casks, containing 72 gallons at least.
 394: 140. *De Grave*. Presumably a strong Italian wine.
 Look up the following words if you do not already know their meaning: *impunity*, *immolation*, *connoisseurship*, *virtuoso*, *sconces*, *flambeaux*, *catacombs*, *rheum*, *crypt*.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What problem does Poe set himself in this story? (2) Does he state the problem promptly and move swiftly to the action, or does he approach his theme leisurely? (3) Why is so much made of

the smile? Of Fortunato's skill in judging wine? (4) What is the advantage of choosing the carnival season for the setting? Consider particularly the irony of Fortunato's costume. (5) What is the advantage of introducing Luchesi's name? How many times is it repeated and at what points in the story? (6) Do Montresor's servants act in accord with the general spirit of duplicity and insincerity of the Italian character? (7) When is Fortunato's cap and bells first mentioned? When is it first made to jingle? At what points and with what effect is the jingle of the bells repeated? (8) Why does Montresor continually suggest that they go back? (9) Why is the drinking of the wine introduced? Does Montresor drink as much as Fortunato? (10) What irony is there in Montresor's toast? (11) Describe Montresor's coat-of-arms, and then interpret it in terms of the story; that is, tell whom the foot and snake represent, etc. (12) What advantage is gained by the constant allusion to the nitre? To the bones of the dead buried there? (13) By what device is the mason's trowel first introduced? (14) Just how is the victim caught in the niche? (15) What tone is exhibited in Montresor's final plea that they return? What irony is expressed in the "little attentions" which he promised Fortunato? (16) Describe the walling up of the tomb. What effect did it have on Fortunato? (17) How does Montresor stop his victim from screaming? (18) In the final laugh and words of Fortunato is he drunk or sober, sane or insane? (Be careful to decide this question with relation to the problem as set down in the first paragraph of the story.) (19) How do such stories affect you? Do you feel the artistic power of this one? (20) Are the characters clearly portrayed? Give your concept of them. (21) Note how much of the action is presented by conversation. Is this easy to do? Is it artistic? (22) Apply to this story Poe's tests of the short story as set forth in his criticism of Hawthorne's *Twice-told Tales*. (23) Is there any moral purpose to this story? Does this add to or detract from its artistic force?

The Purloined Letter (Poe)

INTRODUCTORY:

"The Purloined Letter" first appeared in *The Gift* for 1845. It was not the first of Poe's detective stories in which M. Dupin figured, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt" having preceded it; but it is more pleasant than the others to read. In its emotional power it is not to be compared with Poe's best horror tales, but it illustrates a distinctive type and is well worth studying as an example of what Poe called stories of ratiocination.

EXPLANATORY:

398 : *Nil sapientia*, etc. "There is nothing more hateful to wisdom than too much cleverness." Seneca was a Roman tragic poet and prose writer of the first century.

398 : 4. *au troisième*, etc. On the third (that is, the fourth according to American counting) floor of 33 Donot Street in Faubourg St. Germain (a part of Paris).

398 : 12. *Rue Morgue . . . Marie Rogêt*. A reference to Poe's two other famous detective stories. Read them if possible.

398 : 16. *Monsieur G* —, *the Prefect*. Chief of police. Note how Poe uses initials, dashes, etc., to give an air of truth or actuality. This device is rarely used by modern writers of fiction.

- 402 : 140. *minister's hotel*. That is, his official residence.
- 402 : 144. *au fait*. Informed as to fact.
- 407 : 316. *Abernethy*. An English surgeon; died 1831.
- 407 : 345. *escritoire*. French for "writing-desk."
- 408 : 372. *Procrustean bed*. Look up this familiar allusion.
- 409 : 416. *Rochefoucauld*, etc. François La Rochefoucauld, a French epigrammatist; died 1680. Jean de La Bruyère, a French moralist; died 1696. Niccolò Machiavelli, an Italian diplomat and political writer; died 1527. Tommaso Campanella, an Italian writer; died 1639.
- 410 : 452. *recherchés*. French for "carefully sought out, well hidden." The singular form *recherché* is used just below.
- 411 : 473. *non distributio medii*. A term in logic indicating the fallacy of "the undistributed middle." Because all fools are poets, it does not follow that all poets are fools, nor that this particular poet, Minister D——, is a fool.
- 411 : 480. *poet and mathematician*. Poe was himself both a poet and a good mathematician.
- 411 : 488. "*Il y a à parier*," etc. "It is a good wager that every public idea, every accepted convention, is a piece of stupidity, since it is received by the greater number of people." Sébastien Chamfort, a French epigrammatist; died 1794.
- 412 : 499. '*ambitus*,' etc. In Latin *ambitus* means literally, walking around, as in seeking an office; *religio*, from *re-*, back, + *ligare*, bind; *homines honesti*, distinguished men.
- 412 : 506. *The mathematics are*. We would now say "mathematics is."
- 412 : 525. *Bryant*. Jacob Bryant, English antiquarian, author of *A New System or An Analysis of Ancient Mythology*; died 1804.
- 413 : 549. *intrigant*. Intriguer.
- 414 : 584. *vis inertiae*. Force of inertia.
- 417 : 692. *the letter had been turned*. To understand the context here, the student should be reminded that the letter was a large double sheet, and that the address was written on the back and the letter then sealed with wax. The gummed envelope had not come in Poe's day.
- 418 : 733. *facilis descensus Avernus*. "Easy is the descent into Avernus." Avernus is a volcanic lake near Naples, Italy, once supposed to be the gate to Hades, or the lower regions.
- 418 : 734. *Catalani*. Angelica Catalani, a noted Italian singer; died 1849.
- 418 : 737. *monstrum horrendum*. Horrible monster. Used in Vergil's *Aeneid*, Book III, line 658.
- 419 : 750. *MS*. Manuscript. The derivative meaning, writing by hand, or handwriting, is here intended.
- 419 : 752. "*Un dessein*," etc. "A design so wicked, if not worthy of Atræus, is worthy of Thyestes." The classical story of Atræus and Thyestes relates how two brothers became deadly enemies and strove to take vengeance on each other.
- 419 : 754. *Crébillon's Atrée*. Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon was a French poet, author of the tragedy *Atrée et Thyeste* here referred to.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) How does Poe connect this story with the two other detective stories in which M. Dupin played the leading rôle? (2) What is the

main purpose of the conversation with the Prefect at the opening of the story? (3) In what way is the solution of the problem hinted by Dupin? (4) Why does Poe make the Prefect laugh so heartily? Is this laugh reverted to again in the story? (5) Explain the problem as outlined by the Prefect. (6) Enumerate his exploits in search of the purloined letter. In this connection explain the Latin motto used as a headpiece for the story. (7) Why does the Prefect visit Dupin the second time? Is Dupin's anecdote of the English surgeon, Dr. Abernethy, apropos? (8) What is the effect on the reader and on the characters of Dupin's sudden proposal to produce the letter? (9) Into what two distinct parts is the story divided, and just where is the point of division? (10) Which is more interesting, the first part or the second? Why? (11) Why does Dupin begin his explanation of how he got the letter with an analysis of the methods of the Parisian police? (12) Why is it necessary to analyze Minister D——'s character so fully? (13) Why did Poe make so much of the relation between mathematics and poetry? (14) Does all this learned talk give you an exalted opinion of Dupin's intellectual acuteness? Enumerate some of the points he makes about the adaptation of mathematical axioms to other realms of thought, the law of inertia, the psychology of advertising and of solving guessing games, etc. (15) Relate just how Dupin discovered and obtained the letter. (16) What astute trick did Dupin play on Minister D—— by the inscription he put inside the facsimile letter, and why did he do it? (17) Compare this story with "The Cask of Amontillado." Which is the more interesting? Which the more artistic? Which appeals more to the emotions, and which more to the intellect? (18) Apply to this story Poe's own test of what a short story should be, p. 385. (19) Suggested subjects for compositions: A Comparison of A. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes with Poe's C. Auguste Dupin; Poe's Short Stories by Types; Poe's Influence on Modern Short-Story Writers; Why I Like Poe's Tales.

To Science (Poe)

INTRODUCTORY:

Poe wrote few sonnets, preferring usually to make up his own verse forms rather than confine himself to established artificial forms like the sonnet. "To Science," however, has been singled out as one of the very finest of the irregular or Shakespearean sonnets produced in America. It first appeared without title as a sort of prelude to the volume *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Other Poems* (1829). It was afterwards printed separately in slightly revised forms in all later editions of Poe's poems, and was republished in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, May, 1836, under the title "Sonnet." The preferred text is that of the 1845 edition of Poe's *The Raven and Other Poems*.

EXPLANATORY:

419: 3-4. *Why preyest thou . . . vulture.* An allusion to the punishment of Prometheus. Tell the story.

419: 9. *Diana.* The Roman goddess of the moon, chastity, and the chase. She is usually represented as seated in a bright car with a silver crescent in her hair and a quiver with bow and arrows at her back.

419: 10. *Hamadryad.* A wood nymph, the spirit of a tree.

419 : 12. *Naiad*. A water nymph, the spirit of a spring or stream. In what sense is *flood* used?

419 : 13. *Elfin*. A poetical form of *elf*, a kind of fairy.

419 : 14. *tamarind*. A tree of India and other tropical countries, bearing a pleasing bean-like fruit.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Is there a single well-unified thought in this sonnet? State it in your own words. Where is it first set forth in the sonnet? (2) How is science personified in the first two lines? In the third and fourth lines what picture is suggested? (3) How is the theme developed in the second quatrain? (4) What effects of science are given in the third quatrain? (5) How is the thought of the poem clinched in the final couplet? Notice how the last line returns to the opening thought, thus rounding out the sonnet. (6) In the earliest form of the poem "shrubby" was used where "tamarind tree" now occurs. Explain why the change is a distinct improvement. (7) This sonnet is written on the irregular or Shakespearean model. Consult the paragraph on the sonnet, in the section on English metrics, and work out carefully the rime scheme of Poe's sonnet. (8) Compare this sonnet with the regular or Italian model used in Longfellow's "Divina Commedia," p. 265, and the partial Italian model used in Hayne's "Composed in Autumn," p. 437.

To Helen (Poe)

INTRODUCTORY:

This is thought to be one of Poe's earliest poems. It was first printed in what is known as the "second edition" of his poems, in 1831, but it is supposed to have been written much earlier, according to some even in Poe's fourteenth year. Mrs. Jane Craig Stanard, of Richmond, the mother of one of Poe's schoolmates, was doubtless the inspiration of the poem. She was a beautiful, gentle, gracious woman, and when on one occasion she spoke tenderly to Poe there sprang up in his soul what he called his first purely ideal love. Poe made several later revisions in the text, and in its final form the poem has been singled out as one of the finest pure lyrics in the language.

EXPLANATORY:

419 : 2. *Nicéan barks*. Nicéan may refer to the ancient Greek city and empire in Asia Minor. Professor W. P. Trent suggests that this obscure allusion may be intended for the Phæacian barks by which the wandering Ulysses was carried to his native shores.

420 : 7. *hyacinth*. Dark. See Poe's use of the word *hyacinthine* in the second paragraph of "Ligeia" to describe the Lady Ligeia's raven-black hair.

420 : 8. *Naiad*. The Naiads were represented in Greek mythology as lovely nymphs, the guardian spirits of fountains, rivers, etc.

420 : 9. "*To the glory*," etc. These two lines show Poe's wonderful power of poetical condensation. They are perhaps the most frequently quoted lines in all his poetry.

420 : 14. *Psyche*. The Greeks personified the human soul by the figure of a beautiful maiden named Psyche, beloved of Cupid, the god of love.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Give the thought of the poem by stanzas. (2) What is the primary emotion expressed? (3) Why is this poem classed as one of the finest of Poe's pure lyrics? (4) Does it carry out Poe's dictum that poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty? (5) The rhythm is iambic and the meter four-stressed for most of the lines, but there are many artistic variations, especially in the last lines of the stanzas. Note also that the rime scheme constantly varies. What is the general effect of all these irregularities? (6) Read the poem aloud a number of times, visualizing the images and re-creating the emotion as vividly as possible. It would be well to memorize the stanzas as a sort of measuring-rod for pure lyrical expression.

Israfel (Poe)

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem also appeared in the 1831 edition of Poe's poems. According to the poet's habit, the piece was revised and republished from time to time during his life. Edmund Clarence Stedman says of this poem: "Of all these lyrics is not this the most lyrical,—not only charged with music, but with light? For once, and in his freest hour of youth, Poe got above the sepulchres and mists, even beyond the pale-faced moon, and visited the empyrean. There is joy in this carol, and the radiance of the skies, and ecstatic possession of the gift of song . . . If I had any claim to make up a 'Parnassus,' not perhaps of the most famous English lyrics, but of those which appeal strongly to my own poetic sense, and could select but one of Poe's, I confess that I should choose 'Israfel' for pure music, for exaltation, and for its original, satisfying quality of rhythmic art."

EXPLANATORY:

420. *Israfel*. In the Koran, the Mohammedan holy book, Israfel is called the angel of music. The quotation used by Poe as a motto was taken from Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*; Moore got it from Sale's *Preliminary Discourse* on the Koran, rather than from the Koran itself. Poe, who frequently tampered with his quotations, has added the words "whose heart-strings are a lute" from his own poem.

420 : 5. *giddy stars*. Trembling, wavering. *Giddy* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *giddian*, to sing, to be merry; Poe may be using the word here with some implication of this original meaning.

420 : 12. *levin*. The Middle English word for lightning.

420 : 13. *Pleiads*. The so-called seven stars in the constellation Taurus. Only six of the stars are ordinarily visible to the naked eye; hence the legend of the lost Pleiad, which Poe reverts to here by saying "which were seven." The poet calls them rapid, doubtless because of their apparently quick ascent of the meridian.

421 : 26. *Houri*. A *houri* was one of the beautiful and immortal maidens, who, according to Mohammedan belief, attend the spirits of the dead in paradise.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Why are the stars said to become mute when Israfel sings? (2) What is the force of the epithet *enamored*, line 10? (3) What is the real cause of Israfel's wonderful power? Does Poe use his own

heartstrings as a lute, that is, does he put his own emotions into his lyrics? (4) What images of heaven does Poe present in this song? (5) What is the thought of the last stanza? Does it seem egotistic? (6) Compare the poem with Shelley's "Skylark," particularly the last stanzas of each poem. (7) Note again the irregularity of the metrical and stanzaic forms. Poe seems to follow the impulses of his own genius rather than the established forms of lyrical verse.

Ulalume (Poe)

INTRODUCTORY:

"Ulalume," one of Poe's latest and most original poems, was first published in the *American Whig Review*, December, 1847. Virginia Clemm Poe, his child wife, died in this year, and it is well known that Poe was never quite himself after this staggering blow. He had several romantic friendships after Virginia's death, the most prominent being that with Mrs. Sarah H. Whitman, whom, according to her own story, he frantically besought to marry him. The most probable interpretation of "Ulalume" is that it represents the poet's temporary fancy of allowing another love to take the place of his devotion to Virginia. Some have held that the poem is not to be interpreted personally, but impersonally as the poet's devotion to that ideal beauty which he loved and had lost, but which he never ceased to yearn for. At best it is exceedingly mystical and intangible in its intellectual or thought content, but its lyrical appeal is distinctly felt by all readers who have any ear for original and haunting poetic melody. The strange names of places are mere musical coinages to fit the rime and rhythm of the poem. In this respect it may be compared with Coleridge's "Kubla Khan."

EXPLANATORY:

422 : 4. *lonesome October*. Virginia Poe died on January 30, but Poe prefers to place the anniversary of her death in October because that melancholy month better suits his purposes in this poem.

422 : 5. *immemorial year*. That is, because of its record of deep sorrow this year seemed to reach back beyond memory.

422 : 10. *Titanic*. Poe uses the capital T here, thus indicating his conscious reference to the Titans, the giants whom the gods on Mount Olympus overthrew.

422 : 12. *Psyche*. Poe was fond of personifying the soul thus. See "To Helen," line 14.

422 : 14. *scoriac rivers*. Rivers of lava. Poe apparently coined the adjective from *scoria*, the slag or dross from melted metal.

422 : 19. *boreal pole*. According to the *Standard Dictionary*, which quotes Poe's line in illustration, this means either the north pole or the south pole. Which did Poe probably have in mind?

422 : 25. *night of all nights*. The anniversary of the death of his beloved. See lines 86 and 89 in corroboration.

422 : 28. *tarn*. Pool, lake; a favorite word with Poe.

422 : 29. *ghoul-haunted*. Ghouls were anciently supposed to rob graves and eat corpses. This is another favorite Poe word.

422 : 30. *senescent*. Growing late; literally, growing old, from Latin *senex*, old.

423 : 37. *Astarte's bediamonded crescent.* Astarte was the Assyrian and Phœnician goddess of the moon, and was usually represented with a crescent or new moon. Note Poe's beautiful imagery here.

423 : 39. *Dian.* Diana, the Roman goddess of the moon, the chase, and chastity.

423 : 44. *the Lion.* The constellation Leo, the fifth sign of the zodiac.

423 : 46. *Lethean.* Causing forgetfulness. Lethe is the river of oblivion in Hades.

424 : 64. *Sibyllic.* Prophetic. In classical mythology the Sibyls are women endowed with prophetic powers.

424 : 77. *legended tomb.* Having a legend inscribed on it.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the tone of this poem? (2) Make a list of the principal words and phrases which help to intensify this tone. Have the selection of the time of year and the strange proper names anything to do with the dominant tone? (3) How do you interpret the poet's companion, Psyche? (4) What is the theme of the poem? (5) Make an outline showing the development of the theme. (Suggestion: the setting; mood or state of mind of the lover; the talk with Psyche; the rising of Astarte; Psyche's warning and fearful distress; the calming of Psyche's fears; the tomb of Ulalume; the effect of the memory of her death.) (6) If the rising of Astarte with her crescent, or new moon, means Poe's new love, whom does Dian represent? (7) Could the Lion be taken as the symbolic guardian of the poet's heart? (8) Interpret Psyche's mistrust and fearful distress. (9) How did the poet quiet her fears? (10) What do you think is the full meaning of "tempted her out of her gloom" and "conquered her scruples"? If Poe was trying to make up his mind to marry, what finally stopped him from doing so? (11) Show why the last stanza is a satisfactory and artistic close. (Note how it reverts to the opening lines, and how it reëchoes parts of the first and third stanzas almost verbatim.) (12) The stanzas range from nine to thirteen lines of three-stressed anapestic rhythm. Scan one or two stanzas, noting any variations or irregularities that occur. (13) Study the rime scheme. Is the model consistently followed? Notice that each stanza is made on two riming sounds, one feminine and one masculine. (14) What repetition and refrain effects do you notice?

Eldorado (Poe)

INTRODUCTORY:

"Eldorado" is one of Poe's latest poems, appearing first in *Flag of Our Country*, April 21, 1849.

EXPLANATORY:

425 : 6. *Eldorado.* From two Spanish words, *el*, the, and *dorado*, gilded, the name of a fictitious city or country of fabulous gold supposed by the Spaniards to be located somewhere in central South America. Poe uses it as a symbol for the unattainable ideal or aspiration of the human spirit.

425 : 21. *Valley of the Shadow.* Referring to Psalms 23:4, and implying that the ideal is reached only after death.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What stages of life do you find recorded in the four stanzas? Make a statement of the theme of the poem, and outline it by giving a topic for each of the stanzas. (2) Give details showing the changing mood and appearance of the knight from stanza to stanza. (3) What is symbolized by the "pilgrim shadow" or "shade"? (4) Give your interpretation of the meaning of the "Mountains of the Moon" and the "Valley of the Shadow." (5) Is there a note of resolution or courage in the last stanza? (6) Apply the thought of the poem to Poe's poetical aspirations. (7) Apply it to your own aspirations. Can you draw a lesson from the poem for your own guidance in life? (8) Compare the poem with Longfellow's "Excelsior." (9) Analyze the meter and stanzaic form, noting all irregularities and their effect on the quality of the verse.

Spring (Timrod)

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem was written in 1862, the first year of the Civil War. It indicates the direction Timrod's genius was taking and gives us some hint of what he might have accomplished in poetry had not the war hastened his decline in health and fortune. The last five stanzas show the state of mind of the poet and the people of the South toward an army of invasion from the North. At the close of the terrible struggle, Timrod, though broken in health and spirit, could still write encouragingly to his fellow-citizens, "Spring is the true Reconstructionist,—a reconstructionist in the best and most practical sense. There is not a nook in the land in which she is not at this moment exerting her influence in preparing a way for the restoration of the South."

EXPLANATORY:

430 : 5. *jasmine.* This is the yellow jasmine, one of the sweetest of all southern wild flowers.

430 : 26. *azure gems.* This refers to the tiny little bluets which spring up all over the South in the early spring.

431 : 35. *enamored South.* That is, the South Wind in love with the flowers.

431 : 47. *Dryad.* A spirit or wood nymph whose life is bound up with that of a tree.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) In what tone or mood is the first movement of the poem written? The second? (2) Do you think the two lyric motifs in the poem are successfully blended or do you think the lyric unity would have been better if the last five stanzas had been omitted? (3) What do you understand by "nameless pathos"? (4) Explain the figurative expressions in the second stanza. What do you think of this stanza as to its poetic quality, especially in its appeal to the esthetic sense? (5) In plain prose we say that the sap rises in the trees in the early

spring. How does Timrod express this poetically? (6) How does he present the coloring of the maple and the elm buds? (7) What use does he suggest for the bluets? (8) What other flowers are mentioned? Does the poet give simply a catalogue of them, or does he designate each by some significant touch of beauty? (9) Explain lines 29-32. (10) Lowell emphasized June as the month of spring in New England. Is Timrod right in presenting May here? Why? (11) What caused the outburst of feeling in the last five stanzas? (12) Draw the contrast of spring in war time and in peace as suggested by the poem.

Ode (Timrod)

INTRODUCTORY:

This Ode was sung in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, in 1867, on the occasion of the memorial service held on the day set apart for decorating the graves of the Confederate dead. It is one of the last productions of Timrod, and may in a sense be called his swan song. In its classic restraint and finished beauty it may well be considered his finest poem. It is called, simply, "Ode," because of its elevated quality and its seriousness of tone. The English poet William Collins wrote a poem very similar in form and theme, which he called "Ode Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746," commemorating the British soldiers who fell in the War of the Austrian Succession. Timrod has often been compared with Collins, in his life and poetic temperament as well as in individual poems, so it seems desirable to reproduce here Collins's "Ode," that the two poems may be more closely compared.

ODE

Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

EXPLANATORY:

432 : 2. *fallen cause*. The cause of State Sovereignty, or the right of the Southern States to secede and form a Confederacy.

432 : 3. *marble column*. A commemorative bronze figure of a color-bearer upon a granite base has since been erected in Magnolia Cemetery.

432 : 5. *In seeds of laurel*. The laurel or bay has been from ancient times a symbol of honor. The poet here conceives that the honor due to the southern soldiers is yet only in the seed, but in imagination he sees the full-blown blossoms, even while the seeds are still in the earth.

432 : 9. *behalf*. A poetical condensation for "in behalf of."

432 : 10. *storied*. Containing or suggestive of the stories of valor. Compare Gray's use of the word in his famous *Elegy*, where *storied* means pictured images or inscriptions:

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?"

433 : 13. *shades*. Spirits.

433 : 15. *cannon-moulded pile*. A lofty commemorative monument made or molded from the brass cannon used in the war.

433 : 16. *bay*. Charleston Bay. Locate it on your map.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What concrete object is given strong emphasis in line 1? This may be called the initial impulse or occasion of the emotion of sorrowful reverence for the dead heroes. (2) Give a phrase for the principal thought in each of the five stanzas. Notice that stanzas 1 and 2 belong to the first thought movement, while 3 and 4 are the answering thought, and in stanza 5, the most beautiful of all, the two thought movements are united into a grand climax. (3) What figure is suggested by the word *craves*? (4) Can you think of a full-blown blossom in a seed that is yet in the earth? Can you think of a shaft in the stone "waiting for its birth"? This is an extremely imaginative stanza. (5) What does the poet mean by "blossom of your fame"? (6) Has the prophecy of stanza 2 been realized? (7) Explain "your sisters." (8) Interpret fully the thought in stanza 4. (9) Exactly what do the words *valor* and *beauty* mean? Notice the fine effect of the two adjectives used with these words. (10) Study closely the sad, solemn beauty of the picture in stanza 4. (11) The stanzaic structure is extremely simple and natural, but this quality of simplicity and naturalness adds to the subdued tone and chaste imagery of the whole lyric. Determine the rhythm and the number of stresses in the lines, and read the poem slowly and quietly, to bring out fully its tonal quality. (12) Memorize the last stanza. (13) In a brief composition make a comparison of Collins's "Ode" (see the introductory note above) with Timrod's.

Aspects of the Pines (Hayne)

INTRODUCTORY:

This is a good sample of Hayne's nature lyrics, of which he wrote a great number.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the plan of this poem? Do you think it is a good one? Why? (2) Give a title for each of the three distinct pictures and thus make an outline of the lyric movement. (3) Are the adjectives in the first line well chosen? Why are these adjectives repeated in line 5? (4) Why is the foliage called fadeless, line 3? (5) Trace the effect of the presence or absence of the breezes throughout the stanzas. (6) Do you admire the picture of twilight in the last two lines? Why is the star called tremulous?

Composed in Autumn (Hayne)

INTRODUCTORY:

This sonnet was included in the 1857 volume called *Sonnets and Other Poems*.

EXPLANATORY:

437 : 4. *augury*. Omen of the future, forecast.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the initial impulse of this lyric? (2) Analyze the thought movement by quatrains. (Suggestion: The first quatrain suggests the scene or setting and states the adverse analogies suggested to different minds; the second and third quatrains describe in full the optimistic interpretation of life; the final couplet clinches the analogy by making the comparison suggested in the opening quatrain.) (3) What single figurative idea or analogy runs through the entire poem? Does this help to unify the impression? (4) Work out the rime scheme and determine whether it is the regular (Italian) model or the irregular (English) model. (See the paragraph on the sonnet, in the section on English metrics.)

Song of the Chattahoochee (Lanier)

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem first appeared in *Scott's Magazine*, Atlanta, Georgia, in 1877. It is perhaps the most widely known of all Lanier's works; and naturally, for it is so simple and beautiful in its conception and so musical and artistic in its execution that even the youngest readers find pleasure in it. Professor Callaway speaks of this as "Lanier's most finished nature poem . . . the most musical of his productions." It is more than a nature poem, being in reality an artistic expression of the ideal of service.

EXPLANATORY:

443 : 1, 2. *Habersham . . . Hall*. Locate these counties in Georgia, and trace the entire course of the Chattahoochee.

443 : 6. *or . . . or*. Used for *either . . . or*, as often in poetry. See if you can find in your reading a similar use of *nor . . . nor* for *neither . . . nor*.

443 : 17. *for to*. An archaic form, used also in line 43. Can you point out instances of the use of this idiom in the King James version of the Bible?

444 : 38. *Made lures*. Offered allurements for the water to stop. The idea seems to be that the water pouring over the stones makes them more dazzling and attractive.

444 : 43. *fain*. Willing, yearning.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Make an outline of the poem by stanzas, using the five questions following this one for suggestions. (2) How much of the river's course is summarized in stanza 1? (3) What objects are described in stanza 2 as delaying the water? (4) What objects attract the river in stanza 3? (5) What objects offer allurements in stanza 4? (6) What moral is drawn in stanza 5? (7) Apply the progress of thought in the poem to human life, stating just what allurements at the various periods of life tempt one from the course of service. (8) Who speaks throughout the

poem? Does this give the poet the opportunity to imitate the sound of the water in his verse? Why is the name of the river not given in the poem? (9) Is there a similarity of tone in the first and last stanzas? How does this help to unify the whole? (10) The meter is typically four-stress iambic, but there are many variations and irregularities for artistic effect. Scan the poem. (11) Professor Kent in his analysis of this poem says: "In five stanzas, of ten lines each, alliteration occurs in all save twelve lines." Prove this statement by actual count, marking the non-alliterative lines. (The lines in which *Hall* occurs alliterate with the preceding lines containing *Habersham*.) (12) He also says: "In eleven of these twelve lines internal rhyme occurs, sometimes joining the parts of a line, sometimes uniting successive lines." Point out the single line which has no internal rhyme. (13) Memorize the poem. (14) Compare it with Poe's "Eldorado" and Longfellow's "Excelsior."

The Ransom of Red Chief (O. Henry)

INTRODUCTORY:

This story appeared first in the *New York World*, and is now included in the volume called *Whirligigs*. It is a fine example of O. Henry's extravagantly humorous productions.

EXPLANATORY:

448 : 5. *apparition*. A malapropism. What is the word intended?

448 : 8. *undeleterious*. What is the more ordinary synonym?

448 : 10. *Bill and me*. Point out other examples of bad grammar and determine the effect of these.

448 : 13. *Philoprogenitiveness*. Love of offspring. Give the etymology of the word. What is the effect of putting such large words in the mouths of the two desperadoes? Point out other examples.

449 : 61. *Geronimo*. A celebrated Apache chieftain.

457 : 356. *the Russian in a Japanese war*. In the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-1905, the Russians got the worst of it.

458 : 390. "*Great pirates of Penzance!*" An exclamation which owes its origin to the comic opera of similar title, by Gilbert and Sullivan.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Summarize the plot of this story in a single sentence. (2) Is it based on probability? What kind of story is this, then? Does the subversion of actuality add to the humor? (3) Point out examples of comic exaggeration and extravaganza. (4) Point out other humorous effects, such as malapropisms, incongruities, slangy words and expressions, comic situations, burlesque effects. (5) What sort of language do the two desperadoes simulate? Where does Red Chief get his romantic expressions? Is there any satiric irony in these imitations? (6) How is the opening sentence echoed in the third and fourth paragraphs? (7) What is the appropriateness of the allusion to David and Goliath in lines 182-184? (8) Why did Sam ask Bill if there was any heart disease in his family (line 342)? (9) At what point is the climax of the story reached? Could there be any more surprising outcome than Ebenezer Dorset's counter proposition? (10) What is the final comic exaggeration? Could anything be more ridiculous than the flight of the two desperadoes? (11) Test this story by Poe's requirements as set forth on p. 385.

The Last Leaf (O. Henry)

INTRODUCTORY:

"The Last Leaf," now included in the volume called *The Trimmed Lamp*, is a typical example of the O. Henry surprise-ending story. The blending of humor and pathos gives a distinct significance to the title of the story, as may be readily suggested by a reference to the quality of Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem with the same title. See note on p. 591.

EXPLANATORY:

460: 1. *Washington Square*. A section in New York City.

460: 10. *north windows*. Why do artists always want north windows?

460: 17. *table d'hôte*. . . . "*Delmonico's*." A public or common table; a meal as served in a hotel or restaurant. *Delmonico's* is a famous and expensive restaurant in New York; hence a cheap Eighth Street restaurant may be facetiously called a "*Delmonico's*."

461: 39. *pharmacopeia*. The large, authoritative reference book containing the formulae, qualities, doses, etc., of drugs. O. Henry was himself a drug clerk in his youth, and hence he was perfectly familiar with the *United States Pharmacopeia*.

462: 80. *ivy vine*. This is the American ivy or Virginia creeper rather than the English ivy, since the leaves of the latter do not fall off in the winter. See also the reference to "serrated edges" in line 185.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Show how rapidly and yet vividly the setting is sketched in and how deftly the characters are introduced. (2) In what paragraph does the action of the story begin? (3) What is the opposing force as introduced in this paragraph? What advantage is gained by personifying the disease? (4) Why is the doctor so insistent that Johnsy's recovery depends largely upon her wanting some particular thing? (5) Sue mentions the painting of the Bay of Naples (line 42), and the doctor suggests that he would like Johnsy to ask a question about styles (line 54). Are these points alluded to again? (See lines 215, 218, and 232.) (6) What humorous effect is intended in the passage describing Sue's sketch of the cowboy for the magazine story? Do you think that in the circumstances under which she was drawing she might be pardoned for making such a mistake? (7) How is Johnsy's counting managed so as to arouse the reader's interest? Do you understand at first the significance of her counting? (8) Do you think Sue's fib about ten to one was justifiable? (9) Why does Sue make the joke about "selling the editor"? (10) Johnsy speaks of her dying as a turning loose and floating down like one of the ivy leaves. Is this fancy well expressed in the text? At what point is the fancy referred to again? (11) Why is it necessary in the progress of the plot that Sue should go down just before dark to seek Behrman? (12) Give a brief sketch of Behrman's appearance and character as you conceive them from the author's portrayal. (13) Is there any humor intended in Behrman's dialect? Why are his speeches more pathetic than humorous? (14) At what points in the story is

Behrman's masterpiece referred to? Is this significant in the catastrophe and dénouement of the story? (15) Why did Sue pull down the shade when she entered her room and found Johnsy asleep? Do you think she knew what Behrman was going to do? Give passages to prove your answer. (16) Why is it necessary to describe the last leaf in full on p. 465? Is there a later reference to the colors mentioned here? (17) Do you suspect the truth in regard to the last ivy leaf when you first read of Behrman's case of pneumonia, or are you thoroughly surprised when you read the last paragraph? (18) Why is Behrman's case of illness related in so rapid and sketchy a manner? Is the author probably hurrying to a conclusion before you can guess the outcome? (19) How do you like this type of story? Is there a deeper note underlying the light and half-humorous style of the narrative? (20) Point out five humorous touches, such as the reference to the collector "meeting himself coming back"; and five striking descriptive phrases, such as "the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer."

Gettysburg Address (Lincoln)

INTRODUCTORY:

After the battle fought at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on July 1-2, 1863, thousands of soldiers, northern and southern, were buried on the battlefield. It was decided to make a national cemetery here, and on November 19, 1863, a vast concourse of people met to dedicate the ground. Edward Everett, the distinguished orator from Massachusetts, made the principal address on this occasion, speaking for about two hours. Then Lincoln rose and spoke briefly, summing up in a few words the whole thought and pent-up emotion of the audience and the nation. Everett's address is described as a finished and scholarly production with all the graces of literary culture; but Lincoln's speech, voicing as it did the real sentiment of the people, in its simple words, direct and straightforward utterance, and profound moral earnestness and sincerity, has become one of the priceless literary heritages of our nation. Perhaps there cannot be found a more striking example of the difference between a faultless literary form without the real breath of life in it and a simple, heart-felt expression of true, throbbing literature. Everett himself in a note to Lincoln the day after the dedicatory exercises remarked on this fact, practically admitting that he had not been able in two hours to touch as Lincoln had done in two minutes the central idea of the occasion.

EXPLANATORY:

467 : 1. *Fourscore and seven years.* To just what date and event does Lincoln here refer?

467 : 6. *a great battle-field.* Look up in your United States history the description of this battle, and if possible consult a map of the whole region around Gettysburg, a section of which has now become a great national park.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) In what terse way is the whole of our history as a nation brought vividly before the minds of the audience? (2) Why would it have been inappropriate to dwell on the details of our past history? (3) By what rhetorical means is the present crisis vitally connected with our first

great national crisis? Repeat the two phrases which mark this connection. (4) What central word is carried over into the third paragraph as a connecting link, and what three strong clauses in parallel construction are placed side by side to emphasize the central thought? (5) In what words does the speaker show his utter unconsciousness of any effort to produce a literary masterpiece? Is the previous oratorical effort of Edward Everett inadvertently judged in this utterance? (6) Do you think that the prophecy that the world will "little note nor long remember" the words uttered on this occasion has been fulfilled? Of course it is, as Lincoln said, the deeds of the brave soldiers that really consecrated the field,—the deeds of southerners as well as northerners, for each side was fighting bravely for right as each conceived it,—but these brave deeds are more effectively enshrined in the consummate art of this short address than they can ever be in marble or bronze or national park. (7) What is the most frequently quoted phrase in the speech? (8) This speech has been called "the greatest oration in American history." Do you agree with this judgment? Give some reasons for your decision. (9) Compare the speech with other notable utterances, such as Patrick Henry's "Speech on Liberty," Washington's "Farewell Address," Webster's "First Bunker Hill Oration," etc.

The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County (Mark Twain)

INTRODUCTORY:

Early in 1865 Mark Twain was in Calaveras County, California, trying his luck at pocket mining with his friend Jim Gillis. The weather was cold, rainy, and disagreeable, and the two friends worked intermittently on their claim. They spent a good deal of time loafing in the tavern at Angel's Camp. A retired Illinois River pilot by the name of Ben Coon, "a solemn, fat-witted person," used to tell stories whenever he could find willing listeners, and Clemens and Gillis were his most frequent victims. On one dreary, rainy day he told them in his slow, monotonous fashion the story of the jumping frog owned by a man named Coleman. Clemens was particularly struck with the serious style of the narrator and the humor of the story, and so he made the following note for future reference: "Coleman with his jumping frog—bet stranger \$50—stranger had no frog, and C. got him one:—in the meantime stranger filled C's frog full of shot and he could n't jump. The stranger's frog won." Gillis and Clemens used to try to keep up their courage in working their claim by repeating over and over parts of this story just as they had heard it, preserving the serious and solemn manner of the narrator, with never a smile or suggestion of humor. The two men finally abandoned their claim just as they were on the verge of uncovering a rich pocket of gold. Other miners found the treasure, but as Mark Twain's biographer asserts, "The Jumping Frog" nugget was worth more than all the gold in that rich pocket.

Charles F. Browne, better known under his *nom de plume* of Artemus Ward, was publishing a book in New York, and when he heard Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" story, he asked permission to use it. Twain sent it on to New York; but it arrived too late for the book and was handed over to the *Saturday Press*, where it appeared November 19, 1865, under the title of "Jim Smiley and His Jumping Frog." Its

success was immediate and astonishing. It was copied, quoted, and retold all over the country. Mark Twain literally jumped into fame on the back of this celebrated frog. The story was published with other sketches in the spring of 1867, and it has remained one of the prime favorites in the public regard. So widely known did the story become that a professor of Greek decided to condense it, put the scene back two thousand years in ancient Boeotia with an Athenian and a Boeotian as the two principal characters, and thus make a good exercise for his book in Greek prose composition. He did not think it necessary to give credit for the source of so well known a story, and so another professor called Mark Twain's attention to the fact that the germ story was found in the Greek and offered to show him the original. It was many years before Mark Twain came to realize that the Greek professor had borrowed his story, and in the meantime he published in the *North American Review* a sketch called "Private History of the 'Jumping Frog' Story," in which he declared his ignorance of the existence of the Greek story and explained the wonderful similarity between the two versions as a plain case of history repeating itself. Thus the joker was for once made the victim of a double-barreled joke.

EXPLANATORY:

477. *Calaveras*. A county in east central California.

477: 3. *Simon Wheeler*. Ben Coon, otherwise called Ros Coon, Coon Drayton, etc. See introductory note.

478: 46. *flume*. A trough used to convey water in mining industries.

479: 97. *ornery*. Ordinary, mean, low-down.

482: 207. *hysted*. Hoisted; the old pronunciation of *oi* is still preserved in dialectal usage, as in *ile*, *bile*, for *oil*, *boil*, etc.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the main value of the introduction? (The point of the story is as largely centered in the character who tells it and in the manner in which it is told as in the humor of the story itself.) (2) Do you see any irony in the name of the camp and in the identification of *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley* with *Jim Smiley*? (3) Describe how Simon Wheeler cornered his victim and told the story (paragraph 3). Why does this add materially to the humor of the story? (4) Discuss the method of development used in bringing out the character of Jim Smiley. (5) Give examples of some of the things that Jim would bet on. Which of these do you think most amusing? (6) What is the appropriateness of naming the bull pup Andrew Jackson? (7) What climactic effect is there in the order and treatment of the different betting episodes? (8) What humorous effects do you note in the description of "Dan'l Webster"? Why is the frog so named? (9) Tell the whole of the frog episode in your own language. Is the story itself very funny? (10) Now read this episode in Simon Wheeler's style, and note how much is added to it by the dialect, quaint expressions, and slow, serious, monotonous drawl in which Simon recited it. (11) Is the conclusion skillfully conceived and executed? How did the visitor finally break away from Simon? (12) Name the four characters in the order of their importance in the story.

Tennessee's Partner (Harte)

INTRODUCTORY:

"Tennessee's Partner" belongs to the early group of California mining stories; by many readers it is ranked as Bret Harte's masterpiece in the short story. Its theme is the unswerving loyalty of one partner to another. Placer miners usually worked in pairs in the early days of Western mining, but to be a man's partner meant much more than to enter into a mere business relationship; as Bret Harte himself said, "it was to be his friend through good and ill report, in adversity, or fortune, to cleave to him and no other." "Tennessee's Partner" is built upon a slight basis of fact in the lives of two real partners, but Harte has used the author's privilege of making such changes and additions as are needed to enhance the artistic effects of the story. Two men named Chamberlain and Chaffee were the originals respectively of Tennessee and his partner. They came to California about 1849, the date of the "gold fever" rush to the West. Chamberlain was accused of stealing some miner's gold and was about to be hanged by the vigilance committee of the camp. Chaffee, who believed him guiltless, defended him so vigorously that the committee released the accused miner. The two then became inseparable partners and lived together to a ripe old age, earning their living by continuing their mining operations. Out of this simple incident the author has created a permanent work of art. The story first appeared in the *Overland Monthly*, 1869, from which source it is here reprinted.

EXPLANATORY:

486 : 5. "*Dungaree Jack*." Dungaree is a coarse cotton cloth used for sailors' working clothes.

486 : 7. "*Saleratus Bill*." Saleratus is cooking soda.

486 : 11. *iron pyrites*. An iron ore of bright yellow crystals which look like flecks of gold. The humorous effect, of course, is brought out by mispronunciation, as well as by the fact that the mild, inoffensive man is nicknamed "Iron Pirate."

486 : 22. *relative title*. That is, a title showing his relation of partner to Tennessee.

486 : 24. *Poker Flat*. Poker Flat, Sandy Bar, Red Dog, Roaring Camp, were typical names of California mining settlements. For fuller particulars of the camp here referred to, read "The Outcasts of Poker Flat."

488 : 70. *weppings*. Is this intended humorously by Tennessee? Give the correct spelling.

488 : 88. "*I call*." A term in a card game, meaning "I demand the show of your hand." The stranger's reply of "Two bowers and an ace" and Tennessee's answer, "That takes me," continue the humorous allusions to the game of euchre. Why are the two revolvers called "bowers," and the bowie-knife an "ace"? Find other phrases in the story borrowed from card playing (see pp. 487, 489, 491 and 492).

493 : 262. "*diseased*." The pun on *deceased* is evident. Do you think that Tennessee's partner was conscious of any witticism?

494 : 283. *catafalque*. An elaborately decorated scaffold for bearing the dead. Note the pathetic contrast implied in the adjective *homely*.

494 : 287. *Jack Folinsbee*. Harte had a way of repeating his char-

acters from story to story, always preserving their salient characteristics. Jack Folinsbee is a prominent character in the stories "An Heiress of Red Dog" and "The Romance of Madroño Hollow." Similarly the wag "Boston," mentioned in the opening paragraph, p. 486, appears in the same capacity in "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

Look up the following words and add them to your working vocabulary: *constrained, prototype, implacable, preternatural, condoned, amity, site, sanity.*

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the theme of the story? Has the author made his purpose perfectly clear? (2) Just what has the author added to the original incident, and why? (See introductory note.) (3) Which element is more prominent, plot, setting, or characterization? (4) Divide the story into an introduction, minor incidents, main incident, climax, and conclusion, and thus make a topical outline of the story. (5) Does the author successfully present the atmosphere of a mining camp? Point out several "local color" effects. (6) What humorous touches do you note in the opening paragraph? In Tennessee's Partner's courtship? In Tennessee's arrest and trial? (7) Point out at least four instances of pathos. Does the author elaborate at these points, or does he merely state the situation, leaving the reader to detect for himself the poignant suffering of the hero? (8) Which element is more prominent, humor or pathos? How are the two elements blended throughout the story? (9) With what artistic effects does the writer weave in his descriptive passages? Examine particularly the passages beginning "It was a warm night," p. 488; "For he was not, certainly," p. 490; "But the beauty of the midsummer morning," p. 492; "As the cart drew up," p. 493; "The way led through," p. 494. (10) Study the two characters closely and be prepared to make an oral report on each. Do you think Tennessee was worthy of his partner's devotion? (11) Examine for simplicity, natural eloquence, and poignant pathos the speeches of Tennessee's Partner at the trial and the funeral. What would have been the effect of making these speeches more formal and dignified? (12) Do you think the author has over-elaborated the dream scene of the conclusion, or has he given just enough to make the desired impression? Why is Tennessee described in this scene as "sober and his face a-shining"? How does the last word uttered by the dying man unify and emphasize the theme of the story?

Grizzly (Harte)

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem first appeared in the *Overland Monthly* in 1869. Bret Harte had himself once met with a huge grizzly in a lonely, steep-sided cañon. Knowing that flight or other evidence of fear on his part might excite curiosity and possibly a fight on the bear's part, Harte kept straight on his course, and when he approached within ten yards of the animal, the bear turned, scrambled up the side of the cañon, and disappeared. It is interesting to note that Harte used a grizzly standing astride a railroad track as the emblem for the *Overland Monthly*, of which he was editor from its beginning in 1868 to 1870. He said that his idea was that the bear standing at bay and looking

at the (invisible) train approaching represented the beginning of the conflict between savage life and advancing civilization.

EXPLANATORY:

497 : 11. *plantigrade*. Walking on the sole of the foot as a man walks.

497 : 24. *Friar Tuck*. The jovial priest who was associated with Robin Hood in Sherwood forest. For a full portrait of Friar Tuck, the jolly hermit of Copmanhurst, see Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, chapters XVI, XVII, and others.

497 : 25. *tithe and dole*. Tithe is the tenth of one's income, which was the priest's due. *Dole* is a gratuity or extra gift for charity or for the priest's comfort. Note how the poet maintains throughout the stanza the imaginative comparison of the grizzly with the priest.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) How are both the character and the appearance of the bear presented in stanza one? (2) Why is the bear's habitat called "Epicurean retreats"? (3) Why is the comparison of the bear with Friar Tuck a happy one? (See the introductory note.) (4) Does the poem as a whole give you a vivid conception of the grizzly? (5) In what rhythm and meter is the poem written? How should *exploits* and *Epicurean* (lines 6 and 20) be pronounced to bring out the proper rhythm? Would you call these blemishes or merely examples of poetic license?

Dickens in Camp (Harte)

INTRODUCTORY:

Dickens died in June, 1870, and this poem was written in July and published immediately in the *Overland Monthly*. H. C. Merwin, in his *Life of Bret Harte*, gives the following footnote: "When news of the death of Dickens reached Bret Harte he was camping in the foothills, far from San Francisco, but he sent a telegram to hold back for a day the printing of the *Overland*, then ready for the press, and his poem was written that night and forwarded the next morning. A week or two later Bret Harte received a cordial letter from Dickens, written just before his death, complimenting the California author, and requesting him to write a story for *All the Year Round*." The influence of Dickens on Harte has been frequently noted, and in this poem the American writer frankly intimates that Dickens was his master. No finer tribute to the art and power of Dickens could have been offered than this incident in a Western mining camp. It is an indirect method of criticism, but it is much more effective than any amount of direct and fulsome praise of the author would have been. The most notable qualities of the poem are its utter simplicity; its tender and sincere emotion; its use of nature as a living, sympathetic background; and its sober and subdued music—all of which represent the poet's sense of loss and sadness at the departure of the great novelist.

EXPLANATORY:

470 : 8. *In the fierce race for wealth*. Just what is referred to here? Give the approximate date of the story.

470 : 16. *Had writ of "Little Nell."* *Writ* is an archaic form of *written*. The title of the novel, of course, is *The Old Curiosity Shop*. If you have not read this novel, by all means do so at once.

470 : 30. *And he who wrought that spell?* That is, Dickens. Just what is the force of the question?

470 : 31. *Kentish spire*. Dickens's home was at Gad's Hill in the shire of Kent in the southeast of England.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Show how the poem may be divided into three parts—setting, main incident, and conclusion—and give an appropriate heading for each division. (2) By what means do you get a fairly vivid picture of the camp and its life? (3) How does the poet manage to pay a high tribute to Dickens without directly praising him? (4) Just what is meant by the last line? (5) Read the poem again now, and note every reference to the pines and related evergreens. Just what is the artistic value of this constant reference to the trees? At what point does nature herself seem to fall under the novelist's spell? Give quotations. (6) Why does the poet select oak, holly, and laurel wreaths for the novelist's grave in Kent? (7) Study the peculiar forcefulness of the following words: *sang* (line 2), *minarets* (line 4), *clustering* (line 19), *listened* (line 22), *gusty* (line 28), *fragrant* (line 33), *pensive* (line 35), *all* (line 39). (8) Notice how the stanza is constructed. How many stresses in the long lines, and how many in the short lines? Where do the feminine rimes occur? The masculine rimes? Is there any variation from this arrangement of rimes? (9) In what tone should the poem be read? Let some good reader give it now in his best style of oral reading. (10) Let the class tell the story of Little Nell, and then turn the discussion to Dickens and his stories.

Kit Carson's Ride (Miller)

INTRODUCTORY:

When Miller published his first volume in London in 1870, it was so well received that the editor of the *Oxford Magazine* asked him to contribute something to that journal. The result was "Kit Carson's Ride." The poem was later revised, as is indicated in the following note printed in Vol. II of the 1909 edition of his complete works: "This poem, 'Kit Carson,' was not in any of my four first books, and so has not been rightly revised till now. It was too long for the tumultuous and swift action; and then the end was coarse and unworthy the brave spirit of Kit Carson. I have here cut and changed it much; as I cut and changed all the matter of my three preceding books in London when I cut and compressed all I had done worth preserving into the *Songs of the Sierras*."

EXPLANATORY:

502. *Kit Carson*. Christopher Carson was a famous trapper and scout who spent his life in the Far West and became famous as the typical scout and hunter of that country. His life reads like a romance, and many of his adventures have been incorporated in stories of western life. The incident related here is probably purely imaginary.

502 : 16. *badger blind*. The badger is a burrowing animal, nocturnal in its habits, and hence cannot see well in the daylight. This

has given rise to the popular impression that the badger is blind. *Pache*, the name of the horse, is probably a reduced form of *Apache*.
 502 : 22. *Brazos*. A long river in Texas.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the main value of the introductory stanza? Do you think it gives an adequate expression of the poet's enthusiasm for the wild, free, generous western life? (2) After this poem, what plan does the author choose for the presentation of the story? Who does the talking? (3) Tell the story of the ride. (4) Point out two of the most vivid descriptive passages. (5) Do you catch the rapid galloping movement of the anapestic rhythm? Scan four lines beginning "Not a word," line 71. (6) Compare the form and spirit of this poem with Browning's "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." (Miller met Browning at a breakfast at Archbishop Trench's just about the time he got the commission to write this poem, and he asked permission to "borrow the measure and spirit of his 'Good News' for a prairie fire on the plains, driving buffalo and all other life before it into a river." Browning laughingly asked Miller why he did not borrow the rhythm from Vergil as he himself had done.)

Columbus (Miller)

INTRODUCTORY:

In the final edition of his works Miller says this poem was singled out by the London *Athenaeum* as the best American poem. He dissented from this judgment, saying, "It is far from that; even I have done better; too much like a chorus." There are probably more characteristic poems to be found in his work, especially the poems dealing more specifically with western life and scenery, but none of his productions has met a warmer popular response than this stirring presentation of heroic determination.

EXPLANATORY:

505 : 1. *Azores*. A group of islands, the last of which is a little more than a thousand miles west of Portugal.

505 : 2. *Gates of Hercules*. Strait of Gibraltar. Look up the reference to the Pillars of Hercules in a classical mythology.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Visualize the scene and characters and determine just what is the state of affairs on the ships. (2) Why is it a good plan to allow the mate to do the talking for the crew? (3) Why are the words of Columbus, the admiral, always given at the end of the stanzas? (4) The real meaning of the poem is couched in these constantly repeated words. Explain just what the real theme is. (5) How is the emotional tension increased from stanza to stanza? Do you note any climatic effect in the plan? (6) What is the meaning of "a spray of salt wave" in lines 11 and 12? (7) What is the effect of the repetition in line 25? (8) Expound the figure in lines 26-28, and express your opinion of it. (9) What other striking figure do you find in this stanza? (10) Does the poet make you feel that something dreadful would have happened if land had not been sighted just at the right moment? What do you

think might have occurred? (11) What imaginative touch do you find regarding our future flag in the last stanza? (12) For the sake of its heroic spirit and inspiring optimism in the face of difficulties, the whole class should memorize this poem.

In the Firelight (Field)

INTRODUCTORY:

Field made no pretense to religious convictions and never allied himself with any denomination, but his poems are so full of the Christ spirit and childlike faith in God that no one can doubt that "he walked in the light of the love of God." This poem clearly indicates his fundamental belief in God and the efficacy of prayer. The poem was written in 1885.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the mood of the poet? Does the setting of the poem harmonize with this mood? (2) What is the effect of the child's prayer on the poet's musing? (3) Are there any unusual words or strained allusions in the poem? What is it, then, that gives the very high poetical quality to the selection? (4) Do you like this kind of poetry? (5) Determine the meter and rime scheme. (6) By what device are the first and last stanzas united and the poem thus satisfactorily rounded out?

Dutch Lullaby (Field)

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem was first printed in the *Chicago Daily News*, March, 1889. It has been exquisitely set to music by Reginald De Koven, and if possible the class should arrange to hear some good singer interpret the lyric as set to music.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Just what are Wynken, Blynken, Nod, and the wooden shoe intended to symbolize? Where is this revealed? (2) Why are *Wynken* and *Blynken* so spelled (see the title)? (3) What is the effect on your imagination as you read the stanzas? Point out some of the exquisite imaginative touches in the description of the fishing voyage. (4) Would you say that this poem has a strong esthetic appeal? Explain in just what its beauty primarily consists. (5) The rhythm is a combination of iambic and anapestic feet arranged in four-stressed and three-stressed lines alternately rimed. The refrain in each stanza is arranged in monometer, or one-stressed lines, for slow rendition, as if the little one were falling to sleep. Scan the first stanza.

Afterwhiles (Riley)

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem was written as a Proem for the volume called *Afterwhiles* published in 1887. It illustrates the soft, dreamy, appealing, sentimental quality of Riley's more serious verse.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What thought runs through the entire poem? Work out the progress of this thought from the opening query (stanza 1), through

EXPLANATORY:

522 : 1. *Gloucester town*. A seaport of Essex County, Massachusetts, noted especially for its fishing industries.

522 : 10. *Jill-o'-er-the-ground*. Gill- or jill-over-the-ground is another name for the ground-ivy, a creeping herb having bluish-purple flowers and kidney-shaped leaves.

522 : 11. *quaker-maid*. The quaker-ladies or -maids are the tiny blue flowers of the plant *Houstonia caerulea*, commonly called bluets.

523 : 40. *phosphor wake*. That is, the moon floats in the phosphorescent wake of the earth — namely, the milky way.

523 : 55. *battened hatch*. A hatch is an opening in the deck of a ship through which passengers or freight may be lowered into the hold. A battened hatch is such an opening covered with coarse canvas held in place by iron or wood strips called battens.

524 : 68. *moiling*. Toiling, defiled.

524 : 89. *slaver's pen*. The hold of a slave ship.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Give the initial impulse of this lyric as expressed in the first stanza. Does the poet seem to be writing with his eye on the objects he describes? (2) Point out some of the most suggestive images in the first stanza. At what time of day and year is the scene drawn? (3) What elements of decoration or beauty are added to the picture in the second stanza? In the third? Can you visualize each of the flowers and the birds from the brief suggestions here given? (4) Note how the poet has built up the beautiful scene which is the inspiration of the imaginative journey through space which is to follow. Into what mood has he exalted himself? (5) Work out in detail the wonderfully imaginative sweep of the figure in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh stanzas, explaining for example, "With velvet plunge and soft upreel," "pinnacle frail," "The star fleets tack and wheel and veer." (6) What criticism is laid upon the captains of the great world ship in stanza six? (7) The seventh stanza contains the real message of the poem. How do you interpret it? What does the "noisome hold" represent? Why did those on the deck refuse to give help? (8) In the last three stanzas the poet returns to the opening motive, but makes the application to the deeper thought of social sympathy for earth's unhappy masses, thus uniting the two parts of the poem in a vital way. Note particularly how the last two stanzas are balanced against each other so as to bring out the connection between the two parts, the fishing fleet coming into harbor suggesting the final harbor of the world ship. What two ideals are contrasted in the last stanza? (9) Read the poem over as many times as may be necessary to make you begin to comprehend its wonderful melody and beauty, its imaginative power, and its deeper message of love and brotherhood. (10) Study the plan of the nine-line stanza, and give the formula for the rime scheme and meter.

A PRONOUNCING LIST OF PROPER NAMES FOUND IN THE TEXT

DIACRITICALLY MARKED ACCORDING TO WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARY, 1916; AND OTHER STANDARD AUTHORITIES

<i>Abernethy</i> (ăb'ēr nê thĩ)	<i>Bayard</i> (bă'ărd; Fr. bă'yăr')
<i>Acadian</i> (ă kă'dĩ ăn)	<i>Beaumont</i> (bô'mönt)
<i>Acadie</i> (ă'kă'dê')	<i>Beau Séjour</i> (bô sâ zhôor')
<i>Achilles</i> (ă kĩl'êz)	<i>Beethoven</i> (bă'tô vên)
<i>Adayes</i> (ă dă'yêš)	<i>Benedicite</i> (bên'ê dĩa'ĩ tề)
<i>Aeneas Sylvius</i> (ê ne'ăs sĩl'vĩ űs)	<i>Benedict Bellefontaine</i>
<i>Aeschylus</i> (ês'kĩ lűs)	(bên'ê dĩkt bẻl'fôn tăn')
<i>Agassiz</i> (ăg'ă sê)	<i>Berkshire</i> (bủrk'shẻ)
<i>Aladdin</i> (ă lăd'ĩn)	<i>Blomidon</i> (blôm'ĩ dôn)
<i>Al-Borak</i> (ăl'bỏ răk')	<i>Bonduca</i> (bôn dủ'kă)
<i>Alcott</i> (ôl'kủt)	<i>Bonneville</i> (bôn'vẻl)
<i>Alhambra</i> (ăl hăm'bră)	<i>Bowdoin</i> (bô'd'ỏn)
<i>Alligewi</i> (ăl'ĩ jẻwẻ)	<i>Brasidas</i> (brăs'ĩ dăš)
<i>Alpine</i> (ăl'pẻn)	<i>Brazos</i> (bră'zỗ)
<i>Amesbury</i> (ămz'bẻr'ỉ)	<i>Bruges</i> (brôô'jẻz; Fr. brűzh)
<i>Amonoosuck</i> (ăm ô nồ'sủk)	<i>Brutus</i> (brôô'tủs)
<i>Amontillado</i> (ă môn'tẻl yă'thồ)	<i>Buklaria</i> (bủ kă rẻ'ă)
<i>Amun</i> (ă'mồon)	<i>Bulwer</i> (bồôl'wẻr)
<i>Angelus Domini</i> (ăn'jẻ lűs	<i>Burgundian</i> (bủr gủn'dẻ ăn)
dỏm'ỉ nỉ)	
<i>Apollonius</i> (ăp'ỏ lỏ'ỏ űs)	<i>Cacaphodel</i> (că căf'ỏ dẻl)
<i>Appalachian</i> (ăp'ă lăch'ỉ ăn)	<i>Calaveras</i> (kăl'ă vă'răs)
<i>Apuleius</i> (ăp'ủ lẻ'yủs)	<i>Camanches</i> (same as Comanches)
<i>Araxes</i> (ă răk'sẻz)	<i>Cambyzes</i> (kămbẻ'sẻz)
<i>Argonauta</i> (ăr'gỏ nỏ'tă)	<i>Campbell</i> (kămbẻl; kămb'ẻl)
<i>Ariadne</i> (ăr'ỉ ăd'ẻnẻ)	<i>Canterbury</i> (kăn'tẻr bẻr'ỉ)
<i>Aristophanes</i> (ăr'ỉs tỏf'ă nẻz)	<i>Carthusian</i> (kăr thủ'zhăn)
<i>Atchafalaya</i> (ăch'ă fă lẻ'ă)	<i>Castaly</i> (kăš'tă lẻ)
<i>Athenian</i> (ă the'ỏ ăn)	<i>Catalani</i> (kă'tă lă'ẻnẻ)
<i>Atrée</i> (ă tră')	<i>Cervantes</i> (sẻr văn'tẻz;
<i>Auber</i> (ô'bẻr)	Sp. thẻr văn'tăs)
<i>Austerlitz</i> (ôs'tẻr lỉts)	<i>Chaleur Bay</i> (shă lỏor')
<i>Ave Maria</i> (ă'vă mă rẻ'ă)	<i>Chalkley</i> (chăk'ỉ)
<i>Avolio</i> (ă vỏ'ỉ ô)	<i>Chamfort</i> (shăn'fỏr')
<i>Azores</i> (ă zỏr'z)	<i>Chartres</i> (shăr'tr')
	<i>Chingachgook</i> (chỉn gă gỏok')
<i>Babylonish</i> (băb'ỉ lỏ'nẻsh)	<i>Christiern</i> (kẻrĩs'tẻ ẻn)
<i>Bacchantes</i> (bă kăn'tẻz)	<i>Christina</i> (kẻrĩs tẻ'nă)
<i>Bacchus</i> (băk'űs)	<i>Cincinnatus</i> (sỉn'sỉ nă'tủs)
<i>Balfour</i> (băl'fỏor)	<i>Cochecho</i> (cỏ chẻk'ỏ)
<i>Barca</i> (băr'kă)	<i>Coleridge</i> (kỏl'ẻj)
<i>Barclay</i> (băr'klă)	<i>Colossus</i> (kỏ lỏs'űs)
<i>Basil</i> (băz'ỉl; bă'zẻl)	<i>Comanches</i> (kỏ măn'chẻz)

Comstock (kũm'stõk)
Concord (kõŋ'kõrd)
Coureur-des-Bois
 (kõõ'rũr'-dã-bwã')
Cowley (kou'li; formerly kõõ'li)
Craigie (krãg'i)
Crayon, Geoffrey (jẽf'ri krã'õn)
Crébillon (krã'bẽ'yõn')
Creoles (krẽ'õlz)

Dante (dãn'tẽ; It. dãn'tã)
De Beranger (dẽ bã'rãn'zha')
De Quincey (dẽ kwĩn'si)
Derby (dãr'bĩ)
De Sancto Matrimonio
 (mã trẽ mõ'nẽ õ)
De Staël (stã'ẽl; Fr. dẽ stãl')
Dion (di'õn)
Divina Commedia (dẽ vẽ'nã
 kõm mã'dy'ã)
Dominie Van Schaick, see Van
Schaick
Dupin (dũ'pãn')

Easter-Beurre (bã'rã')
Eldorado (ẽl dõ rã'dõ)
Elysian (ẽ lĩzh'ãn)
Epaminondas (ẽ pãm'ĩ nõn'dãs)
Epicurean (ẽp'ĩ kũ rẽ'ãn)
Eihnogenesis (ẽth'nõ jẽn'ẽ sıs)
Eugenius (ũ jẽ'nĩ ũs)
Eulalie, see Saint Eulalie
Euripides (ũ rĩp'i dẽz)
Evangeline (ẽ vãn'jẽ lĩn)

Faërie Queene (fã'ẽr i)
Fala Morgana (fã'tã mõr gã'nã)
Faubourg St. Germain (fõ'bõõrg
 [Fr. fõ'bõõr'sãn] zhẽr mãn')
Faustus (fõs'tũs)
Felician (fẽ lĩsh'ĩ ãn)
Fontaine qui-bout (fõn'tãn
 kẽ bõõ')
Fordham (fõr'dãm)
Fortunato (fõr tũ nã'tõ)
Fouqué (fõõ'kã')
Froissart (froi'sãrt; Fr.
 frwã'sãr')

Gabriel Lajeunesse (lã zhẽ nẽs')
Gambia (gãm'bĩ ã)
Gardinier (gãr'dĩ nĩ'ẽr)
Gascon (gãs'kõn)
Gaspereau (gãs pẽ rõ')

Gislebertus Crispinus
 (gĩs lẽ bẽr'tũs crĩs pĩ'nũs)
Gloucester (glõs'tẽr)
Grand-Pré (grãn'prã')
Great Mogul (mõ gũl')
Grenada (grẽ nã'dã)

Habersham (hãb'ẽr shãm)
Hagar (hã'gãr)
Hamadryad (hãm'ã dri'ãd)
Hampden (hãm'dẽn)
Harleian (hãr lẽ'ãn)
Haverhill (hã'vẽr ĩl)
Hawaiian (hã wĩ'yãn)
Heidegger (hi'dẽg ẽr)
Heine (hi'nẽ)
Heinrich (hĩn'riķ)
Hercules (hũr'kũ lẽz)
Hesiod (hẽ'sĩ õd)
Hesperius (hẽs pẽ'ri ũs)
Hesperus (hẽs'pẽr ũs)
Hiawatha (hi'ã wõ'thã or
 hẽ'ã wõ'thã)
Hotel des Invalides
 (õ'tẽl' dã zãn'vã'led')
Houri (hõõ'ri)
Hyperion (hi pẽ'ri õn)

Ibn Haukal (ĩb'n how'kõl)
Ichabod (ĩk'ã bõd)
Iliad (ĩl'ĩ ãd)
Ishmael (ĩsh'mã ẽl)
Islam (ĩs'lãm)
Israfel (ĩz'rã fẽl; ĩz'rã fẽl)

Jarlam (jã'ã lãm)
Jargonelles (jãr'gõ nẽlz')
Joaquin (wã kẽn')

Kaaterskill (kõ'tẽr skĩl)
Kaatskill (kãts'kĩl)
Kanaka (kãn'ã kã; kã nãk'ã)
Kavanagh (kãv'ã nã)

Lanier (lã nẽr')
Laodamia (lã õd'ã mĩ'ã)
Las Mariposas (mãr'ĩ po'sã)
Launfal (lãn'fãl; lõn')
Le Bruyère (lã brũ'yãr')
Le Carillon de Dunkerque
 (lẽ kã'ri yõn' dẽ dũn'kẽrk')
Leonainie (lẽ õ nã'nẽ)
Lethean (lẽ thẽ'ãn)
Létiche (lã tẽsh')

Leyden (lī'děn)
Lilinau (lī'l'i nō')
Lochiel (lōk'ēl')
Lockerbie (lōck'ēr bī)
Louisburg (lōō'ī būrg)
Loup-garou (lōō'gá'rōō')
Luchesi (lū chá'sē)
Lutzen (lūt'sēn)

Mabinogion (măb'ī nō'gī ōn)
Machiavelli (mă'kyā vēl'le)
Maenads (mē'nădz)
Magua (mă'gwā)
Mahomet (mă hōm'ēt)
Mainote (mī'nōt)
Manitou (măn'ī tōō)
Maquas (mă'kwăz)
Marseillaise (măr'sē laz'; Fr.
 măr'sē'yăz')
Martius (măr'shī ūs)
Mazzini (măt sē'nē)
Medoc (mă'dōk')
Melesigenes (mēl ē sīj'ē nēs)
Melita (mēl'ī tā; mē lē'tā)
Memphremagog (mēm'frē mă'gōg)
Methusale, ι (mē thū'sā lēm)
Michael (mī'kēl; Bib. mī'kă ēl)
Minas (mī'năs)
Minerva (mī năr'vā)
Mizraim (mīz'rā ĩm; mīz rā'ĩm)
Mohican (mō hē'kăn)
Montaigne (mōn tăn'; Fr.
 mōn'tăn'y')
Montcalm (mōnt kām'; Fr
 mōn kălm')
Montreal (mōnt'rē ôl')
Montresor (Fr. mōn'tră'sōr')
Moravian (mō rā'vī ăn)
Mowis (mō'wēs)
Myrmidons (mūr'mī dōnz)

Naiad (nă'yăd)
Natchitoches (năk'ī tōsh';
 năk'ī tōsh')
Natty Bumppo (bŭm'pō)
Nautilus (nō'tī lūs)
Neapolitan (nē'ā pōl'ī tăn)
Nelis (nēl'īs)
Nemesis (nēm'ē sīs)
Nepenthe (nē pēn'thē)
Nibelungen (nē'bē lōōng'ēn)
Nicaragua (nīk'ā rā'gwā)
Nicean (nī sē'ăn)

Odyssey (ōd'ī sī)
Olaus Magnus (ō lă'ūs)
Olympus (ō ĩm'pŭs)
Opelousas (ōp'ē lōō'săs)
Oregon (ōr'ē gōn)
Orestes (ō rēs'tēz)
Orion (ō rī'ōn)
Ossian (ōsh'ăn)
Outre Mer (ōō'trē măr')
Owyhee (ō wī'hē)

Pache (păch'ē)
Patroclus (pă trō'klŭs)
Paumanok (paw măn'ōc)
Pedro (pă'drō)
Pericles (pēr'ī klez)
Petruchio (pē trōō' chī ō; kī ō)
Pharaoh (fă'rō; fă'ră ō)
Phi Beta Kappa (fī bē'tă kăp'ă;
 commonly fī bă'tă kăp'ă)
Phidias (fīd'ī ās)
Philippi (fī ĩp'ī)
Phocion (fō'shī ōn)
Physalia (fī să'lī ā)
Pisa (pē'să)
Piscataqua (pīs kăt'ă kwă)
Pistoriensis (pīs'tō rī ēn'sīs)
Plaquemine, Bayou of (plăk'mēn',
 bī'ōō of)
Pleiads (plē'yădz)
Plotinus (plō tī'nŭs)
Plutarch (plōō'tărk)
Polycrates (pō ĩk'ră tēz)
Porto Rique (pōr'tō rēk')
Prometheus (prō mē'thŭs; com-
 monly thē ūs)
Prytaneum (prīt'ă nē'ŭm)
Psyche (sī'kē)
Pythones (pīth'ō nēs)

René Leblanc (rē nă' lē blănk)
Rhodora (rō dō'ră)
Rochefoucauld (rōsh'fōō'kō')
Rodrigo (rō drē'gō)
Rogel (rō'zhă')
Romulus (rōm'ă lŭs)
Rossetti (rō sēt'ē)
Roubillac (rōō'bē'yăk')
Rue Donot (Fr. rōō'dŭn ō')
Rue Morgue (Fr. rōō'mōrg')

Saco (sô'kō)
Saginaw (săg'ī nō)

St. Bernard (bēr nārd'; Fr.
săn bēr'nār')

Saint Eulalie (ū'lā'le')

St. Francois (frān'swā')

St. Maur (mōr)

Salisbury (sôlz'bēr'ī)

Salmagundi (sāl'mā gūn'dī)

Sanchez (săn'chêz)

Sappho (săf'ô)

Saracens (săr'ă sēnz)

Sartor Resartus (săr'tôr rê sār'tūs)

Scipio (sĭp'ī ō)

Séigné (să'ven'yā')

Shawnee (shô nē')

Sibyllic (sĭ bĭl'ĭk)

Siegfried (sēg'frēd; Ger. tʒɛk'fret)

Siena (sē ā'nā)

Sierras (sĭ ɛr'āz)

Sinai (sĭ'nī; sĭ'nā ī)

Smyrna (smŭr'nā)

Socrates (sôk'rā tēz)

Sogd (sôg)

Sophocles (sôf'ô klēz)

Southey (sŭth'ī)

Stoicism (stô'ī sĭz'm)

Strauss (shtrous)

Stuyvesant (stĭ'vɛ sânt)

Syrian (sĭr'ī ăn)

Taygetos (tā ĭj'ɛ tūs)

Taylor, Bayard (bā'êrd)

Têche (têsh)

Thanatopsis (thăn'ă tŏp'sĭs)

Thasians (thă'shĭ ănz)

Theagenes (thê ăj'è nēz)

Themis (thē'mĭs)

Theocritus (thê ôk'rĭ tūs)

Thetis (thē'tĭs)

Thoreau (thô'rô; thô rō')

Thyeste (thē'ɛst)

Tieck (tēk)

Tilhonus (tĭ thŏ'nūs)

Tous le Bourgeois de Chartres
(tôo lă bôor zhwa dê shăr'tr')

Trojan (trŏ'jăn)

Uncas (ŭn'kās)

Upharsin (ŭ făr'sĭn)

Urania (ŭ rā'nĭ ā)

Ury (ôo'rè)

Valerio (vā lă're ō)

Van Bummel (văn bŭm'él)

Vanderdonck (văn'dēr dŏnk)

Van Shaick, Dominic
(dŏm'ī nĭ vān skoik')

Vedder (vêd'ēr)

Vitalis (vĭ tɛ'ĭs; vĭ tă'ĭs)

Vizetelli (vĭz'ĭ tɛl'ĭ)

Voyageur (vwă'yă'zhŭr')

Wachita (wŏsh'ê taw)

Walleway (wŏl'ê wă)

Weir (wer)

Wicaco (wĭ cā'cô)

Woden (wŏ'dɛn)

Xenophon (zĕn'ô fŏn)

Yaaneek, Mount (yăn'ĕk)

Ypsilanti (ĭp'sɛ lăn'tɛ)

AN OUTLINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

I. COLONIAL PERIOD, 1607-1765

The Colonial Period from the founding of the Virginia Colony, 1607, to the First Continental Congress, 1765, was the period of beginnings. It was characterized largely by descriptive and historical, didactic and satirical, philosophic and religious writings. Puritanism and Calvinistic theology were dominant, especially in New England, and the Cavalier spirit and ritualistic theology in the southern colonies. There was no fiction or drama, and what little poetry there was, was crude and inartistic.

I. Southern Colonies

Captain John Smith (1579-1631), *A True Relation [Virginia]* (1608) and *General History [Virginia]* (1624)

William Byrd (1674-1744), *Westover MSS* [The history of the dividing line] (1841)

II. New England Colonies

The Bay Psalm Book (1640)

William Bradford (1588-1657) and John Winthrop (1587-1649), historians

Cotton Mather (1663-1728), *Magnalia Christi Americana; or The Ecclesiastical History of New England* (1702)

Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758), *Freedom of the Will* (1754)

Mrs. Anne Bradstreet (1613-1672), *The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung up in America, or Several Poems* (1650)

Michael Wigglesworth (1631-1705), *The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment* (1662)

III. Central Colonies

Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), *Poor Richard's Almanac* (1732-1757); *Autobiography* (written 1771-1789, published 1817 and 1868); may be classed also in the following division

John Woolman (1720-1772), *Journal* (1774)

II. REVOLUTIONARY AND FORMATIVE PERIOD, 1765-1800

From the First Continental Congress, 1765, to the close of the century may be called the Revolutionary or Formative Period. During this period the colonies gradually united, declared their independence, and set up a new democratic government, winning their final release from English influence in the War of 1812. The literature was largely polemical and political in character. This is the period *par excellence* of the orator and statesman. The single lyric of this period that is still widely read and admired is Freneau's "The Wild Honeysuckle." Our first novelist and distinctly literary man was Charles Brockden Brown.

I. Polemical Prose

Hector Saint John de Crèvecoeur (1731-1813), *Letters from an American Farmer* (1782)

Patrick Henry (1736-1799), *Speech on Liberty* (1775)

Thomas Paine (1737-1809), *Common Sense* (1776), *The [American] Crisis* (1776-1783), *The Rights of Man* (1791), *The Age of Reason* (1794-1795).

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826) *Declaration of Independence* (1776)

Alexander Hamilton (1757-1804), James Madison (1751-1836), and John Jay (1745-1829), *The Federalist* (collected and published, 1788)

George Washington (1732-1799), *Farewell Address* (1796)

William Wirt (1772-1834), *Letters of a British Spy* (1803)

II. Poetry

John Trumbull (1750-1831), *The Progress of Dulness* (1772-1773), *McFingal* (1775-1782)

Philip Freneau (1752-1832), *Poems* (1786; 1795; 1809)

Timothy Dwight (1752-1817), *Columbia* (1778), *The Conquest of Canaan* (1785), *Greenfield Hill* (1794)

Joel Barlow (1754-1812), *The Vision of Columbus* (1787), later extended into *The Columbiad* (1807), *Hasty Pudding* (1793)

Francis Hopkinson (1737-1791), *The Battle of the Kegs* (1777)

Joseph Hopkinson (1770-1842), *Hail, Columbia* (1798)

III. Fiction

Charles Brockden Brown (1771-1810), *Wieland* (1798), *Ormond* (1799), *Arthur Mervyn* (1800), *Edgar Huntley* (1801), *Clara Howard* (1801), *Jane Talbot* (1804)

III. PERIOD OF ARTISTIC OR CREATIVE LITERATURE, 1800-1900

The nineteenth century may be said to mark the beginning of creative literature in America. Hardly anything which precedes the year 1800 has a purely artistic value. The surviving literature of our first two centuries is now read more for its antique or historical flavor than for any permanent literary power which it possesses. No single poem or work of creative art rises to a commanding height, and the one prose classic of the two earlier periods that is still widely read, Franklin's *Autobiography*, though translated into the French by some unknown hand in 1791 and retranslated into English in 1793, was not printed from Franklin's own manuscript until 1817, and even then not in an accurate and complete form. Charles Brockden Brown began to write creative prose just at the turn of the century, Irving's fame crossed the Atlantic in the second decade, and with his work and the romances of Cooper, the poems of Bryant, and the poems and tales of Poe, American literature for the first time may be said to have entered upon an artistic or creative period. The chief schools and movements have revolved pretty definitely around the Middle Atlantic States with New York as the center; New England with Boston and its

environs as the center; and the larger aspects of the more strictly national or democratic movements and the development of the literature of locality have been widely diffused over the West and the South. Hence our chief authors may be readily grouped in four divisions. We can only mention the more prominent writers here, trusting that the student will consult the biographical sketches scattered through this volume and, as his interests and reading broaden, the general reference books and histories of our literature which are everywhere accessible.

MAJOR WRITERS

MINOR WRITERS

I. New York and Middle States Group

Washington Irving (1783-1859)
James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851)
William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878)
Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Fitz-Greene Halleck (1790-1867)
Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820)
Nathaniel Parker Willis (1806-1867)
George W. Curtis (1824-1892)
Bayard Taylor (1825-1878)
Charles Dudley Warner (1829-1900)
Edmund Clarence Stedman (1833-1908)
Frank R. Stockton (1834-1902)
S. Weir Mitchell (1829-1914)
John Burroughs (1837-)
F. Marion Crawford (1854-1909)
Richard Watson Gilder (1844-1909)
Owen Wister (1860-)
Stephen Crane (1870-1900)
Richard Harding Davis (1864-1916)

II. New England Group

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)
Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864)
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)
John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)
Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894)
Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)
James Russell Lowell (1819-1891)

Daniel Webster (1782-1852)
William H. Prescott (1796-1859)
Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811-1896)
John Lothrop Motley (1814-1877)
Francis Parkman (1823-1893)
Louisa M. Alcott (1832-1888)
Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1907)
William Dean Howells (1837-)
Henry James, Jr. (1842-1915)
Sarah Orne Jewett (1849-1909)
Mary E. Wilkins Freeman (1862-)

MAJOR WRITERS

MINOR WRITERS

III. Southern Group

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)
 Henry Timrod (1829-1867)
 Paul Hamilton Hayne (1830-1886)
 Sidney Lanier (1842-1881)
 Joel Chandler Harris (1848-1908)
 O. Henry (William Sydney Porter) (1862-1910)

John Pendleton Kennedy (1795-1870)
 William Gilmore Simms (1806-1870)
 Richard Malcolm Johnston (1822-1898)
 Abram J. (Father) Ryan (1839-1886)
 John Esten Cooke (1830-1886)
 F. Hopkinson Smith (1838-1916)
 George W. Cable (1844—)
 James Lane Allen (1849—)
 Charles Egbert Craddock (Mary N. Murfree) (1850—)
 Irwin Russell (1853-1879)
 Thomas Nelson Page (1853—)
 Madison J. Cawein (1865-1914)
 Cale Young Rice (1872—)

IV. Central and Western Group

Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) (1835-1910)
 Bret Harte (1839-1902)
 Joaquin Miller (1842-1913)
 James Whitcomb Riley (1849-1916)
 William Vaughn Moody (1869-1910)

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865)
 Lew Wallace (1827-1905)
 Edward Eggleston (1837-1902)
 John Hay (1838-1905)
 Edward Rowland Sill (1841-1887)
 Maurice Thompson (1844-1901)
 Eugene Field (1850-1895)
 Edwin Markham (1852—)
 Winston Churchill (1871—)
 Frank Norris (1870-1902)

A BRIEF ESSAY ON ENGLISH METRICS

Rhythm. Poetry is written in measured rhythmical language. Meter means primarily measure; and rhythm means wave movement. A line of poetry, technically called a verse, is composed of individual wave movements which are called feet. In English poetry there are four basal rhythms or types of wave movement, namely, the iambic, the anapestic, the trochaic, the dactylic. The first two of these are called rising rhythms because they begin with an unstressed syllable and close with a stressed syllable, the iambic foot ($\sim \text{'}\text{'}$) being composed of one unstressed syllable and one stressed syllable, and the anapæst ($\sim \sim \text{'}$) being composed of two unstressed syllables and one stressed syllable. The other two basal rhythms are called falling because they begin with stressed syllables and close with unstressed syllables, the trochee ($\text{'}\sim$) being composed of one stressed and one unstressed syllable, and the dactyl ($\text{'}\sim\sim$) being composed of one stressed and two unstressed syllables. In addition to these basal rhythms we have two level or even rhythms which are sometimes substituted in a single foot for one of the regular types of rhythm in order to prevent monotony and add variety to the flow of the verse. The level or even rhythms are the pyrrhic ($\sim\sim$), composed of two light syllables, one of them taking a slight metrical stress according to the prevailing rhythm of the verse; and spondaic ($--$), composed of two heavy or stressed syllables, one of them taking a slightly stronger stress than the other according to the prevailing type of rhythm employed. Both types of level stress may be illustrated by the verse,

$\sim\sim$ By the $\sim$ rude bridge | $\sim$ that ' arched | the ' flood.

The first foot is a pyrrhic, the second a spondee, and the third and fourth iambs. The even rhythms are sometimes spoken of as having divided or hovering stress, the voice, as it were, hovering over the two syllables or being evenly divided between them.

Summarizing, then, we find four fundamental types of rhythm and two occasional types of level or even rhythm, as follows:

RISING RHYTHMS

Iambic ($\sim \text{'}$), as *compose*

Anapestic ($\sim \sim \text{'}$), as *undefiled*

FALLING RHYTHMS

Trochaic ($\text{'}\sim$), as *lily*

Dactylic ($\text{'}\sim\sim$), as *whispering*

LEVEL RHYTHMS

Pyrrhic ($\sim\sim$), as *by the*

Spondaic ($--$), as *rude bridge*

Pauses. Pauses frequently occur as a part of the rhythm of the verse, and sometimes they become an organic part of the verse structure, occurring at regular intervals throughout the lines. When a pause

occurs within the verse, or line, it is called a *medial* or *cesural* pause. In the longer meters the cesural pause becomes organic, but in the shorter meters there is rarely a medial pause. If a natural rhetorical pause occurs at the end of a line, in which case it is usually, though not always, marked by some sign of punctuation, the line is said to be *end-stopped*. If no pause occurs at the end of the line, the line is said to be *run-on*; and in reading, the voice should be carried over to the next line with but the slightest break. Sometimes a pause occurs to take the place of an omitted syllable, or even to fill the time of several feet, and in such cases it is called a *compensating* pause. The following passages will illustrate the various kinds of pauses.

For the moon | never beams, || without bring'ing me dreams |
 (medial pause) (run-on line)
Of my beau | tiful An | nabel Lee; || (end-stopped line)

'Twas down, | A down, | straight down;
(compensating pause)

The breakers whisper under their breath | (end-stopped line)
 ^ "Death, | ^ Death!"
 (compensating pauses)

Substitution and inversion. Another kind of irregularity frequently practiced by poets in order to give variety to the rhythm is the *substitution* of one type of foot for another. Either one of the rising rhythms may be freely substituted for the other, or either one of the falling rhythms may be substituted for the other, as iambic for anapestic, or trochaic for dactylic. If opposite types, that is a rising for a falling rhythm or *vice versa*, are substituted, as when a trochaic foot is used for an iambic, or a dactylic foot for an anapestic, or *vice versa*, the irregularity is called *inversion*. The first foot in the following quotation is an example of inversion.

Lifeless, | bŭt beau | tiful, | hē lāy.

Inversion occurs almost invariably at the beginning of a line or immediately after a medial pause.

Anacrusis and *catalexis*. Occasionally an extra or hypermetrical light syllable is added at the beginning of a trochaic or dactylic line. This is called *anacrusis*. It occurs rarely, and will give the pupil little trouble. An example may be seen in the following trochaic line:

And | all with | pearl and | ruby | glowing.

Here the *and* may be disregarded in marking the scansion. Sometimes also the final syllable, or syllables, of trochaic or dactylic verse is omitted or cut off. This is called *catalexis*, and a verse which shows this irregularity is called *catalectic*. *Catalexis* occurs very frequently in trochaic tetrameter and makes what is sometimes called *heptasyllabic* (seven-syllabled) verse. The reason *catalexis* occurs so frequently in English trochaic rhythm is that the feminine rimes are sometimes difficult to find. Examples of *catalexis* will be found in the quotations on pp. 645-646.

Feminine ending. Another common variation is the addition of one or sometimes two unstressed syllables at the end of an iambic or anapestic foot. The addition occurs rarely just before a medial pause and frequently at the end of the line. When it occurs at the

end of the line, it is called *feminine ending*. The extra syllable should not be counted as part of a new foot, but merely as an additional syllable in the foot to which it is attached. The following is an example of feminine ending:

The *day* | *is* *cold* | *and* *dark* | *and* *dreary*

Stress. *Metrical stress* is usually determined by the ordinary etymological pronunciation of the words. The three degrees of stress are denominated primary, secondary, and no-stress; these may all be illustrated in a single word, as *ponderous*, the primary stress being ordinarily marked by the acute accent (´), the secondary by the grave accent (`), and the light or no-stress syllable by the breve (˘). In the following line the syllable *in* receives the secondary stress, the syllables *found*, *fresh*, *do*, and *woods* take the primary stress, and the remaining syllables are light or unstressed.

I *found* | *the* *fresh* | *Rhodo* | *ra* *in* | *the* *woods*.

Hovering or divided stress has already been explained under the terms pyrrhic and spondaic in the discussion of the various kinds of rhythm above. These stresses may be indicated by the double breve and double macron respectively, with a grave accent over the heavier syllable, as (˘˘) and (ˉˉ).

Wrenched accent. Ordinarily the regular prose or etymological pronunciation of the word determines its metrical pronunciation, but occasionally the metrical stress prevails over the word stress, and we have what is known as *wrenched accent*. An example of this may be found in "The Haunted Palace":

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head.

Here the syllable *-ted* in *tenanted* receives a primary instead of a secondary accent in order to bring out clearly the rime with *head*.

Sometimes syllables which are not pronounced or accented in prose take a light or even a secondary stress on account of the meter. The commonest example of this is the pronunciation of the final syllable *-ed* in such words as *loved*, *winged*, *blessed*. This is another case in which the metrical stress prevails over the ordinary pronunciation; and to make sure that the proper rhythmic pronunciation is given, the editors of most modern books mark such syllables with a grave accent, as *lovèd*.

Slurring. Syllables are sometimes slurred or run together when two vowels are conjoined, as in *ponderous*, pronounced in two syllables. Slurring may also occur between words if one ends and the other begins with an open sound, as

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore

Here *many* *a* is pronounced in two syllables, as if written *manya*. The two unaccented syllables in *curious* are pronounced very quickly, so as to consume the time of but one short syllable. Closely akin to slurring are the poetical contractions which are allowable in such words as *e'en*, *e'er*, *o'er*, and *'tis*, for *even*, *ever*, *over*, and *it is*. On the

other hand some words may be pronounced as two syllables instead of one, such as *real*, *fire*, and the like, as in the following examples:

Life is *re-al*, life is earnest

In mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic *fi-re*,
Leaping higher, higher, *high-er*.

Meter. The length of the line or verse, that is, the number of feet it contains, determines the meter. Lines range from one foot to eight, and are called, respectively, monometer, dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter, pentameter, hexameter, heptameter, octameter; or one-stress, two-stress, etc.

To designate the meter of a selection, the pupil should give the typical rhythm or kind of foot, the number of feet, and such irregularities as may be necessary to describe the verse adequately. The following list of typical meters is by no means exhaustive.

(1) Anapestic monometer:

They are Ghòuls

(2) Iambic dimeter:

If I | could dwell

Where Is | ra tel

(3) Iambic trimeter:

That sailed | the win | try sea

(4) Anapestic trimeter:

'Tis the part | of a cow | ard to brood

(5) Iambic tetrameter with feminine ending:

The day | is cold | and dark | and dreary

(6) Anapestic tetrameter:

O'er the land | of the free | and the home | of the brave

(7) Trochaic tetrameter:

Tell me | not in | mournful | numbers

(8) Dactylic tetrameter catalectic:

Merrily | swinging on | brier and | weed

(9) Iambic pentameter, blank verse:

To him | who in | the love | of Na | ture holds

(10) Iambic pentameter, heroic couplet:

Now far, | now near, || borne as | the soft | winds will,
Comes the | low rush | ing of | the wa | ter-mill.]

(11) Dactylic hexameter, with cesural pause:

This is the | forest pri | meval. || The | murmuring | pines and the | hemlocks

(12) Iambic heptameter with medial pause:

The mel|ancho|ly days|have come,||the sad|dest of|the year

(13) Trochaic octameter with cesural pause and internal rime:

Once up|on a|midnight|dreary,||while I|ponder'd|weak and|weary

(14) Trochaic octameter catalectic:

Over|many a|quaint and|curious|volume|of for|gotten|lore

The longer meters, such as the heptameter, or seven-stress, and the octameter, or eight-stress, are frequently broken up into two verses, four-stress + three-stress, and four-stress + four-stress respectively. When broken in this way, the iambic heptameter gives the common ballad meter, as seen in the old Scottish ballad "Sir Patrick Spens" (p. 580), in "The Wreck of the Hesperus" (p. 262), and "In School-Days" (p. 299).

Stanzas. The stanza (commonly but inaccurately called verse) is composed of any number of lines from two upward. Stanzas are described by giving the number of lines and by indicating the arrangement of the rimes. A two-line stanza is called a couplet, a three-line stanza a triplet or tercet, and a four-line stanza is frequently called a quatrain. We also have five-, six-, seven-, eight-, and nine-line stanzas. The Spenserian stanza is a nine-line stanza riming *ababbcc*, the first eight lines being iambic pentameter and the ninth line being iambic hexameter. No example of the Spenserian stanza occurs in this book.

Sonnet. The sonnet is a poem consisting of fourteen lines of iambic five-stress verse, the rimes being arranged according to a definite, yet somewhat widely varying, scheme. This verse form was introduced from the Italian by Sir Thomas Wyatt in the sixteenth century, and under the improved forms practiced by his friend and co-author, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the sonnet became extremely popular toward the end of the century. When the original Italian models are more or less closely followed, we have what is called the regular or Italian sonnet. This consists of an octave, or eight lines, usually made up on two rime sounds, as *abbaabba*; and a sextet or six lines, usually arranged in two tercets, or three-line groups, on two or three rimes variously interlaced, as *cde cde; cdc dcd*, etc. Occasionally a third and even a fourth rime is introduced in the octave, and this leads to the English or irregular sonnet, sometimes called also the Shakespearean sonnet, because Shakespeare practiced this form exclusively. It consists of three quatrains with a final couplet, the rime scheme usually running *abab, cdcd, efef, gg*.

Rime. Rime is one of the chief devices for binding or fixing the form of the stanza. If the rime follows in immediate sequence, we call it couplet, triplet, and so forth. Whittier's "Maud Muller" is written in couplets, and Longfellow's "Maidenhood" in triplets. When the rime occurs on every other line, we call it alternate, and when a quatrain shows the first and fourth lines riming and the second and third, we call this inclosed rime. The combinations and arrangements of rime schemes are so numerous that it is impossible to treat them here. As to form, rime is called masculine when only one syllable rimes, and feminine when two or more syllables rime. For example,

hand—land is a masculine rime, while *tender—slender* and *tenderly—slenderly* are feminine rimes. When a word in the middle of a line rimes with another at or near the end of the line, we call this internal rime. Sometimes internal rime becomes organic; that is, it occurs regularly at certain places in the verse. An identical or perfect rime is the exact repetition of the sound of an entire syllable, including the initial consonant, as *week—weak*. This is usually considered a blemish, but it is sometimes permitted. A good method of indicating the rime scheme of a stanza is to write out a formula, using small letters for masculine rimes and capital letters for feminine rimes, as (1) trochaic tetrameter, *AbAb* ("A Psalm of Life"); (2) dactylic tetrameter catalectic, *ababccdde* ("Robert of Lincoln"); (3) anapestic trimeter, *AbbAcAcAc* ("Ulalume"); (4) iambic dimeter (1, 2, 4, 5) and trimeter (3, 6), *aaBccB* ("Eldorado"); (5) iambic trimeter (1, 4) and pentameter (2, 3), *abab* ("To a Waterfowl").

Blank verse. Any verse which does not rime may be called blank, but the term *blank verse* is applied specifically to unrimed iambic pentameter, as in Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

